

COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

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COMFORT

The Key to

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Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

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Crums of Comfort

One is not so soon healed as hurt.
Too much bed makes a dull head.
Let truth be our guide and faith our staff.
The quiet mind enjoys the sweetest rest.
The tears of penitents are the wine of angels.
We seldom repent of having eaten too little.
Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
A laughing child is the best picture of happiness.
Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.
An old man in a house is a good sign in a house.
A smile is ever the most beautiful with a tear upon it.
Merit is superior to birth and virtue is not hereditary.
As every thread of gold is valuable so is every minute of time.
Perseverance is the bridge by which difficulties are crossed.
Never open the door to a little vice, lest a great one slip in.
A crowd always thinks with its sympathy, never with its reason.

His strength in words the blusterer spends
While steadiness in quiet gains its ends.—Pope.

Though you have many counselors, do not forsake the counsel of your own soul.

We are more sociable and get on better with people by the heart than the intellect.

Success is full of promise till we get it, and then it is a last year's nest from which the bird has flown.

Some people have a Sunday soul which they screw on in due time and take off again every Monday morning.

A beautiful woman, if poor, should use double caution, for her beauty will tempt others, her poverty herself.

Remember when incited to slander that it is only that one among you who is without sin that may cast the first stone.

If it is a small sacrifice to discontinue the use of strong drink, do it for the sake of others; if it is a great sacrifice, do it for your own sake.

Not in the knowledge of things without, but in the perfection of the soul within, lies the empire of man aspiring to be more than man.

A true man never frets about his place in the world, but just slides into it by gravitation of his nature and swings there as easily as a star.

The Blood of the Tamer

By Arthur Wallace Peach

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It was the day of the much-heralded circus, and Donato, standing silently on the farm-house porch, heard Mr. Graves tell his wife and daughter that they were to go to the village to see it. But Mr. Graves said nothing to him, so Donato decided he would ask in person.

To do so took courage, for Mr. Graves was a silent, stern man, and Donato merely the boy helper on the farm. After much screwing up of his will, he asked the great question.

Mr. Graves looked up from his work in wonder. "You go, Donato? Why, of course not! Somebody's got to stay and keep an eye on the place. You stay here!"

Long ago Donato had learned that when Mr. Graves decided a question, it was decided for good, and so he walked off and watched the others make their happy preparations. Then when they had gone down the road, he went to the barn, on the back of which Mr. Graves had permitted one of the circus men to place a great poster, picturing the wonderful feats, the animals, the trapeze performers, and all the rest that goes to make up the modern show. It was a wonderful picture spread before him, and if he could not see the circus, he could look at the poster.

He proceeded to, but there was an ache in his heart just the same. He never remembered going to a circus, though there was something about the pictures that seemed familiar to him just as if he had sometime been there, but he knew that he had not; he had only studied and loved the brilliant pictures.

Only one thing of his past he remembered, and that was a dim remembrance. Mr. Graves had taken him from a place where, as he dimly recalled it, there had been hundreds of other boys who had neither father nor mother. He had brought him to the farm, given him little tasks, then big ones, until he was as good as a man at the work, so Mr. Graves had told him. He had heard Mr. Graves say to his wife, "It's in these Italians to work, and Donato takes hold in great shape. I was wise in choosing him."

And Donato was proud. But hard work without play is wearisome, and he had hoped against hope that he was to go to the circus. To go to a circus—that had been his dream; and the dream was over. He lifted his swarthy face to the poster and drove back the tears with determination.

There was one reason why he was very anxious to go—that was to see the animals. The first picture of the tigers he had ever seen thrilled him, and made his heart beat fast; and here on the poster was the picture of a man standing in the midst of them. The man was smiling in a confident way, as if not a bit afraid; and in his hand he held a long whip with knotted tip. He was the one heroic figure to Donato's mind, and long he studied the picture.

He softly, fitfully blown across the miles, the wind brought to him the music of the far circus band. He quivered as he heard it; it almost seemed to be calling him. He half rose to his feet; a vision flashed before his eyes of the wonderful things that must be there—the scenes in the poster. A little stronger as the wind veered, the music came to him. He would go! His dark face eager, he rose to his feet—he would go!

Then he remembered there was no one around the farm to watch and see that everything was all right. He sat down silently again to study the pictures.

The afternoon grew late, but he kept his place near the barn; and every now and then, the music called to him and lured him with its wind-blown sweetness, but he kept his place in front of the gay poster. As the gray shades of evening came, he began to do what he could of the work about the barn.

When he had finished, he sat down on the front porch of the house to wait for Mr. Graves and his family. Soon he heard the carriage come down the road, and they came up, looking dusty and tired but happy.

He followed them into the house, silently, watching until they should begin to talk of their wonderful trip.

After Mrs. Graves had thrown off her dusty coat with a "There! thank goodness!" she turned to him. "Well, Donato, you little quiet 'dago boy,' why don't you ask how we liked it?"

He smiled; he was never offended when she called him "dago boy" for it was always spoken with tenderness. "Ah! that smile—it does say lots," she went on, smiling too. "I'm sorry father wouldn't let you go; but I've brought you this." She gave him a big bar of candied pop-corn.

Mildred, the little golden-haired daughter, in height about to his waist, danced up. "An! I brought—this! It blows up, then it—squawks!" And she proceeded to show him until her mother begged for silence.

But Donato was happy. He took one bite of the sweet pop-corn, blew the thing-that-squawked so gloriously, then stowed them away in the old bureau in his room, and went out to help Mr. Graves in the barn.

At the supper table he listened eagerly to stories of what they had seen and done; but when they described the animals, then he listened so intently that he fairly forgot to eat; then, too, for the first time, he asked questions. They told him how the dark man in the shiny suit had made the tigers and lions do tricks, and Donato's heart pounded; it almost seemed, as he listened, that he had been there.

After supper, he and Mr. Graves went back to the barn to finish the evening work, and Mildred went with them, for Mr. Graves enjoyed having her where he could see her and hear her chatter. As for Donato, she was a bright little angel to him, no more, no less. He had stored away in his heart all the kindness she had shown him, memories of gifts she had given him; in fact, it was she who kept him there when many times there was a strange stirring and longing in his heart to go, some day to leave the farm for always.

While Mr. Graves was bedding the horses, he sent Donato to the house for a pail. As Donato stepped in, he saw Mrs. Graves turn from the telephone. Her face was frightened.

"Dono, tell father they're telephoning everywhere—a tiger got away while they were taking them to the depot! They say it was seen going this way! Tell father to—"

She stopped short in her breathless story. Muffled but distinctly human, a shout had come from the direction of the barn; it was followed by another—a high, throaty cry of terror.

"Dono—what—is it?" she gasped.

He trembled a moment, then the blood went over him with a warm rush. He shot out into the night; after him stumbled Mrs. Graves but Donato heard her fall. He sped on, as fast as his short legs could carry him, down to the barn. He heard the howling of the cattle, the rattle and stamping of terrified horses. He threw open the door and slid in.

But he stopped—short—hard! In the dim, sickly lantern light, he saw Graves crouched in a cowering position against the front of a stall, staring with gaping jaws at a lithe yellow thing in the center of the barn floor, standing over little Mildred.

Donato's first impulse as the great cat snarled softly at him, its white fangs showing, its yellow eyes glowing, was to run, but the sight of the little, still form under the tawny body drove the fear from him; and suddenly, he became cool. It seemed as if he had been near, had seen, and touched the tiger before. Swift flashed his thought—the man with the whip.

Donato snatched his long cattle whip from its hook near the door. Back of the watching tiger was the open door of the grainroom. He fixed his eyes on the yellow ones. Mr. Graves seemed to be whispering advice to him, but his words came with no meaning through his stiff lips.

The blood beating hard through his heart, Donato twirled the long whip; the tip curled and cracked over the tiger's head with a sound like the report of a firecracker; something tangled and twisted in Donato's throat; he shouted—a strange, almost unhuman cry it was; and the whip-end cracked again. The tiger cowered, crouched at his cry, crept back as if in fear of the circling whip, back a little more, turned and snarled, then as the whip snapped in front of its face, slunk in; and Donato slammed the door.

Hardly had he closed it, when he heard the rattle and bang of a carriage driven fast up the roadway. Mrs. Graves had evidently telephoned. A shout or two arose; the barn door was thrown open and three men crowded in; back of them was Mrs. Graves.

"The 'cat' here?" one of them asked swiftly. Mr. Graves was on his feet, but he seemed dazed.

Donato saw a dark man in the group looking at him questioningly. "Yes, I got—in here," he spoke up. He pounded the door, and a soft snarl answered.

The big man who seemed to be in charge smiled in a relieved way. "Good!" he said, briefly. "Now, let's get the old fellow into the team, and get away. Shedd, you look after the family. The little girl's fainted. They'll be all right in a jiffy."

Donato watched the other two bring in a sort of large crate, and place it near the door of the

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(SEAL) F. G. FARRINGTON, Notary Public.

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grainroom. The dark man opened the door, spoke quietly, touched the lithe body with his whip, and Donato saw the tiger slide into the crate with a sound that was almost a purr, instead of a snarl.

Donato, drawn by a desire that seemed to possess him, drew up close to the crate and looked in. The tiger shrank back, spat softly. The dark man looked at him oddly. "Not afraid, boy, he eats you?" he asked.

Donato shook his head, and followed his usual custom of saying nothing.

After they had loaded the crate into the wagon, they went into the house, where they found Mr. Graves recovered from the effect of his ordeal, and Mrs. Graves herself again, with Mildred in her arms.

"Mr. Graves," the big man said, "I'm sorry about this, and am willing to make some recompense. As a matter of fact, the 'cat' wouldn't hurt anyone; he's too old and his teeth are blunt; he's a pet of Brozio, here. You were frightened—"

"Yes, but who wouldn't be?" Graves demanded a little angrily. "I saw it come right out of the dark into the light. The little girl started to run to me and fell; and I saw the tiger go up to her—"

"Just to smell of her; he wouldn't have hurt her," the man put in.

"Perhaps," Graves said, doubtfully. "Anyway, I lost my head, I guess; I couldn't remember much more."

"How'd it get into the room?" Shedd asked in surprise. "I supposed you found it in there, or drove it in."

"The boy there drove it in," Graves said.

Donato saw all eyes turn to him, the dark man's suddenly widening, then as they looked longer, narrowing into a keen glance. He strode across the room to Donato, gazed down into his face, and began to talk to himself rapidly in a strange sounding tongue that, some way, had a familiar note to Donato.

"What's come over you, Brozio?" the big man demanded shortly.

Brozio did not seem to hear. Suddenly, he stripped off Donato's coat, unbuttoned part of his shirt, and looked down his back. As he did so, Brozio shouted, lifted him in his arms, and began to hug and kiss Donato.

"Great Scot! man, we don't know that lingo you're talking! What's up?" the big man asked, brusquely, rising. "You gone daffy?"

"My boy—this my boy! I lose heem in city—long—long ago! I know—see? He nota afraid—the tiger! My fader—his fader—all tiger tame! The mark—on ees back! See?" Brozio cried.

The others crowded around, staring at the birthmark exposed on Donato's back.

The man in charge turned to Mr. Graves. "How did he come here?" he asked.

Mr. Graves smiling a little ruefully at the thought that he was to lose Donato, made it all clear. "I needed a boy to help me, and wanted one I could train up to do work as I wanted it done; so I got him from a big orphan school in the city. He had been picked up in the streets, and could only speak his name—'Donato.'"

"Yes," Brozio said, his eyes bright, "his mudder die—I seek—bad—he go off, alone—they take me to hospital. I seek long—wake up—no boy. I hunt—long—no find—money gone—I haft to leave—I boy—I grieve long. But now—I happy! eh, Donato? You son of great tiger tamer—me, too—you be, eh? You no afraid the cat eat, eh? No! Ha! ha! You play with old cat when leetle! ha! ha!"

"I guess he's got it in his blood, all right, Brozio," the big man said, his voice strangely gentle, as he saw the other man's joy. "Judging by the way he must have made old Rex stand round, I'll bet the old fellow smelled the Brozio blood."

Donato tightened his arms around the strong neck of his father. He had found a father, and was to be a tiger tamer. It was all too good to be true.

WANTED BY UNCLE SAM!

Fourteen smart, vigorous young men between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-seven years are wanted by Uncle Sam for second lieutenants in the Marine Corps of the Navy. A life job with pay starting at \$1700 a year and increasing each five years and promotion in regular line to higher rank as vacancies occur. Competitive examinations of candidates will be held on July 14, 1915, for the purpose of filling these fourteen vacancies in the grade of second lieutenant. It is a fine position with a good future. Any young man of the required age who thinks he is competent should write the Major General Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., for examination blanks and full information. By request of the Commandant we call attention of our readers to this splendid opportunity. But remember, second lieutenant is a commissioned officer, and it is useless for any man to try the examination unless he has a strong, healthy body and a good education.

Current Events

SNOW FIRST TIME IN 60 YEARS.—It snowed in Rome, Italy, recently, for the first time in sixty years. Snow even fell on Mount Etna in Sicily. The winter has been the most severe that most Italians can remember.

THREE POUND BABY.—Because she weighs only a trifle more than forty-eight ounces and requires but forty-five drops of a specially prepared food to give her a meal, Rosanna Elizabeth Johnson of Los Angeles, Cal., has achieved more distinction than any other baby ever cared for at the Los Angeles maternity cottage. She has an allowance from the county board of supervisors. She has a specially built "baby incubator" and a retinue of nurses.

PIGEON CARRIES NEWS OF THE STOLEN FLOCK.—Albert Lewis of 290 Prospect Avenue, New York city, was recently awakened by a drill-like tapping upon his chamber window. He opened the window, and one of his numerous homing pigeons flew joyfully into the room. Pinned to the bird's leg was this note:

"There are twenty-one other pigeons at the Fifth avenue police station, Fifth avenue and Sixteenth street."

Lewis rushed to the station house, and claimed his pigeons. The birds had been taken before daybreak by boys. The boys abandoned the bag containing them, when chased by a policeman. Detective Lieutenant Fay tied a note to the leg of one of the pigeons and sent it out to find its master.

"THE DAY AFTER" An Amusing Wedding Story

It is fun, lots of fun, fun from start to finish of this humorous story which tells how the best man, instead of the bridegroom, was made the goat of a June wedding and the sport that the practical jokers had at his expense the day after. Full of comical situations. Don't miss this bright story, all complete in June COMFORT.

"ORIANONA'S GRADUATION DAY"

is the sixth story of the Cyclis and will appear complete with illustrations in June COMFORT. It is an extraordinary romance of a fascinating Indian belle ardently wooed by her aristocratic white lover; a strong love story with a vein of deep pathos, almost tragic.

Our next number will also contain a lot of other good things, so

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May, 1915.

IN @ AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

* Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by twos; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working a sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o., over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk., block, a st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; s. p. shorter than usual picot; ch. chain, a succession of double stitches made with two threads; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Crocheted Trimming for Cotton Dresses

THIS month we take pleasure in illustrating a handsome yoke and other patterns, all of which are the work of one of our most proficient contributors. Mrs. A. O. L. Wertman is an expert with the crochet needle, and these patterns are all her original designs. From the illustration one gets but a faint idea of the beauty of the Butterfly yoke, which is made of silk finished crochet cotton. This yoke is composed of three different kinds of motifs. Before joining into a yoke, these are basted to a fitted muslin yoke and then joined by chains and slip-stitched to suit the space to be filled. After this several rows of chains and doubles are worked all around to straighten and make the foundation for the scalloped edge.

Butterfly Motif

For the motif which forms the front of the yoke, begin in the center. Chain 8 stitches, join in ring.

1st round.—Ch. 5, 19 roll sts., o. 20 times into this ring, join to first ch. 5.

Directions for roll st. are given above, and by practicing this stitch a little, one will soon acquire the knack of drawing the loop through. However, until one can make these easily, intricate patterns of the roll stitch should not be undertaken.

2nd round.—Ch. 9, 1 tr. c. between first and second rolls, ch. 3, 1 tr. c. between second and third rolls. Repeat all around and join with ch. 3 and 1 sl. st. under ch. 9. There are 19 spaces in this round.

3rd round.—For one of the scrolls which forms the upper part of this motif, make ch. 31 from where you joined 2nd round. Work back on this with 1 d. c. in 6th ch. Ch. 2, 1 d. c., ch. 2, 1 d. c. in each of next 4 sts. This makes the curve. *Ch. 2, skip 1, 1 d. c., repeat 4 times from star to star. Ch. 2, sk. 2, 1 d. c. to end of chain. Ch. 2, fasten to chain of 2nd round. 4 s. c. under each of 3 spaces of this second round. This carries one across the top to the opposite side, ready to make the second scroll. Make ch. 31, and repeat directions for first scroll. Turn the work at the end so the scroll will be just opposite, but otherwise make in the same way. Fasten into s. c., ch. 3, 4 s. c. over ch. of next space of ch. of 2nd round. This is working forward, or towards the bottom of the front of the yoke. Now ch. 15, then 4 s. c. in next two spaces, ch. 20, 4 s. c. in next 2 spaces, ch. 10. This is the center. Continue working up the other side toward first scroll, thus, 4 s. c. in two spaces, ch. 20, 4 s. c. in 2 spaces, ch. 15, 4 s. c. in 1 sp. This should bring one to base of scroll.

4th round.—Singles up the inside curve of scroll to end. Ch. 5, 12 treble rose roll sts. into first sp. Made thus, o. 20 times, meaning to throw thread over the needle 20 times. If the treble is to be worked off four times, then do as in ordinary treble by working off two stitches at a time, for as often as called for. Then throw the thread over the needle and draw through the remainder of the coil. Ch. 1 to fasten, and draw up tight, instead of allowing the roll to lie flat.

In the 12 rose rolls, work off treble 4 times. Then 4 rose rolls, worked in same way in next 2 spaces. 2 rose rolls with trebles worked off twice in next 3 spaces. 2 rolls with trebles worked off once in remaining spaces. Fasten to the center.

Work up the second scroll with rose rolls, simply in reverse order. At the end ch. 5,

fasten in end space and s. c. down in side curve.

Next work 20 rose rolls on the ch. 15. 2 with trebles worked once, 2 worked off twice, 2 worked off three times, 1 worked off four times in the next st. 5 worked off 4 times in next st. 1 worked off 4 times, 6 down the side in reverse order, fasten to center.

Make 24 rose rolls on ch. 20, in graduated order 9 on each side, and 3 each in the 2 end sts., fasten.

In the ch. 10 work 4 rose rolls on each side and 6 in the end st. Fill the two remaining chains and the Butterfly center is complete.

Before basting down this motif make back ground stitches of chains to connect the scrolls with the wings and work all around with chains and picots to connect the wings and fill in the deep indents. In doing this part of the work one has to exercise their own judgment.

Square Side Motifs

To make these one also begins work in the center. Wind thread 10 times over forefinger, slip off, ch. 3, work 7 roll sts., o. 20 times in ring, ch. 10, 7 roll sts. in ring, ch. 10, 7 roll sts., ch. 10, 7 roll sts., ch. 10, join to top of ch. 8, slip stitch to the center of the group of rolls.

2nd round.—Make 26 rose rolls, with trebles worked off 4 times under ch. 10, fasten to previous row of rolls. Repeat 3 times, ch. 3, fasten between first and second rolls of first group, ch. 8.

3rd round.—1 tr. c. between second and third rolls, ch. 2, 1 tr. c. between next 2, repeat all around, join, ch. 3.

4th round.—1 roll st., o. 20 times, drawn up closely in each space, ch. 2 or 3 as is necessary between.

5th round.—Same as 4th round, 1 roll st. between each roll of last row.

Make two motifs like this.

Ring Motifs

Wind thread 10 times over forefinger, slip off, chain 8, 33 tr. rose rolls in ring. Join on top ch. 8, fasten off neatly. Make another ring exactly the same, then one with 20 tr. rose rolls and the remainder of the ring filled with s. c. Sew this securely under the two rings, like a scallop. See ills. Make another ring motif like this for the back, after which baste all the motifs in place to a muslin pattern. Crochet completely around with ch. 3, 1 d. c., or 1 tr. c., after the motifs have been fastened



BUTTERFLY YOKE.
By Mrs. A. O. L. Wertman.

Edging

Make 5 s. c., ch. 6, fasten back into the second ch. 4 s. c. on ch. 6, ch. 5, 4 s. c., 8 s. c. along the edge, fasten back into the fourth st., leaving 3 sts. between the picot and picot scallops.

The above directions have been made as plain as possible, and if carefully followed will result in an unusually beautiful piece of work which will not only prove durable, being easily laundered, but give satisfaction to the wearer.

Shadow Effect in Filet Crochet

Part of the design in this insertion is in relief crochet and the shadow part in blocks of doubles as in filet, so also are the open spaces. An open space is always ch. 2 and 1 d. c. worked in the d. c. in previous row. Turn at the end of each row with a ch. 5.

For this insertion make a chain of 42 stitches. 1 d. c. in eighth st. from needle, ch. 2, 1 d. c. in third st., repeat to end of the row, making 12 spaces.

1st row.—Ch. 5, 3 sps., 2 knots, which are made as follows: 7 d. c. in a sp., insert hook in first d. c., draw loop through and draw up closely. This makes the raised or relief work. After drawing up a knot, make a ch. 1, 1 d. c., then 1 knot, 2 sps., 2 knots, 3 sps., ch. 5. Turn.

2nd row.—6 sps., 1 knot, 6 d. c. over the 2 knots in previous row, then 1 knot, 2 sps., ch. 5. Turn.

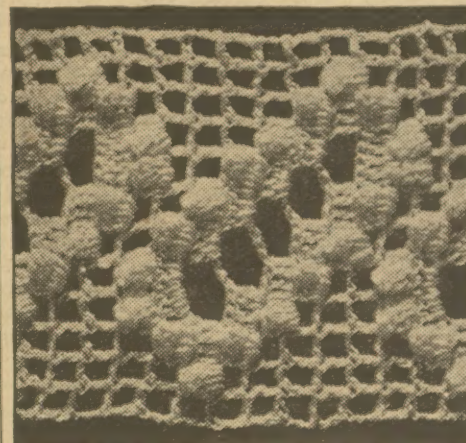
3rd row.—1 sp., 1 knot, 4 d. c. over knot in last row, ch. 5, 4 d. c., 1 knot, 5 sps., ch. 5. Turn.

4th row.—4 sps., 1 knot, 4 d. c., ch. 5, 4 d. c., 1 knot, 2 sps., ch. 5. Turn.

5th row.—3 sps., 1 knot, 4 d. c., ch. 5, 4 d. c., 1 knot, 3 sps., ch. 5. Turn.

6th row.—2 sps., 1 knot, 4 d. c., ch. 5, 4 d. c., 1 knot, 4 sps., ch. 5. Turn.

7th row.—5 sps., 1 knot, 4 d. c., ch. 5, 4 d. c., 1 knot, 1 sp., ch. 5.
8th row.—2 sps., 1 knot, 8 d. c., 1 knot, 6 sps., ch. 5. Turn.
9th row.—3 sps., 2 knots, 2 sps., 2 knots, 3 sps.



SHADOW EFFECT IN FILET CROCHET.

10th row.—6 sps., 1 knot, 6 d. c., 1 knot, 2 sps., ch. 5. Turn.
Repeat from 3rd row.

Bias Insertion

This insertion although having a square figure, is quite different in appearance, and is made very differently from the filet crochet, as it is worked on the bias.

The work is started in a corner, both sides being increased until the desired width is reached.

Begin with a ch. 9, join in ring.

1st row.—Ch. 9, 1 s. c. in sixth st. of chain, counting from the needle. Ch. 5, 1 s. c. in the ring. Turn.

2nd row.—Ch. 9, 1 s. c. in sixth ch., this forms what will be called an end space, and is made at the beginning of every row while increasing. Ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, in last row. Ch. 5, 1 s. c. in end space. Turn.

3rd row.—Make end sp., ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, 1 shell of 6 tr. c. in the single, between the two chs. 5 of last row, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, ch. 5, 1 s. c. in end sp. Turn.

4th row.—Make end sp., ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, 1 shell in s. c. on ch. 5, fasten with sl. st. to center of first shell, 1 shell in s. c., 1 s. c. under ch. 5, ch. 5, fasten in end sp. Turn.

5th row.—Make end sp., ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, 1 shell in s. c. in sixth st. of chain, counting from the needle. Ch. 5, 1 s. c. in the ring. Turn.
2nd row.—Ch. 9, 1 s. c. in sixth ch., this forms what will be called an end space, and is made at the beginning of every row while increasing. Ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, in last row. Ch. 5, 1 s. c. in end space. Turn.
3rd row.—Make end sp., ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, 1 shell of 6 tr. c. in the single, between the two chs. 5 of last row, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, ch. 5, 1 s. c. in end sp. Turn.
4th row.—Make end sp., ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, 1 shell in s. c. on ch. 5, fasten with sl. st. to center of first shell, 1 shell in s. c., 1 s. c. under ch. 5, ch. 5, fasten in end sp. Turn.
5th row.—Make end sp., ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, 1 shell in s. c. in sixth st. of chain, counting from the needle. Ch. 5, 1 s. c. in the ring. Turn.
2nd row.—Ch. 9, 1 s. c. in sixth ch., this forms what will be called an end space, and is made at the beginning of every row while increasing. Ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, in last row. Ch. 5, 1 s. c. in end space. Turn.
3rd row.—Make end sp., ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, 1 shell of 6 tr. c. in the single, between the two chs. 5 of last row, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, ch. 5, 1 s. c. in end sp. Turn.
4th row.—Make end sp., ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, 1 shell in s. c. on ch. 5, fasten with sl. st. to center of first shell, 1 shell in s. c., 1 s. c. under ch. 5, ch. 5, fasten in end sp. Turn.
5th row.—Make end sp., ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, 1 shell in s. c. in sixth st. of chain, counting from the needle. Ch. 5, 1 s. c. in the ring. Turn.
2nd row.—Ch. 9, 1 s. c. in sixth ch., this forms what will be called an end space, and is made at the beginning of every row while increasing. Ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, in last row. Ch. 5, 1 s. c. in end space. Turn.
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4th row.—Make end sp., ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, 1 shell in s. c. on ch. 5, fasten with sl. st. to center of first shell, 1 shell in s. c., 1 s. c. under ch. 5, ch. 5, fasten in end sp. Turn.
5th row.—Make end sp., ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, 1 shell in s. c. in sixth st. of chain, counting from the needle. Ch. 5, 1 s. c. in the ring. Turn.
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3rd row.—Make end sp., ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, 1 shell of 6 tr. c. in the single, between the two chs. 5 of last row, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, ch. 5, 1 s. c. in end sp. Turn.
4th row.—Make end sp., ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, 1 shell in s. c. on ch. 5, fasten with sl. st. to center of first shell, 1 shell in s. c., 1 s. c. under ch. 5, ch. 5, fasten in end sp. Turn.
5th row.—Make end sp., ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, 1 shell in s. c. in sixth st. of chain, counting from the needle. Ch. 5, 1 s. c. in the ring. Turn.
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5th row.—Make end sp., ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, 1 shell in s. c. in sixth st. of chain, counting from the needle. Ch. 5, 1 s. c. in the ring. Turn.
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4th row.—Make end sp., ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, 1 shell in s. c. on ch. 5, fasten with sl. st. to center of first shell, 1 shell in s. c., 1 s. c. under ch. 5, ch. 5, fasten in end sp. Turn.
5th row.—Make end sp., ch. 5, 1 s. c. under ch. 5, 1 shell in s. c. in sixth st. of chain, counting from the needle. Ch. 5, 1 s. c. in the ring. Turn.
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2nd row.—Ch. 9, 1 s. c. in sixth ch., this forms what will be called an end space, and is made at the beginning of every row

A Few Words by the Editor

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE long ago, had a pure food law passed, and though it has not been a very great success, it has been an effort in the right direction, and will doubtless eventually accomplish all that was expected of it.

We are also making desperate efforts to get pure politics. This, possibly, is almost a hopeless proposition, but all the same the effort is being made, and that is something.

All along the line in fact, earnest men and women are working hard and conscientiously to correct the many abuses that have crept into our national life, and which must be eradicated and cut out by the roots, if our fabric of government is to survive.

One of the most crying abuses of the day, and one of the most shameful blots upon the business life of our nation, is the activity of the fake promoter, who, with his brother sharks, robs the gullible American people of nearly a million dollars a day, and that is over three hundred million dollars a year.

Every dollar of this stupendous amount represents robbery of the most barefaced, wicked and criminal kind. The masked burglar who forces entry into another man's home, does so at the risk of his life. He is ready to take chances to get his plunder, and often meets with death as a result of his daring and audacity. The fake promoter is a rogue of a different type. He is taking no chances, no risks, and though he ruins homes, breaks hearts and murders by wholesale, he knows full well that he will never have to look into the gleaming-barrel of an automatic revolver, and have his cowardly skin punctured by the vengeful bullet of an aroused householder or pursuing policeman.

The chance that he may eventually land in jail does not worry the fake promoter. He takes the chance for, while many are caught by the officers of the law each year, the majority escape punishment, and the penalties meted out to those who are convicted are usually so light in comparison with the immense profits of the swindling game that they have but little if any deterrent effect. What does a small fine or even a year's imprisonment count in the estimation of this class of criminals as against the prospect of a fortune easily acquired by fraud? Furthermore, if the judge does give a reasonably stiff sentence it is altogether too easy to get a pardon. President Taft pardoned some of the worst and meanest bank officials guilty of wrecking national banks and robbing thousands of depositors.

The fake promoter is not only a criminal, but a philosopher as well. He reckons that if the crash comes that his career of swindling will have netted him a princely sum, enough to make him rich for life, and he is willing to put up with a little inconvenience to attain that result. This, the blood money of the innocent, is hidden in such a fashion that the law is never able to reach it, and after the criminal has paid his fine or served his short term of imprisonment he is free to enjoy a life of ease and luxury, supported by his ill-gotten gains. If he feels any sense of disgrace he may even escape that by removing to London or gay Paris, there to cut a swell with other expatriated American nabobs.

No honest man, of course, would engage in such wicked enterprises even if there were no law against it. But there are,

alas! thousands of men who are willing to be branded as rogues and go to jail for a year or so in order to gain possession of a vast sum of money. The penalty of the law is the only protection that the public have against such rascals, and that at present, as we have shown, is entirely inadequate. The penalty should be made so severe, life imprisonment if necessary, as to be a real terror and deterrent to the would-be swindler.

Men of high repute and bearing distinguished family names have yielded to this temptation, as illustrated in the recent trial of Julian Hawthorne, son of America's greatest novelist, and himself an author of some note, and Dr. William J. Morton, son of Dr. W. T. G. Morton famous as the first to use ether in surgical operations. These two men and Albert Freeman, a New York business man, were found guilty by the jury which tried them on charge of using the mails for fraudulent purposes. The verdict was rendered on March 14, and prison sentences were imposed immediately; five years for Freeman and one year and one day for Hawthorne and the same light sentence for Dr. Morton. It is claimed that these men fleeced their victims of about six hundred thousand dollars by dishonest promotion of mining schemes and sale of mining stock.

The fake promoter, you see, has little to fear, and millions to gain. He knows there is no limit to human greed or human credulity, and so he sets his traps for his victims.

He writes, or has written for him, a circular, describing mines, or oil wells that never existed, and pictures in glowing colors the millions that will be made by those who will aid him in developing and marketing the riches hidden in these fictitious properties, which exist only in his vivid imagination.

He has a list of names of men and women in the United States, who have money to invest, and every one of these he circularizes, and many of them rise like hungry trout to catch the dazzling bait which he so temptingly draws across the alluring waters of fake finance, hauling in his victims by the thousand until the postal authorities step in and put a stop to his criminal operations.

The American investor is notoriously the most gullible in the world. Everyone is eager to get rich quick; everyone wants something for nothing, and any scheme that promises huge and immediate profits even though that scheme consists of a rubber plantation in the Antarctic, or a palm leaf fan industry in Alaska, it finds thousands of people ordinarily sane and level headed, ready to dump their money, possibly the last dollar they have in the world, in the enterprise, which calm reflection should show to be chimerical and fraudulent.

With this fertile ground of gullibility to work upon, it is not to be wondered at that the fake promoters (who through the mails can enter every home in the land with their lying literature, which, though a tissue of falsehoods, reads like truth) can scoop in hundreds of millions yearly, until their careers of crime are cut short by the law.

The Post Office Department, though it has done excellent work in bringing these ingenious rascals to justice, can do practically nothing until much damage has been done. Not until the victim is on the hook, and his pockets have been drained, can the postal authorities act. It is only after they get evidence that a fraudulent scheme is being worked that

they can step in and stop it, and by that time much harm is done and many unsuspecting people robbed.

Happily steps are to be taken that will greatly mitigate, if not entirely suppress the yearly mulcting of thousands of American citizens of their hard earned savings.

Over two hundred of the most prominent bankers who make a specialty of handling investments, have formed the Investment Bankers' Association of America. This association proposes to establish a bureau of investigation, and no enterprise that is not thoroughly sound and genuine, no prospect that is not meritorious, no scheme that is not worthy the support and confidence of the people, will meet with its approval. Every project that has the O. K. of this association can be regarded as above suspicion, though of course the element of chance enters into all enterprises, and every investor takes a certain amount of risk, though this risk, the Bankers' Association avers shall be reduced to a minimum, if the people will abide by the advice of this association.

It has always seemed to the writer that the State or Federal governments should investigate all enterprises which appeal to the public for financial backing. Kansas and one or two other States have recently passed such a law with excellent results.

However, we are delighted to see that something is to be done by the Bankers' Association to stop the merciless robbery and exploitation of the gullible investor by the scheming sharks, who, through the medium of the mails, have so long preyed on them.

Until some action is taken in this matter we warn our readers to beware, and to thoroughly investigate every enterprise in which they may contemplate investing their hard-earned savings, and if a satisfactory investigation is not possible, it would be safer to put one's money in the nearest savings bank, where fake promoters cannot reach it. Remember a three or four per cent in the hand, is worth forty or a hundred per cent in the bush. The promise of big interest, big dividends, big profits, is an almost certain indication of big risk of loss.

The recent devastating floods that have wrought so much destruction of property and no little loss of life in the river valleys of the middle west are a stern reminder of the disastrous consequences of the ruthless destruction of the forests which formerly shaded and prevented the rapid melting of the snow about the sources of the streams and, like sponges, took up and held back the rain-water, thus preventing or largely mitigating sudden rises of water in the rivers. Freshets are becoming more frequent and more severe and will continue to increase in violence in proportion to the decrease of the forest area. For years past the experts have given warning that such would be the inevitable result of the general forest annihilating policy which has obsessed the people of this country.

How many such terrible object lessons as the recent floods must we suffer before the American people and the federal and state governments will wake up to the necessity of adopting strong and effective measures for the protection of existing forests and the reforestation of large tracts of natural forest land which has been stripped bare of trees.

Comfort's Editor

Beware the Traps of the White Slavers

FROM recent letters from our subscribers requesting me to print an exposure of the "white slave trade" and a warning against its dangers, I judge that many Comfort readers have very little knowledge of this subject which is being so much discussed in the newspapers and magazines and in the pulp and on the lecture platform in a nation-wide movement for the suppression of the worst form of social evil that human depravity has ever devised.

Many features and most details of this abomination are not only unprintable, but are unthinkable to pure minded people, and the subject is so revolting, even when handled as delicately as possible, that it is with the utmost reluctance that I touch it, which I do only through a sense of duty in an effort to warn and save as many innocents as possible from being enticed, or pressed into white slavery which ruins and kills more than sixty thousand young women each year in the United States, and from town and village and country homes recruits a like number of girls annually to take their places.

The term "white slavery" is seen to be no exaggeration of the deplorable condition of these unfortunate girls when it is explained that not over twenty per cent. of these inmates of houses of ill fame are there voluntarily, while eight hundred out of every thousand of them have been trapped into the vilest dens of vice, kept there against their wills and compelled to follow lives of shame and submit to the most debased forms of debauchery, and that not for their own gain but for the profit of the human fiends who hold them captives, collect the wages of their sin, and lease or sell them like cattle.

If this is not slavery what will you call it? The African slave trade was as Christian philanthropy compared with this detestable traffic in women.

The horrors to which the victims of white slavery are subjected are unspeakable, and only the very mildest of them can I print; so in reading this article please understand that behind every word of description there is ten times as much that cannot be printed.

I will not shock our readers with details of the lives of these white slaves but briefly sketch a few significant and suggestive facts from which you may construct the mental picture for yourselves.

Who has not heard or read of the "red light district" and "segregation policy" in vogue in most of our cities? Do you know what they mean?

The "segregation policy," whenever it is in operation, means that the city authorities, and especially the police, instead of trying to suppress the white slave traffic simply drive it into one section of the town and there permit it to flourish unmolested.

The "red light district" of a city signifies the section given over to houses of ill fame wherein white slaves are kept. Such districts are utterly disreputable and no legitimate business exists there; they are shunned by decent people, and frequented by immoral men who go there under cover of darkness to patronize these dens of vice.

These houses are veritable white slave prisons from which it is almost impossible for a girl to escape, some even having iron bars across the windows. When an innocent victim is trapped and brought into such a house, her clothes are taken from her and she is compelled to wear an immodest costume in which she would not dare to appear on the street; she is

continually watched and when she sleeps she must be locked in a room from which she cannot break out. She is subjected to the most brutal and shocking indignities, and no efforts are spared to break her spirit, destroy the last vestige of her self respect, and impress on her the idea that she is utterly lost, ruined, defiled and debased beyond the possibility of ever again associating with decent people. The purpose being to reduce her to a state of hopeless resignation to a life of shame, for when she comes to believe that all other means of subsistence, all other avenues of life are closed to her there will be no danger of her attempting to escape. Most of them feel the disgrace so keenly that they would prefer to die rather than return to their homes and friends. In from three to five years death from disease of hideous form releases the white slave from bondage.

Out of respect for womanhood I regret to record that these places appear invariably to be under the direct control of women, frequently as proprietors, otherwise as managers when men have a financial interest and share in the profit of the business.

Here let us draw the veil over the wretched lives and miserable fate of the white slaves and give our attention to the methods and schemes by which the white slavers trap their victims, in order that every Comfort mother and daughter may be on her guard forewarned and forearmed.

It is a big business and scandalous as it may seem, its promoters have an extensive organization which not only covers this country but also includes Canada and a considerable part of Europe. For although the white slave traders prey mostly on American girls they also import many of their victims from foreign lands.

The head centers of the business are in the large cities, but it is also carried on to an alarming extent in many, if not all, the smaller cities, and the recruiting agents continually scour the cities, drum the towns and work the rural sections for new victims.

Girls born and brought up in the city, although surrounded by greater temptations, if they do not voluntarily go astray are less in danger of being caught by the white slaver than are country girls, because the former are more likely to have their eyes open to the danger and to recognize it when it confronts them.

The greatest danger is to the innocent, unsophisticated country girl who, ignorant of city ways, dangers and vicious devices, goes to the city for employment. For her the net is spread in every direction and the trap is baited with every form of allurements. To the practiced eye she is easily known as a country girl, and even on the train that is carrying her to the city she is likely to be approached by a white slave agent, perhaps in the person of a young man who tries to win her regard by flattering attentions, a pretense of friendly interest and an offer to show her or escort her to a nice, respectable boarding-place which, if she accepts his proffered courtesy, she will discover to be a white slave prison house after she gets inside; or perhaps an older man of respectable appearance may offer her employment at good pay, or volunteer to take her or direct her to a place where she can have a good situation by his recommendation, and in order further to gain her confidence he may even caution her against the dangers which the city has for young girls. This is simply the same trap with a different bait.

Maidenly reserve and that timidity which Nature has given woman for her protection should make any girl suspicious of advances on the

part of strange men, and undoubtedly many are thus saved from betrayal by such wretches.

But the wickedest, most deceitful and most successful white slave agents are women who easily insinuate themselves into the confidence of young girls and decoy them to ruin. These women are well dressed, fine appearing, with pleasing manners and a plausible story to tell their intended victims whom they pick up on the railroad trains and stations and in other public places, and even on the streets, and not infrequently scrape an acquaintance with the girls at the stores or places where they are working. Some of them are elderly women, some middle-aged and some quite young.

According to a published statement by Frederick P. Schmid, U. S. special agent for the suppression of the white slave trade, which appeared recently in the Boston Post, Boston is infested just at present with a gang of elderly women who are seeking to lure young girls into white slavery, and he says the methods used by these women are of such a subtle nature that even the most innocent person may fall a victim to their wiles.

These are some of the schemes they worked. One old woman, by pretending to faint called a pretty young shop girl to her assistance and pulled her into her automobile, when the chauffeur slammed the door and started the car at a rapid pace. Fortunately the auto soon had to slow down because of the street being blocked, and some young men hearing the girl's screams rushed to her rescue and liberated her.

Another young woman employed in a downtown business establishment found herself followed in an annoying manner by a man as she was walking home. Just then an elderly woman overtook her and said: "Do you know that you are being followed by a man?" The girl replied that she had just noticed it. "Never mind," said the woman, "I'll protect you. Come with me." At the suggestion of the elderly woman they turned into a side street and then stepped into the doorway of a house, so that the man would have to pass them there, as she explained to the girl. No sooner had the girl stepped into the doorway than the door opened behind her and she was pushed inside, and the man who had been following entered immediately behind the old woman. Her street clothes were taken from her and she was taken up-stairs and locked in a room. Without giving the details of her experience there I will simply add that through a fortunate incident she was rescued the next day.

For the unprotected country girl in the city the snare is set in every direction. Being away from friends she is lonely and naturally seeks amusement and recreation after work is done, but her pay is so small that she can only afford to patronize the cheapest sort of places of amusement, if any, and these are not respectable. If she goes there she will meet and probably make the acquaintance of the very scum of the city populace. In her loneliness and financial stringency it is altogether likely that she will accept the attentions of some young man who pretends to take a fancy to her and invites her to accompany him to a public dance, or to a low-class theater and after the evening's entertainment treats her to an ice cream or a late supper in a restaurant or saloon of questionable character. Here she may be induced to drink liquor or may be drugged, and when she wakes up finds herself a white slave in a house of ill fame. Some even go so far as to marry the girl in order to betray her.

In every large city there is a gang of these young men who make a business of trapping young girls into white slavery under pretense of making love to them. In this way they make a living without working. For each girl that they deliver into white slavery they receive a good round sum. So well established is their trade that this class of white slave agents have acquired the distinctive name of "cadets" by which they are universally known.

I have mentioned only a few of the dangers that beset the country girl in the city. But the enterprising agents of the white slave traffic, not content to wait for the country girls to come to the city of their own accord, put out all kinds of attractive inducements to get them to leave home. One scheme is to advertise to provide, good, paying positions for girls in the city.

Another trick of the white slaver is to pose as a theatrical agent or manager and persuade the ambitious country girl to go to the city under promise of brilliant career on the stage. Needless to say that the girls who rely on the promises of bogus theatrical agents simply fall victims of the white slave trade.

Matrimonial agencies are worked by the white slavers for their purposes. In this connection it is interesting to note a scheme of this kind recently nipped in the bud by the federal authorities and the officers of the Young Women's Christian Association and the New England Watch and Ward Society. The acting city marshal of Lawrence, Mass., received a letter from a man in Wyoming asking for names and addresses of marriageable young women in and about Lawrence under pretense that the purpose of the writer was to find husbands for them among the ranchmen and cowmen of the West. It has since been discovered that a number of similar letters have been received by officials of other New England cities and towns. These letters are being investigated by government officers in the belief that they are part of a concerted plan to get into correspondence with young women and entice them into white slavery under promise of marriage.

What I have written is only a small part of what might be said on this subject, but it should be enough to put our readers on their guard, which is the purpose of this article.

Let me add a word of advice and caution. Keep your girls at home if possible. Women's wages in most employments in the city are very small, barely enough to keep soul and body together, usually too small to provide suitable clothes and proper food. This was brought out forcibly in a recent legislative investigation of working girls' wages in Chicago.

Beware of all advertisements offering inducements for girls to go to the city for employment. Take no chances on them without a thorough investigation.

Distrust any man or woman from the city who pretends to take a special interest in your girl and advises her to go to the city to better her condition.

Keep a sharp eye on any young man from the city who attempts to pay attention to a country girl. Never correspond with strangers. Mothers, be wise and watchful to guard your daughters; explain to them the danger and how to avoid it. Take them into your confidence and get their confidence so they will feel that your advice and precautions for their protection are wise, reasonable, necessary and well meant for their good. Show them why you have to deny them a request or impose a restraint, so that

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, assistance, encouragement or sympathy.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting donations of money. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHELEER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

HOW many know the beautiful story of *Mothers' Day* that so many thousands of men and women in the United States, Great Britain, and even in Continental Europe will commemorate on the second Sunday of May by wearing the white carnation, symbolic of the purity of mother-love.

It was on the second Sunday of May, six years ago, that Miss Anna Jarvis while paying a tribute of affection to the memory of her mother, first conceived the idea of setting aside this day in remembrance of all the mothers who have gone before. To this end she sought interviews with the clergy, influential business men and public officials in her home city, Philadelphia, who, after listening to Miss Jarvis, realized as she did, that such an observation could but be a great power for good. Thus it was, that on May 10, 1910, not only in Philadelphia, but in many other places in the United States, *Mothers' Day* was observed with special services, for Miss Jarvis' endeavors had extended far beyond her home city.

Miss Jarvis, while pleading her cause, has revealed to the world a great and boundless sympathy for her fellow creatures. Far and near does she visit the hospitals and prisons, the asylums and other institutions where might be found the unfortunate, carrying with her the symbolic white carnations which she distributes among the inmates, and in simple language seeks to reawaken the tenderest recollections, for Miss Jarvis believes that seldom are the memories of a mother's love effaced entirely from the mind. Miss Jarvis' efforts in spreading the observation of *Mothers' Day* has taken her to Europe several times. Kings and noted writers have expressed sympathy and given encouragement in her work, making her feel how dear to all humanity is this great mother-love which endures for the erring child while all the world condemns.

From the pen of Mabel L. Langdon, a COMFORT sister, we have the beautiful poem "My Mother," which seems particularly fitting for *Mothers' Day*. That "the office of poetry is not to make us think accurately, but feel truly" is exemplified in "My Mother," which Miss Langdon has put the soul of feeling.

My Mother

"I owe to my angel mother
All I am or hope to be,
Even to my hopes of Heaven
That fair land across death's sea.
Oh, how carefully she taught me,
Through my happy careless youth
To be honest, ever faithful
E'er to stand for right and truth.
So, in years past, when I've wandered
In forbidden paths of sin
'Twas the memory of her teaching
Brought me back to Christ again.
And that mother who is sleeping
Now beneath the churchyard sod,
Showed through all her life's long journey
That she ever 'walked with God.'"

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
I am a new subscriber, but an old reader of COMFORT, and always enjoy the Sisters' Corner. In reading February issue, I became very much interested in the letter written by Miss Gertrude E. Williams, Lake City, Cal. I live in the town of Rocky Mt., N. C. I have made wonderful progress in the last ten or twelve years, and will in time be, I believe, the leading town of Eastern North Carolina. This town is situated in two counties, Edgecomb and Nash. There are three graded schools here, two for the whites (one in each county) and one for the colored. It is the colored schools of which I wish to speak. The graded school has between five and six hundred pupils with six teachers, getting thirty dollars per month, while the principal receives fifty dollars.

My husband (who is a Presbyterian minister) came to this town in 1908 to take charge of the Presbyterian church. Seeing the need of the people, he established an Industrial High School in Edgecomb County (there being no school in this county side) with primary grades for those who could not enter the higher grades. There had previous to this time been a high school carried on by a number of our colored citizens, but at the time we came, they had decided to abandon it, and send their children to the graded school.

We opened a school September, 1908, with one pupil. This was discouraging, yet my husband taught the week out, and the roll increased to six. We only charged fifty cents per month for each scholar, and before the end of the term, April, 1909, we had enrolled seventy-six pupils. We gave a free exhibition at the end of the term, and the people became interested in our work. In 1910 we had one hundred and thirty-eight. We have now on our roll one hundred and ninety. We still charge fifty cents per month for all scholars, except those in the high school department, who pay seventy-five cents. There are only seven in this department. A domestic science teacher who is principal, a domestic science teacher who also teaches the primary grades, while I teach the preparatory department and music. We get help from no other source to run the school other than the little tuition we charge the children. For this mere pittance we teach from 9 A. M. to 3:30 P. M.; furnish fuel, brooms, etc., all for two and one-half cents per day. Last term we taught in an unplastered build-

ing. We now owe five hundred and thirty dollars on our little three room building. Since September each teacher has received less than eighteen dollars per month, for although we have a large enrollment, they do not come regularly. Some come for only one month, some two and three months, so we can never count on the exact amount of money we will take in every month.

While reading Miss Williams' letter I was wondering if I would be a better teacher if I were getting better pay? I try to do the best I can, as it is, and there is joy in the sacrifice I am making. I have eighty pupils in my room with an average attendance of sixty-eight. Please excuse lengthy letter.

Yours truly,
Mrs. J. BURTON HAMPER, Rocky Mt., Box 246, N. C.

Mrs. Harper. You and your husband are doing a grand work that will live forever. To find joy in such service but proves the oldest teachings, that self-sacrifice is the highest rule of grace.

Your COMFORT sisters will be interested in your school and glad to hear of its progress from time to time.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I would like to come in and visit a while with the sisters. I have taken COMFORT for one year and I liked it so well I have renewed my subscription for two years more. I look for its coming with pleasure for I get so much help from the Sisters' Corner.

I have never seen a letter from the Northwest part of Minnesota, so I think I will try and describe the country in which I live. I am living on a homestead, forty-five miles from a railroad. There has been a lot of homesteaders coming in here the past year. Most of the homesteads worth while are taken up but land can be bought cheap at present. We are looking forward to a railroad this coming summer as there is much talk of having an electric road from Greigla to Thief River Falls. I live seven miles from Greigla, which is a little country town of a post-office, two stores, blacksmith shop, hospital, one hotel and a baker shop. This town is forty miles from a railroad. Most of the land here is swamp which is being drained by means of big ditches, dug by the Northwestern Draining Company. There has been some fine crops raised where the draining is complete. We think this draining is a great thing for it has opened lots of land for homesteading. There is some timber here such as swamp tamarac, cedar, some spruce and poplar.

We have lived here fourteen months and like it fine. This is mostly a Norwegian settlement. Just a few Germans, Swedes and Danes. We have one hundred and sixty acres here. It is part stump and swamp. We have a hand. We have a few acres broken but expect to break up more this spring. We have ten head of stock.

I am sending recipes for tallow cookies and cheese making. I have tried both and think them fine. Now when meat is so high I think I have taken the place of meat to a certain extent, and can be made very easily.

I will try and describe myself as I see other sisters do. I am five feet five inches tall and have blue eyes and brown hair and I am twenty-three years old and have been married five years. We have no children. Would some of the sisters send me a remedy or publish through COMFORT one for chronic diarrhea? My husband has been subject to this since cold weather set in. He has been to the physician here and has received no relief. We thought it was caused from the cold weather as we have had as low as forty-five below zero. I would be thankful for any remedy or suggestions.

I would like to hear from any of the sisters that care to write.

Mrs. HATTIE HAUGEN, Grygla, Box 117, Minn.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Please may I come in this lonely night to join your happy band of workers?

I am a farmer's daughter. We have forty acres of land, about seven miles from Winchester. I have taken COMFORT two years, and get so much help and comfort when I read the Sisters' Corner.

Sisters, I would like to know if any of you could tell me what would cure my mother of rheumatism. She has it so bad. She has been told that it is muscular rheumatism. Oh! dear sisters, if any of you could tell me something that would help her I would be so thankful. You can't have the least idea how she suffers. It is almost death for her to get out of the bed every morning. Her arms pain and ache, also her back all the time.

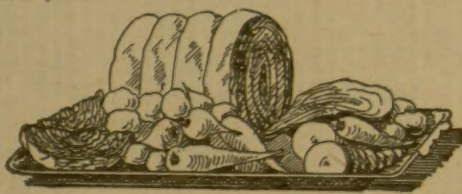
She read in the COMFORT once that poke berries were good for rheumatism and I got the berries for her every day and she ate them for a long time, but didn't get any good. She has had the rheumatism some all her life.

Mamma is not able to do anything, but yet she does for fear she will become too stiff to move if she keeps quiet. I do the work. I am seventeen years old.

Please sisters write me, and help mamma if you can. Miss MOSSIE BOWELL, Winchester, R. R. 4, Box 41, Tenn.

Comfort Sisters' Recipes and Everyday Helps

BOILED DINNER.—There is no dish more appetizing and wholesome than the old-fashioned, New England boiled dinner when properly cooked and served. Select four pounds of brisket, or other cut where lean meat



BOILED DINNER DAINTELY SERVED.

is streaked with fat. The beef should be boiled the day before, let stand in kettle till partially cool and remove. The following day, take off the hard fat to use for shortening, and use the liquor to boil the vegetables in, adding enough boiling water to cover. Potatoes, carrots, cabbage and turnip are the best combination. The cabbage and carrots should be put into the boiling meat liquor fully two hours before dinner time; the turnips half an hour later, and the peeled potatoes should cook one hour. One secret of a delicious boiled dinner is to have the vegetables well cooked, and the flavors well blended. About half an hour before done, put in on top of the vegetables the beef which was cooked the day before, or just long enough to get thoroughly hot. Serve attractively by arranging vegetables around beef.—Ed.

BUNS.—One yeast cake dissolved in half a cup of lukewarm water. Scald and cool three cups of sweet milk and add yeast. Mix in flour to make a stiff dough and let set over night. In the morning add one half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one small spoon of salt, one half teaspoon of soda. Add flour for stiff dough and set to rise for five hours.

COFFEE CAKE (OR BREAD).—One cup of sponge, two cups of sweet milk, one half cup of sugar, one tablespoon of lard. Mix stiff like bread. When raised light, roll out till about one and one-half inches thick, sprinkle sugar and cinnamon over top and add here and there a little lump of butter. When light bake to a light brown. This is fine.

LEMON BUTTER.—Beat six eggs very light, add one quarter pound of butter, two pinches of sugar, the rind and juice of three lemons, mix well and set in pan of boiling water and cook till thick.

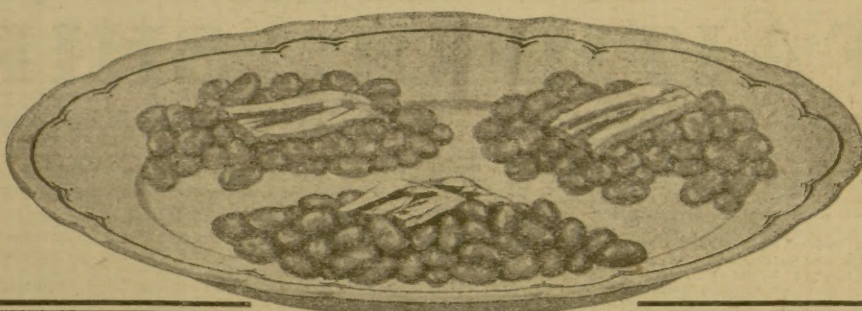
Mrs. J. F. HARRISON, Stuart, Star Route, Nebr.

CORN SOUFFLE.—Melt two tablespoons of butter, add two tablespoons of flour and stir until well mixed; add gradually, stirring all the time, one cup of scalded milk; bring to the boiling point, add a cup of canned corn, chopped and seasoned with salt and pepper, then stir in the yolks of two eggs, well beaten, and the white of the eggs whipped stiff. Put into a buttered baking dish and bake till firm.

CREAM COOKIES.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of sour cream, one cup of butter, two eggs well beaten, one teaspoon of soda dissolved in cream and five cups level full of unsifted flour. One cup of nut meats or one cup chopped raisins can be added if liked, but they are fine without either.

PRIZE CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One and one-half cups of sugar, one half cup of butter, one half cup of sweet milk, one and three-quarters cups of flour, four eggs beaten separately, two teaspoons of baking powder, heaping teaspoon of cinnamon, teaspoon each of cloves and vanilla, two squares of chocolate melted over teakettle with five tablespoons of hot water added before chocolate is put into cake. Bake in loaf or layers. Measurements all level unless otherwise stated.

CHOCOLATE FILLING.—One cup of brown sugar, one cup of sour cream, quite thick, one square of chocolate. Boil and test by stirring a little in a dish. Flavor with vanilla. This cake has taken first prize three times in succession at the Farmers' Institute



Serve on One Plate Three Kinds of Baked Beans

Choose the three which you think are best.
Then let your folks choose the superlative kind. See if they pick Van Camp's.

We May be Wrong

Perhaps somebody somewhere has equalled this dish, and we haven't found it out.

But we have made this test with twenty kinds of baked beans.

And everyone always picks out the Van Camp's.

We are pretty sure that your folks won't differ from the rest.

Here is a dish prepared by a chef from the Hotel Ritz in Paris.

We pick out for it just the white, plump beans.

We make the sauce from vine-ripened tomatoes, and bake it with the beans.

We use for the baking a mod-

ern type of steam oven. Thus the beans are well baked without crisping.

They are baked for hours at 245 degrees. Yet the beans are baked without bursting.

So the beans come out nut-like, mealy and whole. They are easy to digest.

And we bring them to you with the fresh oven flavor, by our process of sterilization.

Judge for yourself if this effort is wasted.

Learn by a test if common beans please folks like Van Camp's. Then tell your grocer in the future to send the kind you like best.

VanCamp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.
Baked by
Van Camp Packing Company, Indianapolis, Ind.
(Established 1861)

(241)

in our town and it is fine and I have never had a failure either. Mrs. C. G. LARSON, Carroll, Nebr.

GOOD CORN BREAD.—One pint of buttermilk, one egg, one level teaspoon of soda, a pinch of salt and one pint of corn meal, but no flour. Stir and beat as you would cake batter. Bake in a quick oven.

POTATO SOUP.—Slice thin four good-sized potatoes, salt and put on with just water enough to cook until tender, then season with butter or meat fryings, or both is better, and one quart of rich milk or three cups of milk and one of rich cream. Let this come to boiling point, then add about half teaspoon of soda and stir briskly a few seconds. Serve in soup bowls with crackers, or bread crumbs browned in the oven are nice. We are very fond of this soup which is nice for winter suppers.

Mrs. BERTHA BACKUS, Kutch, Colo.

HOT MILK CAKE.—Take yolks of two eggs and one cup of sugar and one tablespoon of shortening and mix well; add a cup and a half of milk brought to a boil, then add one teaspoon of soda and two of cream of tartar with two cups of flour. Bake for twenty minutes in a hot oven.

FROSTING FOR HOT MILK CAKE.—The whites of the two eggs beaten stiff and five or six good-sized spoons of apple grated and one cup of sugar and some vanilla. Stir well together and spread on cake.

Mrs. LEON GOODNESS, 449 Elm St., Putnam, Conn.

FRUIT BARS.—Make filling first so it may have time to cool while bars are being made. Filling: One cup of chopped raisins, one half cup of sugar, one half cup of water, one tablespoon of flour. Cook until it thickens.

BARB.—One cup of sugar, one half cup of milk, one half cup of shortening, one egg, four teaspoons of cream of tartar, two teaspoons of soda, a little salt. Sift cream of tartar and soda with enough flour to roll thin. Cut round and put filling between two cookies. Bake in a quick oven. Jelly or fig filling can be used.

DROP MOLASSES CAKES.—One and one-half cups of sugar, one cup of molasses, one half cup of butter, one half cup of lard, two eggs, one teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of cinnamon, one teaspoon of salt, two teaspoons of soda dissolved in one half cup of boiling water and five cups of flour. Drop with teaspoon onto greased dripper and bake.

Mrs. E. CHANDALL, Cincinnati, N. Y.

APPLE TAPIoca PUDDING.—Put three quarters of a cup of pearl tapioca to soak in cold water over night. Drain and pour five cups of boiling water over it and cook in double boiler till transparent; add one quarter teaspoon of salt and stir frequently. Core and pare six tart apples, fill cores with sugar, a little lemon

Juice, and a sprinkling of cinnamon. Place in baking dish and pour over the tapioca. Bake till apples are very soft. Serve with sugar and cream. A combination of pear and apple and canned quince is delicious.—Ed.

TALLOW COOKIES.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of tallow, one cup of sour milk, one egg, one teaspoon soda, flavor to taste, and flour to roll out.

HOME CHEESE MAKING.—Take six gallons of milk, heat to eighty-five degrees in a clean wash boiler; remove from the stove and add one half of a rennet tablet previously dissolved in half cup of warm water; also add a very little cheese coloring as one does not want cheese too highly colored. Stir well and cover first with an old tablecloth and over that put several thicknesses of comfort or carpet. Let stand forty or fifty minutes, or until it becomes like thick clabbered milk, then cut clear to bottom into small squares. Cover and let stand a while longer, then dip off what whey you can. With a skimmer chop and stir the curd from the bottom until it is all fine. Place a clean half bushel basket over a tub, spread

a cheese-cloth in it, dip in the curd and let whey drain off. Salt to taste and work gently with the hands until well mixed. It is now ready to put into the press. Use a small wooden bucket with the bottom out for a hoop. Set this on a clean board. Place a clean cheese-cloth in the hoop and put in your mixed curd and fold cloth over as smooth as possible. Put on a round tin lid that will fit in the hoop and place your weights on, not too heavy at first, and more after a time. Press as dry as possible and leave in press until evening then take out and trim off all uneven edges and put back into the press on a clean wet cheese-cloth, other side up and leave until next morning. Take out and bandage or not as preferred. Place in a warm room to ripen. Turn it and run a little fresh butter on it every day and it will be ready for use in four weeks, but will be better to leave it six weeks. The rennet tablets can be bought in any drug-store.

Mrs. HATTIE HAUGEN, Grygla, Box 117, Minn.

SNOW BALLS.—Take any kind of delicate white cake or angel food and cut out round pieces. Have ready a boiled frosting made as follows: One cup of sugar, one cup of water, one half cup of cornstarch, one egg, one half cup of butter, one half cup of milk, one half cup of cream, one half cup of vanilla. Boil in one third cup of water until it spins a thread, then beat into the whites of two eggs until foamy, pouring it in a fine stream. Coat the balls with this icing, and sprinkle thickly with freshly grated cocoa-nut.

MISS LIZZIE WIGGINS, Robersonville, R. R. 3, N. C.

DOUGHNUTS.—One well beaten egg, one cup of sugar, one cup sour milk, one half teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of melted lard, one teaspoon of ginger (which keeps them from soaking fat) then mix teaspoon of soda with enough flour to make them roll easy.

Mrs. ALEXANDER PRATT, Port Sanilac, Mich.

Requested Recipes

Cream Puffs. Chocolate Pies. How to prepare, pickle and cook pig's feet. Homemade cucumber pickles. Homemade tomato catsup. Raspberry shrub. Sausage meat.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

To make flour starch, mix one cup of wheat flour with one cup of cold water. Add about one half gallon of boiling water, a lump of lard or tallow size of a partridge egg and a teaspoon level full of salt. Boil rapidly fifteen minutes; cool, strain and blue. If too thick add more boiling water. I guarantee you will have a starch that will not stick and which will be as glossy as any.

LILLIE LEATHERWOOD, Buhl, R. R. 1, Box 25, Ala.

When peeling oranges pour boiling water on them and let stand five minutes and you will find the bitter and indigestible white lining will come off clean.

Add a heaping teaspoonful of flour to each cup of sugar used in fruit and berry pies and the juice will be thicker.

When frying eggs, a little flour in the grease will keep them from "popping."

Mrs. C. O. DANIEL, Greenfield, Ill.

Never put pink garments through bluing water when laundering if you would retain the clear pink. Instead rinse in clear water.

Double width white cheese-cloth makes neat and durable kitchen and bathroom curtains. They launder nicely and are inexpensive.

If a soft brush is used in washing celery it will be free from dirt and in less time than if allowed to soak out.

A small lump of table salt placed in the cavity of an aching tooth or as near as possible will often relieve a stubborn case of toothache.

When you are nervous and cannot sleep at night drink a glass of buttermilk or warm sweet milk just before retiring. This often produces good sound sleep.

MISS MABEL HILL, Pittsburg, Texas.

Boil lamp burners in vinegar to which a little salt has been added. It will take off all the black and give a much brighter light.

Mrs. OWEN KEPROYLE, Bristol, Ind.

If you have old dishes that have cracked and absorbed grease, etc., boil out in soda water.

Pepperauce stains can be removed from tablecloth with oxalic acid, but should be used with care or it will eat fabric. Put half a teaspoonful of the acid in a pint of water, hold stains in this solution until they disappear, then plunge into a dish of boiling water. Rinse in second hot water and then wash as usual.

Mrs. J. M. CHAPMAN, New Cumberland, W. Va.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

FAITHFUL SHIRLEY

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

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Hamilton Vining, a wealthy New Yorker, threatens to stop his son Clifton's allowance unless he cuts the acquaintance of a fast set and gives up his club. Angry words follow and Clifton leaves home with ten dollars—a loan from his sister Annie. Walking aimlessly near the East river, he rescues Shirley Livingstone, a refined, educated young girl from drowning and takes her to the home of Abby Knapp, his childhood nurse, to whom Shirley confides the story of her life. Left an orphan, John Hubbard, a cousin by adoption, assumes control of her money, and promises to befriend her. He loses her money and his family make her life unbearable. Clifton goes to Mr. Norwood, an old friend of his father, tells his troubles and asks for work. Desiring to marry his daughter to Clifton Vining, Mr. Norwood takes him into his office where he does good work. Clifton visits his old nurse and the more he sees Shirley the less satisfied is he with his life. Through his influence Shirley recovers her clothing and five hundred dollars from John Hubbard. Clifton receives his old nurse and Shirley for a sail. Returning home the steamer takes fire. Shirley displays heroism in saving Abby Knapp and six children from drowning. Clifton declares his love to Shirley, who admits her love for him. Shirley, taking work home she has done for Mrs. Norwood, renders Hamilton Vining a favor, by removing a splinter from his eye, for which he begs her to come and live with him. Clifton goes to the office of his father, Mr. Norwood's home she is met by Blanche Norwood, who is overbearing and fault finding. Clifton calls upon his father and admits his love for and determination to marry Shirley Livingstone. Mr. Vining objects and swears his son shall never marry her. Clifton secures a position for Shirley through Mr. Norwood, whose aunt, Madame Marton, a most eccentric woman, desires a companion. Mr. Norwood schemes with Mr. Vining and induces Clifton to consent to go abroad on a business trip with him, and later admits his wife and Blanche will be in the party. Clifton expresses surprise and annoyance. Mr. Vining prevents Clifton receiving letters from Shirley. Blanche admits to her father of a conspiracy with Lurline Loving, who is the guest of Lord Wallace. Madame Marton takes Shirley to her home at St. Sauveur. It is cold and cheerless. Shirley wins Madame Marton's heart and she allows Shirley to brighten the home with flowers and rare bric-a-brac. Going for a walk Shirley is confronted by a huge black-and-white mastiff. It belongs to Nell Wallace who is poor and she assures her the dog is harmless. She apologizes for trespassing and he requests the pleasure of showing her Ivyhurst, then he accompanies her home. Madame Marton relates the story of Nell Wallace's life. A graduate physician with wealth at his command he gives his time to the slums of the town. Married to a handsome but unprincipled woman, she becomes the mother of a beautiful boy, through her neglect is hopelessly crippled and unable to walk. Later she elopes and dies soon after. Lord Wallace and his mother, Lady Wallace, call upon Madame Marton and Shirley. Returning the call a week later Lord Wallace takes Shirley to the conservatories and to his child who is in a carriage attended by a nurse. Shirley wins the heart of the child and he promises to come again. Lady Wallace extends an invitation to Madame Marton and Shirley to spend a week at Ivyhurst where she entertains a large house party. Shirley has misgivings as to the reception she will receive. Madame Marton shows the way clear and asks to see her wardrobe. Shirley is cordially received by Lady Wallace's guests. Three days later Lurline Loving and her mother arrive, and when presented to Shirley she ignores Shirley's pleasant greeting and turning to Alice Montcalm remarks she is the companion of Madame Marton. Shirley instantly admits her position and Madame Marton's kindness in allowing her to enjoy Lady Wallace's hospitality. Lord Wallace comes to the rescue and relieves the embarrassing situation. Lurline incurs Madame Marton's displeasure. Arranging a trip down the river, Lord Wallace, unexpectedly meets an old friend, Mr. Charles Wallace, who recognizes Shirley as the heroine on the burning steamer, and learning her father's and mother's name shows so much feeling that suspicion is aroused in Lurline Loving's mind as to the mystery believing she may use it to injure Shirley. Returning from the sail, the evening mail is distributed. Lurline Loving receives a letter from Blanche Norwood; her engagement to Clifton Vining is soon to be announced. A letter from Mrs. Norwood to Madame Marton and she hopes to have something pleasant to write of Blanche—Clifton Vining is very attentive. Shirley falls in a faint.

CHAPTER XXV.

MADAME OVERHEARS A VIVID, BUT NOT GRATIFYING, DESCRIPTION OF HERSELF.

"MADAME! Madame! Your companion!" It was Lurline Loving's voice that uttered the startling cry which smote upon Shirley's falling senses.

She had been covertly watching the young girl throughout her conversation with Madame, to observe what effect the news in her letter would have upon her. She had seen her as she arose from the table, had noticed that her face was deathly pale and almost convulsed with pain, and knew that she was on the point of swooning.

Another, also, had been watching her, ever since she had first seated herself at the table. Lord Wallace, having received none but business letters by the evening mail, had laid them aside for a later perusal, and was standing quietly by the mantel, and diagonally opposite Shirley, upon whom his eyes had involuntarily turned with a wistfulness that, had anyone observed him, might have betrayed more than he would have cared to have revealed just then.

He had noticed that the young girl had received no letters to cheer and interest her, like the others, and then it suddenly occurred to him that none had come to her since her sojourn at Ivyhurst, and tender regret for her filled his heart.

"Perhaps she has no friends to write to her, poor child!" he thought, as he marked the sad, wistful look that had settled over her young face.

Suddenly he saw her give a slight start, while the hot blood surged to her brow; then, as suddenly receding, left her pale as snow.

At last she rose, but, clutching the table with her trembling hands to save herself from falling, and he knew that something was causing her to suffer almost beyond endurance.

For one moment she stood still, then swayed, tottered, and as Lurline called Madame's attention to her condition, Nell bounded across the room just in time to catch her in his arms and save her from falling to the floor.

"Good gracious! What is the matter with the child?" cried Madame, in a tone of alarm, as she turned quickly around at the sudden disturbance.

Lord Wallace gathered Shirley's slight form closer in his arms and bore her from the room, remarking to Madame as he did so:

"I will take her directly up-stairs to her own room if you will kindly come with me."

Then he was gone before a crowd could gather about her, and a few minutes later, Shirley opened her eyes to find herself lying upon the bed in her own chamber, while Madame Marton, Lady Wallace and her son stood over her, applying restoratives and chafing her hands to bring her to herself.

"Oh, Clifton!" the girl unconsciously breathed, with a quivering sigh, but no one caught the words save Madame Marton, to whom they were a sudden revelation, and who compressed her thin lips into a line of stern displeasure.

"What did she say?" questioned Lord Wallace in an eager tone.

"I don't know," retorted Madame, who was

not over-conscientious about stretching the truth a little when it suited her purpose to do so, and of course she was not going to betray Shirley in this delicate matter.

The question and answer served to recall the fair girl more fully to herself, and, lifting her head from the pillow, she flashed a wondering look upon the faces around her and inquired:

"What is the matter? What has happened?"

"The matter is that you are tired out after your trip, and, as soon as you have taken this, I am going to command that you go to bed and sleep quietly until morning," Lord Wallace gently replied, as he held to her lips a restorative which he had prepared.

Shirley smiled feebly, but unhesitatingly drank the potion, and then, with a soft sigh, lay back upon her pillow again.

The young man felt her pulse, after which he gave Madame Marton some directions to follow in case the fainting should return; then, telling her to call upon him if he should be needed, he bade Shirley a kind good night and left her with the ladies.

Shirley begged Lady Wallace to return to her guests, and Madame Marton to accompany her.

"I shall be well enough by myself," she pleaded. "I would rather lie here quietly, just as I am, for a while, than to go to bed so early."

Indeed, she felt too utterly wretched and shaken by the crushing news she had learned, to make the slightest effort just then—she only wished to be left alone with her grief and pain.

Madame Marton seemed to realize this, and added her entreaties to persuade their hostess to return to the drawing-room, saying that she should also retire presently, and, until she did, would look after Shirley.

Lady Wallace finally yielded, after obtaining her promise to call upon her maid if anything should be needed; then, leaning over Shirley, she kissed her softly on the lips and went away.

Tears started to the young girl's eyes at this motherly caress, for no one had kissed her or offered her a caress of any kind since she left New York, and her heart was hungering for some token of affection.

When her ladyship was gone, Madame Marton sat down by the bed, a thoughtful look on her face.

She had been very much startled by Shirley's swoon, and she could not account for it in any way, until she caught those two half-conscious words the girl had uttered just as she was beginning to revive.

They had told her, instantly, that Shirley knew Clifton Vining, that she was deeply interested in him, and the news of his engagement to Blanche Norwood had caused the shock which had made her faint.

This revelation had startled her in more ways than one; for, during the last few weeks, she had been weaving a little romance all by herself, in

Madame listened attentively to the story, and did not once interrupt her, although the expression of suspicion and incredulity which gradually overspread her face as the tale progressed, would have been a study for an artist.

"Humph! so you have never had a word of fault to find with the young man, aside from the interruption of his letters, until you overheard the news of tonight?" she thoughtfully remarked, when Shirley had finished.

"No," was the reply, accompanied by a heavy sigh; "he certainly seemed to be noble and true, and his letters were all that I could ask or expect, up to the time that they ceased coming, and then I imagined that the fault lay with the mails rather than with him."

"How long is it since you heard from him?" Madame inquired.

"I have had only two or three letters from him since his arrival in Europe," Shirley answered with a voice full of sadness.

Madame was silent for a few moments, and seemed to have fallen into a brown study; but at length she quietly observed:

"Well, child, it is my opinion that your young man is all right."

The positive intonation with which this was said caused the pretty face on the pillow beside her to suddenly glow with mingled hope and astonishment; a circumstance which caused Madame's compressed lips to relax with something of satisfaction.

"I have known love affairs to be interrupted by the trickery of women before now," she continued, dryly; "so don't quite break your heart, until we look into the matter a little deeper."

"Why, Madame Marton! what can you possibly mean?" Shirley exclaimed, as she lifted herself on her elbow and regarded her companion with unfelined amazement at the suspicion thus implied, and which her honest little heart had never for a moment entertained.

"Just wait and see," replied the woman, with a wise shake of her head; "be patient, and possess your soul in peace. I know something of what Blanche Norwood is; I know what the whole family is, in spite of all their sweetness to me, and that when they especially set their hearts upon anything, they are bound to get it, by hook or by crook. Yes, yes," she added, misgivingly, "I thought Helen's letter was a trifle crafty when I read it and I begin to think that it is rather a singular coincidence that the Lovering girl should have happened to receive such a newsy epistle while we are all here at Ivyhurst together. I'd give a five pound note to see the rest of it," she concluded reflectively, and then she appeared to fall into another reverie, while Shirley who was of a very confiding nature, wondered how she could be so suspicious, although she did not fully comprehend her meaning.

"How do you feel now?" Madame suddenly in-

quired, as she leaned forward to get a view of the girl's face.

"Better, thank you," she replied, and she was really somewhat comforted by the woman's unusual interest in her and the hopeful view she had taken of Clifton's relations toward her.

At all events, she saw that she did not wholly credit the report that had been received from Paris that evening, and she was only too eager to clutch at this straw of hope regarding Clifton's faithfulness.

"Do you feel able to be left by yourself for a while?" Madame continued. "I've changed my mind, and I think I'd like to go down-stairs for an hour or so."

"Oh, yes; do go, if you like," Shirley eagerly returned. "There is really no need of anyone staying with me; I shall not faint again. I never did so before; and I will go directly to bed, so that you may feel easy about me."

She sat up and began to disrobe, for she longed to be alone, as she was becoming very nervous under the constraint she was striving to exercise over herself.

Madame waited until she had retired, then making her promise that she would ring for Lady Wallace's maid if she wanted anything, she started off for the drawing-room.

"I don't believe that Vining chap is going to engage himself to Blanche," she muttered to herself, as she walked slowly along the corridor leading from her room to the upper main hall.

There is little attractive in her, compared with Shirley, and if he is the fine fellow that she represents him to be, he will never throw her over for a mere doll of fashion like William Norwood's daughter. Still, the child is poor and friendless. Blanche will have a handsome fortune, and money is a great temptation. However, the thing doesn't sound just right; if there is to be an engagement there, why don't they announce it properly, and not be hinting about it in this sly fashion?"

At this point in her reflections Madame reached the upper main hall, where she caught the sound of youthful voices in the one below.

"Girls, girls, come up-stairs with me, for I have a great secret to tell you," she heard Lurline Loving exclaim, in eager, but subdued tones, to her companions, Mary and Helen Montcalm.

"A secret!" cried the impulsive Helen; "I'm always ready for a secret, if it means a good time. Where will we go?"

"Up in the alcove," said Lurline. "Come quickly, before we are missed."

There was an alcove, or large bay-window, at one end of the upper hall and over the entrance to the mansion.

Outside of this there was a balcony surrounded by an iron railing, with long French windows leading out upon it.

Quick as thought, Madame Marton stole along the hall, gliding out upon the balcony and into the shadow of a huge bracket which supported the hook above the window, just as the heads of the three girls came into view, as they tripped up the stairs, eager to hear the "great secret."

"I reckon I shall not need to put out my five-pound note to get the news," Madame chuckled to herself, as she drew close to the side of the house, as the trio seated themselves within the alcove, where she could hear every word.

"Now for your secret," said Helen Montcalm, with girlish enthusiasm, her face all aglow with anticipation.

"Ahem!" returned Lurline, dryly; "maybe you will not feel quite so elated over it when you learn that it will prove your favorite the fraud which I have always prophesied her to be. I just want to read you something from a letter I received from a friend who is traveling abroad."

She continued, drawing the missive from her pocket and unfolding it, "and who knows something about this immaculate Shirley Livingstone, as you believe her to be. Listen," she said, preparing to read. "So you are going to spend a week with the Wallaces at St. Sauveur, and of course you will have a lovely time. I believe that his lordship's place adjoins the estate belonging to a kind of aunt of my father, although she is not really related to him by blood. She is a queer old bird, but has lots of money, and so of course we are extremely fond of her, ha! ha! Perhaps you may meet her in some of your perambulations, and you cannot fail to recognize her, for she always looks like a guy, and as if she might have been contemporary with Methuselah. Moreover, she is likely to be accompanied by a girl—her companion, whom she took home with her from New York early in the summer, and who might pass for a beauty, as she has trim figure, a clear complexion, golden hair and large blue eyes. She has rather a high-sounding name also—Shirley Livingstone—and, can you believe it, she aspires to the honor of becoming Mrs. Clifton Vining! Yes, she tried her best to win my lover away from me, before she left New York, believing that he was infatuated with her, simply upon the strength of an act of kindness which he showed her some months ago. It seems that the girl is connected with a very low family in New York, who abused her—or that is her story—and Cliff helped her to break away from them and to a better way of living. She has even presumed to write him letter after letter since he came abroad, but I am happy to tell you that he does not reply to her affectionate missives; and of late she has ceased to annoy him, probably because she finds her attentions unappreciated. If you should chance to meet her, and could, in a roundabout way, drop a word regarding my happy prospects, it might serve to nip in the bud all further aspirations on her part."

"There, Miss Montcalm, what do you think of that?" triumphantly questioned Lurline, as she refolded the letter and slipped it into her pocket; "does it not prove to you what I said to you and your sister this morning?"

CHAPTER XXVI.

SHIRLEY HAS A TRYING TIME WITH MADAME.

"What do we think?" demanded Helen Montcalm, as she arose from her chair, her little form quivering with indignation her face crimson, her eyes blazing with scorn. "I'll tell you what I think; I think that your friend—and I should despise such a friend—is very vulgar and disrespectful in the way she speaks of Madame Marton, while what she has written about Miss Livingstone appears to me to be characterized by an ill-bred spite that is simply despicable."

"Mercy, Helen! what a little radical you are!" exclaimed Miss Loving, regarding her with astonishment. "Perhaps you would like to have this girl succeed in her artful schemes, and marry Mr. Vining."

"If he loved her, and was worthy of her, there is no reason why he should not," Helen spiritedly replied.

"Horror! His father was a millionaire, and he has been reared most luxuriously; while she, it seems, has come from the slums," said Lurline, looking scandalized over the idea.

"I don't believe it," cried Shirley's brave little champion, and flushing angrily at the imputation. "She is a lady through and through; she shows it in every word and act; and this Miss Norwood must be actuated by some jealous or ignoble motive, or she would not try to injure her so. I think she is very mean and deceitful, too, calling her aunt names behind her back, and pretending friendship to her for the sake of her money, and—"

"Helen! here interposed her sister reprovingly. "Pray, do not mind her," she added, turning to Lurline; "but do you know what made Miss Livingstone faint this evening?"

"Of course I do," Miss Loving returned, "and it proves the truth of what my friend has written about her aspirations to become Mrs. Vining. I thought I might as well test the matter first as last, so, as the girl was sitting near, I remarked to mamma, loud enough for her to hear, that Blanche was on the point of becoming engaged to Clifton Vining. Madame Marton of course heard it also, and at once began to question me about it, and the next I knew, her captivating companion was in a dead faint."

"Oh, Miss Loving!" cried Helen, her voice trembling with mingled anger and sympathy. "I think you are the most heartless person I ever saw, to deliberately wound any one so."

"Well, she should keep her place, then," Lurline retorted, but flushing at the reproach.

"It is you who are out of your place," was the passionate response of Helen, who had now entirely lost the control of her temper and tongue. "One might think that you had 'come out of the slums,' you are so rude and unfeeling. I cannot understand why you should have such a spite against Shirley Livingstone, for she is beautiful and good, a thousand times your superior, and I am just going to tell Lord Wallace what you have done."

Her passion culminated in a flood of tears as she turned and fled from her companions.

"Heavens! don't let her do it!" cried Lurline, growing white with alarm.

"Helen! Helen!" called her sister, in dismay, for she knew, to her sorrow, that under the impulse of the moment the child sometimes acted very rashly; but the angry girl dashed on, and was half way down-stairs before the others could collect themselves sufficiently to follow her. It was fortunate for Miss Loving that the child was weeping, or she might have rushed headlong into the drawing-room and carried out her threat.

But no young girl likes to be seen in tears, and as she stopped in the hall to wipe her eyes, her sister overtook her, and led her by main force into another room, where she finally brought her to a better frame of mind.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)



Just in time to catch her in his arms and save her from falling to the floor.

She arose and after dressing, sat down and wrote a long letter to Clifton.

"I have a hot flannel which I am going to put on your chest."

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

My conscience has reproached me so many times for the mistake I made in my letter which appeared in the December issue of COMFORT; and if you will allow me space to rectify it, will try and not bother you again. I said I had been married "one and one half years," and had one dimpled darling girl of thirteen months." I should have said two and one half years, for we were married fifteen months before our first baby was born. This will explain why I was so anxious to rectify my mistake, and the saying is, "If mistakes were dollars, we would all be rich." I have received so many nice letters from the sisters, since my letter appeared in COMFORT, that it is impossible for me to answer them all, as I also have another little pet "Crowe" since then; so I will just thank you all in this letter.

I spent five weeks with my mother in Portsmouth, when Frances Marcella was born, and my dear Jim certainly did not slight the railroad any during that time, and I would cry when he came, and cry when he went back.

I would like to ask Mrs. Wilkinson if she thinks it would be honorable to carry on the "Endless Quarter Plan?" I received a letter recently concerning this, but I grasped the idea immediately, and never answered it; but if Mrs. Wilkinson approves of it, I'm sure there can be no harm in it.

Will not close without giving a few little helps, for "little acorns make the mighty oak." When making thickening use a fork instead of a spoon, to insure smoothness.

For left over lean meat of any kind, chop fine and stir into a pot of mush, let get perfectly cold, then slice and fry brown.

With all good wishes for Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters I beg to remain, your friend,
MRS. JAMES M. CROWE, Lucasville, Ohio.

Mrs. Crowe. Even mistakes have their advantages for we can all laugh and think what a plucky little woman you are in coming right back to show your true colors. Your mistake "got by" me; otherwise I should have made the "one" into a two.

About the "Endless Quarter Plan," this is the first I have heard of it, and if you still have the letter and will send it to me I will publish it for the benefit of any who might not be as alert as you. All such schemes are discounted by the government and anyone runs a serious risk in undertaking such a thing.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you please make room in your circle for me. I have only been a subscriber about six months, but a neighbor used to give me COMFORT when I was a small girl and I've loved it ever since.

I wish to thank the two sisters who helped me in the February number. My two months' old baby boy is slightly ruptured at the navel and people had told me how to fix different pads and buttons on but I couldn't keep it in place as his band always became disarranged.

When husband came riding in the road with the mail (we have nearly a quarter of a mile to the mail box) I wondered what the sisters had to say this month, so I just took baby and sat down with him to read the dear helpful letters. We are scattered all over the Union, and just think how dear old COMFORT brings us together each month. I am twenty-four years old and am the mother of three little boys the oldest a little over three years; I've been married a little over four years to a very good husband, who uses neither tobacco nor liquor in any form which I hope may be a help in bringing my boys up the same. My boys are Ernest, Melvin and Kenneth Wilson. I was so glad Wilson was elected that when my little boy was born the 26th of November, I named him Wilson.

Sisters, I live on a farm and would not change country life for that of the city. I have more than one hundred hens and think there is no greater pleasure than to feed them and hunt their eggs. These days I feed them nine ears of corn in the morning; in the forenoon I scald them a half peck of oats and at night I give them two quarts of millet, and they have been paying me well for my trouble and feed.

I would be glad to get letters from the sisters as I get very lonesome. I have only been away from home twice since the baby was born. The boys have been sick all winter with measles and chicken pox. I want the sisters and Mrs. Wilkinson and all the rest to know how I thank them for the help and sunshine I receive through COMFORT.

With love to all,
MRS. C. B. SMITH, Newville, Cumb Co., R. R. 2, Box 14, Pa.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND MRS. WILKINSON:

How we all love COMFORT—can hardly wait for the "next issue."

I get so much help from the columns, but here is one thing I have never heard asked about and that is bad breath. I have sat close to ladies, "dressed to kill," hair all done up in the most wonderful style, but oh! my the breath of them! Cannot some of you readers give a cure? For I am one of the "bad breaths" myself. I would not know it but my husband tells me of it and I have doctored for it for a long time. Of course we thought at first it was due to bad teeth, but I have had my teeth all fixed up and besides use tooth or mouth washes but still the bad breath continues. I do think there is nothing more loathsome than bad breath in women. And the worst of it is one can have such a horrible breath and not know it herself. One physician said it was due to disordered liver and I have doctored with him for liver trouble, but still the bad breath continues—so I come to the sisters for help.

I would like to ask also, to what use can toothbrush handles be made? In a large family worn toothbrushes accumulate. What use can be made of them after the brush is worn out?

With love to all COMFORT's staff and readers, I am,
MRS. A. G. SMITH, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

Mrs. Smith. I will tell you a few ways I have satisfactorily used old toothbrushes and hope ideas from others will follow.

The handles make the best kind of stilettoes; a long slender one for pulling baste threads, and others for eyelet embroidery. The material is soft and readily works with a file and sandpaper. A skewer to be used about the sink is another use; made with a small blunt point that gets into corners of window sashes also. The old brushes are excellent for cleaning boots around the edge of soles where the shoe brush will not reach; one to clean with and another to apply blacking. An old worn-out toothbrush is in just the right condition for cleaning cut glass, using it in your pan of soap suds. Also for brushing dried silver polish from crevices and chased work.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

As I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for years and have never written to you I will just drop a few lines in answer to so many inquiries about turkey raising. I had never tried to raise turkeys till last summer, but had such excellent luck with them, though only on a small scale, that I am encouraged to try it again. I attribute my success to the Bulletin which I received from Washington, D. C., from the Agricultural Dept. Just write to the secretary of that department and ask for pamphlet on raising turkeys, or any subject you wish, and they will gladly send it to you free of cost.

I followed the instructions and had fine success. Lice are death to turkeys for they must be kept free from all vermin. Whenever I saw a turkey drooping, I would get my coal oil (kerosene) can and give them about a teaspoonful and rub their heads with the coal oil, and then give them a generous dose of some good poultry medicine. Above all, keep them dry under all circumstances and I think there will be no trouble. Last summer we set eighteen turkey eggs and seventeen hatched out, and we raised thirteen of the seventeen; the other four were killed accidentally, so I think that is pretty good. We also set one hundred and four chicken eggs and ninety-nine hatched out and we raised ninety of them. I may be a little conceited, but I think we had fine luck. Well, so much for my experience in that line, and I sincerely hope it may benefit many others.

I am so pleased to read of so many sisters who have such good Johns. I also am the proud possessor of one and wish every woman in the universe had a good companion for it makes life such a blessing.

Mrs. Wilkinson, can you tell me where we could get a little child to adopt? We have none of our own and we both love children dearly, and are able to make some dear little one happy and rear it as our own. Please let me know soon. We would like a little girl anywhere from six months to a year old, with blue eyes and brown hair (or golden hair) who is of American, lawful parentage; also Protestant. Now please let me know where we could find one, if you can.

I will follow the rule of the other sisters and describe myself. I am five feet tall with large blue eyes and chestnut hair and weigh one hundred and fifty, and am thirty years old. We live on a ranch and in a ranch country where neighbors are few and far between, so it is rather lonely for some, but that is something that doesn't bother me much, as I have plenty to do and with my work and my John we have very happy times together. Do you know dear sister, that if you each and all would take fifteen minutes each day and be in a quiet room and just think of all

capable of voting, or has more right to vote than the mother of the house, who watches over her little flock endeavoring to mold the innocent minds and characters so they may become noble men and noble women.

As far as "smashing windows" are concerned my candid belief is that such work is only done by the feeble minded. They do not deserve the privilege of casting a vote; neither are they competent to rear a family and their conduct should be a lesson to the more civilized of our nation.

I have read so many letters in dear old COMFORT concerning adopting children and must state sisters that I think it a grand and noble work to take the dear, little, homeless ones to your heart and home and give them a mother's love. God sees and understands. Some say, "Oh, I would never take a child unless I was positive of the character of its parents." Sisters what would become of God's little ones if we should all be so selfish as to believe that way? What would they do; where would they go? No, this is wrong and it is a sin to speak or act in any such way. Take them, love them, rear them to the best of your knowledge and ability to be honest citizens and good Christian men and women. If they should "fall by the wayside" after they leave your home and protection remember this, God sees and understands and He will amply reward you for the good you have done.

But sisters how many, just stop and think how many children have gone wrong who had good Christian parents and Christian homes; in fact the best of rearing. We have a dear little adopted girlie four years old and how we love her; she is the life and light of our home; how desolate it would be without her sunny little presence.

May God bless you one and all, Your COMFORT sister,
Mrs. W. T. BARNES, Dixie, Wash.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

As I have derived so much benefit from COMFORT Sisters' Corner, I will try to contribute two requested recipes in this number, one for doughnuts and one for making rose beads.

I made some beads last summer and they were very pretty. First gather a dishpan full of rose petals, being careful not to get any of the green leaves. Run these twice through the finest knife of the meat grinder, saving the water that comes from them and pouring it over the pulp thus ground. Into this pulp put a quart of old rusty nails (or any bits of rusty iron). This is to make them black. They should be left uncovered out in the fresh air, though not in the sun, for four or five days, and stirred thoroughly once or twice daily to prevent moulding.

When ready to make into beads, add five drops of attar of roses, or other perfume and mix it thoroughly with the pulp. Remove rusty nails or iron, just before adding perfume.

For each bead take a piece of the pulp which you think large enough and add one drop of glycerine to harden it. Roll each bead between the hands, molding the fingers now and then with a little water to make it roll smooth. Lay each bead upon a smooth board and stick a pin through its center into the board. This serves to keep the bead where it is placed and also makes the opening where they are strung together. They should be allowed to dry several days. If one does not care for all black beads, a few of the ordinary gold or light blue beads found in stores may be strung with them at regular intervals, which makes a dainty combination.

I like COMFORT very much. With best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and sisters,
Mrs. ALEXANDER PRATT, Port Sanilac, Mich.

Mrs. Pratt. You are very kind to send directions for making rose beads and they are clear and comprehensive. There appears to be quite a fad for this beadwork just now and it certainly sounds fascinating. A pretty effect is gained by stringing two tiny gold beads between each black one. Perhaps some other sister who does beadwork will send in further suggestions before the rose season is here.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

In the March number, Mrs. Johnson tells of the trouble she had with Indian Runner ducks, so I am coming with a word in their favor as I find them to be the most active, hardy, healthy and profitable poultry I have ever raised. They require very little care after they are two weeks old and are never bothered with lice if they can have water to dip their heads in. I have raised these ducks for the past five years and I never lose one unless by accident.

Young ducks should not be fed for thirty-six hours after hatching, but may be given warm water in a drinking fountain, or dish with an inverted cup or bowl in it, so they will not get wet. First feed should be bread soaked in water and sprinkled with sand and charcoal.

When they are three or four days old let them run; the exercise is good for them.

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Creatures of Destiny; or, Where Love Leads

By Charles Garvice

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Laurence Harding, a handsome fisher lad of sixteen, living in the village of Ravensford, is questioned by an old wizen-faced man, a gypsy, as to Raven Castle, and its owner Lady Marie Cellistine Denleigh, and the nearest road to reach it. Laurence, knowing the short cuts gains the castle terrace long before the man, who gives the name of Snapper, reaches it. In the dining-room of the castle, Mr. Wharton, the family lawyer, is closeted with Mr. Sherborne, the legal adviser of the Belmaynes and Mr. Wharton relates the romance of the two families. The late earl, Lady Marie's father, was the sweetheart of the late Marchioness of Belmayne. There is a separation and the earl marries Lady Normandyke and his first love becomes the wife of the Marquis of Belmayne and the mother of Mr. Sherborne's client, Lord Belmayne. Still loving each other they make an engagement between their children. Lady Marie, now a beautiful girl of twelve, and Lord Philip Belmayne, who suffers from a lameness scarcely perceptible. Going on the terrace Mr. Sherborne looks over the battlement and sees a young girl, her hair fastened by a diamond clasp, leaning over the parapet, she recalls the name, Laurence Harding, who lies in wait. He knows the gypsy, calling himself Snapper is there. He detects him swoop upon something, Laurence throws himself over the wall and clasping him on the throat demands what he has stolen. There is a flash of steel and Laurence feels a sting on his arm. Throwing the man to the ground Laurence recovers the diamond clasp. He loses his hold and the Snapper disappears. Lady Marie discovers the loss of the clasp and Mr. Wharton shaking the lad demands it. Fellows, the butler, sees that Larry is cut and the knife is found. Giving the clasp to Lady Marie, Larry makes his escape and enters Belmayne Park where he meets the young marquis, Lord Belmayne. Going home he tells the story to Reuben Payne, who lives at one of the Hall lodges and married John Gray, a sailor. Lady Marie goes fishing with Larry. Returning to the shore they see a strange boat, two at the oars, and the third Larry recognizes as the Snapper. Turning to answer the questions of one something is thrown over his eyes, his arms pinioned and he is swung to a boat. Nine years later Larry, returning from London meets Reuben Payne. Inquiring for Larry he gives the only letter ever received and she recalls her promise to marry him. Lady Merston welcomes her home and leaves it for Mr. Wharton to tell why she is glad she is heart free. For the sake of Ravensford and Belmayne Lady Marie decides to marry Larry. A young man with Larry's face and eyes, answering to the name of Darnley, is saved with Spon, a passenger, who claims a fortune awaits them on that shore. A three days' march and they find a rich ruby mine.

Lady Marie is conscious that she does not love Philip as she should. Invitations are sent out for a staid dinner, after which Lord Belmayne entertains the guests with music on the violin, surprising the older ones who cannot remember any of the Belmaynes displaying much musical talent. Leaving his violin he returns to the drawing-room and finds Lady Marie in tears. Seeking solace from his violin, as he walks along, his memory falls him and he begins to improvise, when he hears a voice, "You are wrong!" He nearly stumbles over a man who admits he is homeless. Taking the violin from Philip he plays the sonata correctly and Philip stands spellbound. The man admits he is a musician by birth, as is Philip, that his name is Gideon Flack, that he is a gypsy, a man of moods playing when and where he likes and best with only trees and birds for company.

Spon, recovering from a severe illness, tells Larry the romance of earlier years—his love for a beautiful gypsy girl, Miriam by name, who gives her heart to and marries a fair-haired sailor. He is drowned in the English Channel, leaving a child resembling the mother. Spon and Larry are joined by Linda Hopburn and her father, who is trading and tramping to save his daughter's life. To protect the location of the mine Spon offers Hopburn a sixth share in it. Linda manages the housekeeping, preparing the food that Larry likes best. She sprains her ankle and Larry is obliged to take her home.

An attempt is made to rob Lady Marie of a diamond bracelet. Meeting the eyes of the thief, defeating the thief, she sees he is not unlike Larry. Realizing the impossibility of her marrying Philip she leaves a letter for him and Lady Merston, and with her maid goes to Normandyke.

Spon sees Linda's growing fondness for Larry, and his indifference to her. To save the girl's suffering Spon proposes that one of them go to London and dispose of the rubies. They decide to go to Rouen where he is sandwiched and robbed of his wealth. A stranger comes to his aid, who is shot in the leg. Larry takes the man to his hotel and calls a doctor. He recognizes his rescuer as Lord Belmayne. Philip knows Larry's voice, and to Larry, Philip tells his sad story and implores him to find and bring Lady Marie to him. Larry goes to Normandyke and stops and detects a limp. The rider requests Larry to see what is the matter. The recognition is mutual, Lady Marie and Larry meet and they recall the past years. He admits he is looking for the Countess of Normandyke and Lady Marie wonders why, and tells him she is away for the present. Larry returns to the inn and walks. Larry realizes that Lady Marie holds his heart, while Lady Marie in her happiness is stirred with remorse at thought of Philip. A telegram is passed to Lady Marie; she seizes the opportunity, the countess is returning home and will be in the evening. He is ushered into the drawing-room and Larry in full evening dress, enters. Larry is astonished and asks for the countess. "Larry," she says softly, "I am the Countess of Normandyke," and with these words he realizes what he would have said to Lady Marie can never be uttered. To the Countess of Normandyke he tells the story of the robbery, and Philip's attempt to save him, his severe illness from the robbery and the way for Larry to find and bring the Countess of Normandyke to him. Larry insists that they start at once. A terrible storm comes up, and missing the road they stop at a small inn, the landlord of which gives Marie a presentiment of evil.

CHAPTER XXIII. IN THE NIGHT.

LARRY came back very quickly; he had her dressing bag and jewel case, and a rug and cushion in his hands. "The horses are all right," he said. "Adolphe is going to sleep in a room over the loft; he is not more favorably impressed by the landlord than you are; and the landlord will sleep in the stables. Here is your dressing bag; I will look after the jewel case. I wonder why you brought it?" "I'm sure I don't know," she said indifferently. "Meadows is always under the impression that I cannot exist without it. I will go and make myself presentable."

She was not absent many minutes; and when she returned she gave a little shuddering laugh. "Don't like your room?" he asked. "No, I will sit up here in the chair. By the way, where is the woman of the house?" "There's not any on this occasion," he replied. "She is away."

She made a little gesture of resignation. "It's a chapter of accidents," she remarked. "May one ask what you are doing?" she added; for Larry was poking about among the pots and pans, and the shelves.

"I'm hunting for some coffee—ah, here it is. And here's some milk, also some bread and butter, and cheese. I've hit upon the larder, it appears. And there are some of the sandwiches left? Good! Are you cold?" For, as he put the kettle on the hook—the culinary arrangements were of the most primitive kind—he had noticed that she had shivered.

"No-o," she answered. "It was only someone walking over my grave, as they say in Ravensford."

He wrapped the rug round her knees; and she leaned back and watched him with half-closed eyes, as he laid the cloth and made the coffee.

"What a useful member of society you are!" she observed. "Oh, I know all the rules of this game," he said lightly. "Played it so often, you see. If the worst comes to the worst, I shall advertise for a place as gentleman help. Here's the coffee. I won't answer for the quality; but it's hot, at any rate."

"It looks delicious," she said. "How is it that

you can get good coffee in the poorest place in France, and only bad coffee in the grandest in London?"

"I give it up," he rejoined. "Your praise of the bread will not be so enthusiastic, I fear. It is heavy enough to throw at a mother-in-law. And the butter—phew! Wait! I'll make you some toast. Are you warmer now?"

"Much. I am, thanks to you, quite comfortable," she replied. "What magic there is in a fire! Would you mind not fussing any longer about me, but sitting down and eating and drinking something yourself?"

"There being no other chair, he stretched himself on the sheepskin rug before the fire with a hunk of bread and some coffee; and, though he had spoken in a light and cheerful tone, his face grew moody and brooding.

"Why are you so melancholy?" she asked, after she had been looking at him in silence for some time.

He started slightly. "We have lost the train; I have brought you here, to this place"—he glanced round with strong disapproval. "In short, I have made a terrible mess of it."

She smiled. "You have, Larry. But I will be magnanimous, and will not gloat over you. You meant well"—dryly—"and good intentions, we are told."

"Pave the road to perdition," he put in bitterly. "—cover a multitude of mistakes. But there is no need for such remorse and self-reproach," she said, in a softer voice. "We cannot be far from Beaumais; we shall catch an early train, and—" she broke off, with a stifled sigh.

"Yes," he assented gravely. "We shall reach the marquis by tomorrow. It's kind of you to treat my blunder so leniently."

"It is not your fault, but fate's," she said. "Ah, how sleepy the fire has made me! And yet the coffee ought to have kept me awake."

"Are you sure you will not go to bed and sleep?" he asked. "Quite sure," she returned. "I could not. The room is—just impossible. I shall do very well here. And you—will you sleep?"

"No," he said absently. "I shall watch."

"Watch!" she echoed, with surprise. "Why?" He bit his lip and laughed, as if to efface the significance of his words.

"Oh, no particular reason," he said carelessly. "Let me see if I can make you more comfortable."

He rose, and placed the cushion so that her head might rest on it, and arranged the rug more snugly; and she leaned back with a little sigh of contentment and closed her eyes. Presently she opened them, and saw him go very quietly to the door and window and examine them. She said nothing, and he, as he came back, stood over her and looked at her. She was breathing easily, and he thought she had fallen asleep.

"Poor girl!" he murmured; and she heard him, and her eyelids quivered.

He stretched himself before the fire again, his head upon his arm, but both eyes and ears were open, and the former were fixed on the door. The rain had ceased, and a watery moon pierced through the flying clouds; and, in the stillness of the room, the sigh of the wind outside sounded like a lullaby. Larry was tired, mentally as well as physically; for nothing is so exhausting as emotional strain; and Larry's heart had been sorely tried during the last twenty-four hours. Now and again his eyes closed and his head sank lower on his arm; but he would pull himself together and sit up, look at the motionless figure opposite him, sigh, and drop down again.

It was a subtle joy, his having her so near to him, alone with him; but it was alloyed with pain, for he knew how tired she must be, and that, though she made no complaint and bore the situation with assumed cheerfulness and resignation, she must be suffering acutely. She, whose every movement was accompanied by luxury, was lying asleep here in a fifth-rate provincial inn, without her maid, alone, and, indeed, worse than alone!

And the thought that it was he who had drawn her into this plight made him wretched. But he was distressing himself without sufficient cause: for Lady Marie, as she lay wide-awake, but with closed eyes, was by no means as unhappy as he imagined. She could make herself wretched enough by looking forward to the morrow, the morrow when he would hand her over to Philip, when he would be gone, perhaps, forever; but for the present moment he was within reach, within call of her; she could look at him under her lids and listen to his breathing. She felt just as she had felt when they sat in the boat together; satisfied, at peace, assured of happiness by his mere presence. She knew all that was passing in his mind; and she longed to reach forward, to touch him on the arm, and whisper: "Don't worry, Larry. I know, I understand. Ah, well, whether you are right or wrong, let us be happy during these last few hours!"

And she was not made uncomfortable by vague fears and imaginings. She was alone, in this out-of-the-way spot, with Larry; but he was Larry, and she knew that she was safe, even from Larry himself. She knew that he loved her with the truest, noblest love of which man is capable.

She watched him under her long lashes until she fell into a genuine sleep. There is something magnetic in slumber, and after a while Larry succumbed to his infinite weariness, and also fell asleep, if the half-doze which overmastered him can be called by so dignified a name.

Suddenly Marie woke, without, as it seemed to her, rhyme or reason. She looked down at Larry, who lay stretched out like a huge dog, and she marvelled at his length of limb, at the stern, set face which, the mask now off, looked so wan and haggard. He seemed to her to be lying very uncomfortably; and she rose and stealthily and noiselessly took up the cushion against which she had been leaning, and, with the softest, gentlest of touches, placed it under his head. She lingered on her knees beside him, bending over him so that her face was very near to his; and she breathed a sigh as she saw the knit brows, the tense lips, which indicated anything but the peace and serenity which should accompany sleep. Her hand hovered over one short, wavy hair; but, even if she had been inclined to yield to the temptation, she dared not kiss him, for she knew that the slightest sound, the gentlest touch would wake him.

She knelt beside him for some time, her heart yearning over him with that maternal desire to soothe and comfort which dwells in the bosom of every true woman; then she arose softly—for how much longer would she be able to resist the temptation to kiss him?—and went back to her chair, drawing the rug round her, but not so skillfully, so carefully as Larry had done. She fell asleep—for how long she knew not; but suddenly, before she opened her eyes, she was aware of a third presence in the room. She half raised her eyelids, and in the dim light saw the evil face of the landlord appearing round the slightly open door. There was something in the man's eyes that paralyzed her with fear; she could neither move nor speak; it was as if she were struck dumb and incapable of stirring; she could only watch through her long lashes, watch—and wait.

The man also remained motionless for a full minute; then, crouching low he entered and crept across the room, looking from one to the other of the still figures. One hand was behind his

back, but, as he made a movement, Marie caught sight of a long knife gleaming in the hand. She could not stir or speak, but she knew that he intended to rob them; the dressing case!

To her horror he crept up to her and looked at her intently. She closed her eyes and tried to simulate sleep, but she could feel the man's wolfish eyes on her face, his hot, spirit-reeking breath. As if satisfied, he turned from her and crept toward Larry, bending over him like a beast of prey. At that moment Larry stirred, murmured "Marie!" The man drew back, then raised his knife—

The ice that had closed round Marie's heart snapped, melted. A piece of iron lay in the fireplace close by her chair; she seized it, and with a cry, an awful cry, struck the man's uplifted arm.

The knife fell to the ground with the sharp ring and clatter of steel, and with a howl he sprang to his feet, then rushed toward her. At the same moment Larry awoke, and, almost before his eyes were opened, flung himself on the wretch. Marie had darted behind the chair, and the man closed with Larry and attempted to bear him down. He was a strong, heavily built fellow, a man of almost herculean strength; but if he had been possessed of the strength of ten such men, the rage, the fury that burned in Larry's heart would have enabled him to cope with him. Larry was slightly built, though tall, and every muscle, trained by his arduous and temperate life, was as supple as a Toledo blade. He got his arm round the man's bull neck, his lithe leg twisted with the old Ravensford trick round the man's massive leg; and, though, to give the brute his due, he fought well, he could not resist the terrible pressure of Larry's arm, the awful blows that Larry dealt him, and the wrestling dodge which Reuben had so often shown Larry in the old days.

Marie looked on at this terrible struggle—the struggle for her life, as she knew—speechless, white as death, in an agony of suspense which no pen can describe; and yet it was not of her life, her safety, that she thought at that terrible moment, but of Larry.

Suddenly the struggle was ended; the man uttered a hideous cry of rage and impotence and went down, with Larry on top of him. Larry took the brute's head in his hand and hammered the floor with it once; then, shaking, not with exhaustion, but anxiety for her, he sprang to Marie.

"You are not hurt? He did not touch you—he did not touch you?" he cried.

"No, no!" she gasped, covering her eyes with her hands, as if she would shut out the horrible sight of the fight. "No, no; he did not touch me. But you—Are you hurt?"

Larry shook his head as he drew a breath of relief; then, as he led her to a chair and put her in gently, soothingly, he glanced at the knife and from it to the iron bar lying where she had dropped it.

"You struck him—knocked the knife from his hand? It was you who saved me. Oh, Marie, Marie!"

He snatched both her hands and held them to his lips, to his throbbing heart. His eyes beamed gratitude, love, down on her, and he bent still lower and lower, as if by neither word nor look he could express the emotion with which every vein in his body was thrilling.

Was it any wonder that at such a moment he should forget Philip, the trust which he had accepted, the promise he had given?

It was Marie who remembered—remembered for Larry's sake. Even in that instant, when her heart went out to him, she knew that if she yielded to the love that strained and tore at her, Larry would not be able to resist. There would be a moment of delicious joy, of boundless ecstasy, of that which we mean when we speak the word "happiness"; but she knew that it would be followed on Larry's part by that other thing we call "remorse"; for he was a good man and true, and well she knew that though he loved her better than his own life, he loved honor more.

She put her shaking hands on his breast and kept him from her, whispering:

"The man—the man!"

Larry drew back from her, looking into her eyes with an anguished entreaty; then he, too, remembered; and stood with bent head and the lips that would have kissed her tightly closed. He went to the man and stirred him with his foot.

"He is unconscious or dead—I don't care which. No; he is not dead; but he will not give any further trouble for some time. Better to make sure, perhaps."

He took the reins from a set of harness that hung on the wall and securely bound the wretch; then he flung some water over the man's face and came back to Marie.

"You must leave this place at once," he said. "Yes, yes!" she responded eagerly. "Let us go without a moment's delay. Larry; it—it is like a shambles; and I feel—I feel—"

She threatened to break down, and she clung to Larry like a terrified, horror-stricken child just waked from a nightmare; and he supported and soothed her with murmured words of infinite pity and tenderness.

"We must find Adolphe. You must come with me; you cannot stay here."

"No, no!" she said, with a little shudder. "Don't leave me! Never leave me again, Larry! I mean—with a little sob—"until—until—"

"Until we get to Rouen," he said, in a hoarse, almost harsh, voice.

He led her out. At the door she would have looked back at the room which had been the scene of the dreadful incident, impelled by that morbid kind of fascination which compels some of us to go to the morgue the moment we reach Paris; but Larry quickly put his hand before her eyes and turned her head away.

They found Adolphe, who had been sleeping peacefully, but who frantically begged permission, when he heard Larry's briefly told-story, to go back and finish the man. They got out the horses and harnessed them to the carriage—Marie standing as near to Larry as she could all the time—and made ready to start. Then Larry remembered the dressing bag, and, whispering encouragingly to Marie that he would be only a minute he went back to the inn for it. The landlord was conscious, and glared at Larry with a mixture of ferocity and craven fear which defies description; and his eyes followed Larry with the expression of a caged tiger as he got the bag and other things.

Larry paused and looked at him for a moment; the man had been punished terribly.

"You have had a bad time of it, my friend," said Larry sternly; "but console yourself with the reflection that I have saved you—for a time there sooner or later there can be no doubt."

He flung a coin on the floor and went out. Marie sprang to him as if the time of his absence had seemed ages to her, and he helped her into the carriage.

"Oh, come in with me, Larry!" she implored; but he looked at her long and earnestly, and, shaking his head, wrapped the rugs round her, closed the door, and mounted to the box. Fortunately, the storm had subsided, and the horses, refreshed by food and rest, went quickly and cheerfully. The dawn broke bright and clear; but Larry's strained and weary eyes gazed sadly at the red glow in the eastern sky.

They reached the junction, to find that they train; but Larry was able to obtain a cup of coffee and some food for Marie. She took

it dumbly, in a kind of apathy; but every now and then, as he stood by her, her eyes went to him with a strange look; and once as he drew her cloak more closely round her, her eyes filled with tears and she murmured his name.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SNAPPER'S REVELATION.

Larry went straight to Philip's room. Philip was lying as if in a doze; but he started up and gazed at Larry with a hectic flush on his pale cheek; a flush which faded as he saw the haggard face, the stern eyes, the travel-stained garments.

"You have failed! She is not here—she will not come!" he said.

"I have not failed," said Larry hoarsely. "She has come; she is here."

Philip drew a long breath, and his eyes closed. "Here!" he breathed. "Marie here! Oh, Larry! What can I say to you? How can I thank you? You have been a long time. Forgive me! You look tired, worn out. You have had some trouble?"

"A little bit," said Larry grimly. "Are you better—strong enough to see her?"

"Yes, yes!" replied Philip, with feverish eagerness. "Marie here! I can scarcely believe it. Yes; bring her to me."

Larry nodded, and without a word left the room, and went to that in which he had left Marie.

"He is well enough to see you; he is waiting for you. Will you go to him?"

She rose and moved to the door like a person waking in her sleep. At the door she paused and turned her white face to him.

"You will wait?"

"Yes," said Larry simply. "I will wait and say good by."

He paced up and down the room with his hands gripped behind him; he knew that another ordeal stood before him, and had to be gone through, and he was summoning all his strength. Was it an hour before she returned?

"You found him—began Larry."

But she ignored the question.

"You are going?" she said, in so low a voice that he could scarcely hear her.

He nodded.

"Yes; I am going on to London—to Vancouver by the first boat. It was good of you to come down to say good by, Lady Marie."

He held out his hand, and, after a moment, she put hers into it; his was firm, but hers quivered like an imprisoned bird.

"It is good by," she said. "Good by and for—"

"Forever," he said huskily. "I am not likely to come back to England. I hope you will be happy, Lady Marie."

"Thank you," she murmured.

Her eyes had been downcast, but she raised them now and looked at him.

"You have been good to me, Larry," she said. "Better—better than I deserve. You were always good to me—I shall not forget. Never, never! All my life—"

Larry could bear no more. Another minute another word, and he knew he would break down. "That's all right, Lady Marie," he said. "Remember me to the marquis. I hope he will soon be all right. Can I do anything for you—telegram, cable, anything that—"

She shook her head.

"No; you have done enough." She paused a moment and her eyes filled with tears. "Perhaps too much! God knows!"

Something rose in Larry's throat, a mist came before his eyes, which mercifully blotted out the face he loved from his sight. His hand fell on her shoulder and rested there for a moment; then he went out quickly.

Something of the strain was relieved from Marie when he had gone. His moral strength had, so to speak, evoked hers. She was calm, but with the calmness of despair. She first cabled, then wrote to Lady Merston, telling her of the accident to Philip, and that they would return to England as soon as he was able to do so. She saw the doctor when he came later; and though he was greatly concerned by her pallor and evident exhaustion, he attributed them to her anxiety on Lord Belmayne's account and her long and wearisome journey.

It would be some time before the marquis would be fit to travel, he informed her. His life was not in danger, but he had been badly injured, and he was not a robust man—like, for instance, the friend who had accompanied him.

Marie went up to Philip. He turned to her eagerly, anxiously; and with all his soul in his eyes began:

"Marie, you have come back to me; you will not leave me, you will let things remain as they were? I cannot live without you. I am a coward, a poltroon to follow you, to hold you to your promise, but—"

She checked him by a gesture.

"No, no," she said, as one speaks to a sick child. "I will not leave you; things shall be as they were. I have behaved badly, cruelly—"

"No, no." "Yes. You must forgive me. I will keep my promise. I will try and atone—"

Try and sleep now, Philip. I am going to stay, remember. I will come and see you very often; you have but to send for me."

The days wore on; Philip made but slow recovery, though he was burning with eagerness to return with Marie to England. They were bad days for Marie; and the nights were worse. She lay awake—trying not to think of Larry; telling herself that she was Philip's future wife, and that all her thoughts must be of him. She seldom left the hotel; and when she did she wandered about the picturesque city seeing nothing but Larry's face, hearing nothing but Larry's voice.

Philip often spoke of him, to her agony; she had to listen while Philip praised him and fretfully complained of his departing without saying good by.

"He was always a strange boy, was Larry," he said; "but he might have come up to say good by. And gone back to Vancouver! Given up the idea of recovering those jewels of his! Gone out to get some more. I suppose? Just like him!"

At last there came the day when the doctor reluctantly gave Philip permission to travel, and they started. Philip was still very weak, and fragile; and he needed all Marie's and Meadows' care throughout the trying journey. No one could have been more devoted and patient than Marie; she was trying to make, was beginning to take those steps toward the atonement she had promised.

She had written to Lady Merston asking her not to come to London; and Lady Merston was waiting on the steps of the Hall to receive them. Marie put her finger to her lips before she surrendered herself to her friend and guardian's embrace. And the shrewd, loving woman knew that no word of the flight, its reason, or its consequences was to be spoken between them. Philip was so exhausted that he was compelled to go to his room at once, and Lady Merston remained arranged; Marie went back to her castle overlooking the sands on which she and a certain boy named Larry had so often played.

It need scarcely be said that the return of Philip and Marie caused as much surprise and sensation in the neighborhood as Marie's sudden flight and his departure in pursuit of her had done; but Lady Merston, without telling any untruths, had, in the deft way which is so easy to a woman of the world, hinted at an important and mysterious business in Normandy as a cause

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for 15 months and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

NEVER send a subscription to Uncle Charlie, nor to the Secretary of the League. NEVER write a subscription order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write the order on a separate sheet from the letter, and then both may be mailed together in the same envelope. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

Of course, you will want to know what I think of the parcel post. Well, just what I do think of it I wouldn't dare to print, because it's unprintable. I will say this however; the parcel post as it is at present, is the greatest lemon, the greatest humbug that was ever handed to even this, the most docile, uncomplaining, long-suffering people on earth. The individuals who are responsible for this particular atrocity, ought to spend the rest of their lives in some asylum where their jokes will pass for what they are worth and no more; or if their sanity can be proven, they ought to retire to some hermit's cell, exist on a diet of rocks, grass, and other variegated hen fruit, and cogitate on this masterpiece of stupidity of theirs.

This is another instance where your Uncle Sam has leaned over a pine stump, and got another swift, hot kick from the husky foot of officialdom. Poor Uncle Sam! he gets so many kicks from the Washington bunch that all the horse liniment and embrocation in the world would never enable the poor gink to sit down and eat his meals in peace and comfort. Oh, excuse me I didn't mean to say meals. You can tell by how thin the poor old guy looks that he does not have a chance to eat very often. The high cost of living and the food trust have put Uncle Sam on the starvation list. Uncle Sam would doubtless have passed out of existence long ago, but the coffin trunk makes it so expensive to get buried, that he walks around to save funeral expenses. If you want, by the way, to know what it costs the average citizen to live and die, and how much he is taxed on every article that he uses in life or in death, write to our good, honest friend, Speaker Champ Clark, for he has compiled a list that would stagger you.

Now let me tell you my personal experience with the wonderful parcel post. You must remember I've fought for years for a real parcel post, and now we have got a miserable makeshift for it. I feel like apologizing to myself and everyone else that it ever came into existence. I also feel like apologizing to the oppressive express trust for ever having hauled them over the coals for their scandalous misconduct. But honestly, between private rascality and official idocy, if it comes to a choice, I think the latter is more the dangerous. First let me tell you how speedy the parcel post is. Billy the Goat had a small package sent her from Poughkeepsie. Now the distance between Poughkeepsie and our home here in Brooklyn, is seventy miles. Well the package took nearly four days to get here. Nearly four days to travel a two or three hours' journey. Fortunately it contained only a set of furs, so the contents didn't decay or spoil in transit, but oh, heavens, just imagine what would have happened if it had contained fish! I feel fresh air and smelling salts, please! I! A lady in Sullivan Co., N. Y. was kind enough to send me a small package of eggs. Did I get them? Nix on your life I did not. I received an official notification worded thus: "A package addressed to you is detained at this office and by law is excluded from transmission by mail. The delivery can be made only at this office. Perishable—call at once." In my imagination I pictured that some highly excited postal official had perhaps mistaken my egg package for a plush rocker and sat on it, or maybe the eggs while in transit had got into a heated discussion about the parcel post system or lack of system, and had exploded with indignation, allowing their indignation to ooze through the bottom of the box. I mean ooze fault it was the eggs were busted I shall never know. I greatly longed to get a peep at the package that a dear, good, COMFORT reader had so kindly sent me, but just at that time, I had grippe, and daily sinking spells from heart weakness, and Billy the Goat was also down with the grippe, so Maria could not leave us to rescue the remnants of those precious eggs from official thralldom. So I was robbed of my treat. Now if those eggs had come by express, busted or unbusted, they would have been brought to my door. The postal people accept money for transporting eggs, then they smash them and send you an official mandate commanding you to come and fetch them. That's what I call a quadruple nerve. But these are trifles. Here is where I kick, and doubtless the whole nation is kicking too, as I know for a fact everyone in this section is. In big cities there is always the general or main office, and a number of branch stations scattered all over, and there are also minor sub-stations which are the real convenience, usually located a block or two apart in drug-stores. The minor sub-stations (and here's where the hardship comes in) are not allowed to handle any parcel post matter at all. You will remember under the old fourth class or merchandise rate we used to be able to send packages up to four pounds by paying a cent an ounce, which figures out at sixteen cents a pound. This rate was scandalously expensive, still it was a great convenience to those who wanted to mail small packages that were too tiny to send by express. Now what did the officials who concocted this diabolical scheme do? Well, they did the stupidest and most high-handed thing imaginable. They abolished this old fourth class merchandise rate entirely, except for parcels of four ounces or less, and denied us the right to drop any packages whatsoever in the local package boxes, or to mail them at the drug-store sub-stations, which are always located so that they can be reached in a minute or two. Now what is the result of this imperious ruling? Just this: If we want to send a small package through the mail, we've got to either walk or ride by car, two miles to the branch office, wait while the clerk examines, weighs and opens the package to see if you have not put a letter or a rattlesnake inside, then wait while he hunts up the zone and the postage rate if it weighs over

four ounces. Maybe there are two or three dozen ahead of you. If there are you can spend all the morning mailing a pocket handkerchief Susan Jane left behind when she visited you. Anyway thousands of people in this and other neighborhoods have been scandalously inconvenienced by the abolition of the old small parcel merchandise privilege, and the fact that they must, if they wish to send a parcel by mail, walk, or ride miles to a distant post-office, spending money for carfare, or wearing out shoe leather, wasting hours of time, exhausting patience and nerves and getting mad and disgusted with a government which we all want to love and respect. It was the limit of official audacity for Washington to have deprived us of a convenience we have always had, and forced on us a wretched inconvenience which would exasperate a saint and drive a normal citizen to drink. We should have been allowed the convenience of the old method of mailing, and not be forced to walk miles and spend hours of time, and money besides, to oblige a bunch of official autocrats. Fortunately (and oh, how fervently I thank kind Providence for it) books have not been included in the parcel post. I can still send a book of my poems to California for six cents. Under the parcel post laws it would cost me twelve cents to send that same book to any of the far Western states. Twelve cents to mail a fifty cent article. Think of that!! So the helpful, convenient parcel post law would, as far as books are concerned, double their cost of mailing, and personally it would absolutely ruin yours truly and scores of others. I'm willing to be ruined if it would help humanity, but I'm not willing to be ruined and sacrificed on the altar of official asininity.

Let us relate another parcel post experience. A friend of ours living a few blocks from here—ten minutes' walk—left a muffer behind one evening in January when making a call. Billy the Goat did the muffer up in a tiny package, addressed it, put two two cent stamps on it—it weighed less than four ounces—and dropped it in the nearest mail box. She did not know the new rules. Next day back came the package with this printed notice plastered on it: "Mailable by parcel post with distinctive Parcel Post stamps only." That meant she had to walk or ride nearly four miles to mail a package that was going only half a mile. Of course she did not mail the package at all. I've saved the paper this package was mailed in as souvenir of parcel post imbecility. Even the downtrodden serfs of darkest Russia would not tolerate such official tyranny as this.

By the way, you won't be able to mail a turkey that weighs over seven or eight pounds, as you will have to allow three or four pounds for the container or box. If you want to send a fifteen pound turkey, you'll have to cut him in halves and make two parcels of him or carry him under your arm.

Just a word about the zone system, the most complicated, crazy, nerve and brain racking thing that was ever invented. A large part of our zones in New York lie on in the Atlantic ocean, where of course there is a dense population—of fish. Half of the Pacific Coast zones also hit the watery waves, and coast merchants will have a splendid opportunity of working up a big mail-order business with mermals and sardines. The parcel post makes a gross discrimination a gainst points on the Pacific and Atlantic Coasts.

Of the rates, which are exorbitantly excessive, the special stamp stupidity and other absurdities, Mr. Gannett has already spoken. Many of the evils of the thing will doubtless be rectified, and heaven knows they can't be rectified too soon. Of course the whole thing in a nutshell is this: The representative of the special interests never let a wave of the public interest be felt. But when popular clamor made it impossible for them to stave the thing off any longer, they had influence enough to shape it into the present miserable apology for the real thing. Europe has already had the real parcel post for nearly half a century. Anyhow we've got the name if not the substance. Later on we'll get the substance and reality as well, for you can't fool all the people all the time, though some of the folks in Washington fool us just as long as they can, or rather as long as they dare.

Don't forget to send in your names and addresses if you want them put in the letter list. They must be on separate slips of paper.

Just a brief reminder that Uncle Charlie's two wonderful books, one of poems and the other of songs, a source of endless joy and merriment which should be in every home, can still be had free; the poems for a club of four, the songs for only two subscriptions. See full description at the end of this department. Don't miss it.

Now for the letters:

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Three years ago I was a subscriber for COMFORT and a member of C. I. O. C., but being compelled to leave my homestead (an homesteading one hundred and sixty acres of Colorado prairie) now and then, on account of paralysis of the pocketbook as you put it, I had no permanent address, so let my subscription run out.

A few days ago I received a sample copy of COMFORT and it seemed so good to read your letters again and all about your daily life.

I like your independent way of writing, and it's a pity we haven't more men who, like you, are not afraid to tell people the truth. You must be nearly used to people's ways by the nifty letters you say you've received. I sent for your book of poems three years ago and it has been a source of pleasure for many evenings in the cabin on the claim. You say something about thoughtless people who hate new ideas. Well eastern Colorado isn't an exception. We have here every year what they call a "Dry Farming Special" which is a special train load of professors from colleges sent out to teach the farmers to till the soil scientifically thereby raising good crops in the semi-arid belt, which was formerly thought to be a desert. But many won't take the time to drive a few miles to learn something which may mean a great deal to themselves and this country. They think like the man who said, "What I don't know isn't worth knowing."

By the way you write you don't seem to like New York, or a certain part of it. When I passed through there about twenty-two years ago I thought it was

quite a "lively little place" although I don't remember whether I wore skirts or pants at the time. Why don't you move to Colorado, stake a claim where you can see Pike's Peak, and you'll have a home to fall back on when you're too old to work. Fresh air and water are cheap here too. (I can't be moved six inches Peter, let alone two thousand miles—Uncle Charlie.)

I wrote you a letter about four years ago mentioning something about alfalfa in eastern Colorado. Am sorry to say those bees "kicked the bucket" from lack of nourishment as they couldn't be expected to extract nectar from Buffalo grass, even if the queen was an "Ectavian" from Texas. Alfalfa will soon remedy that however. If you have never bached Uncle, you don't know what you have missed. Most of us have had our share of it, but thanks to three year homestead law which lets many of us off with three years, and five months' leave of absence every year.

The five months' absence gives us a chance to earn money and improve the claim. Colorado Springs and Denver are only a four hours' ride, so there is where we generally spend our "vacation."

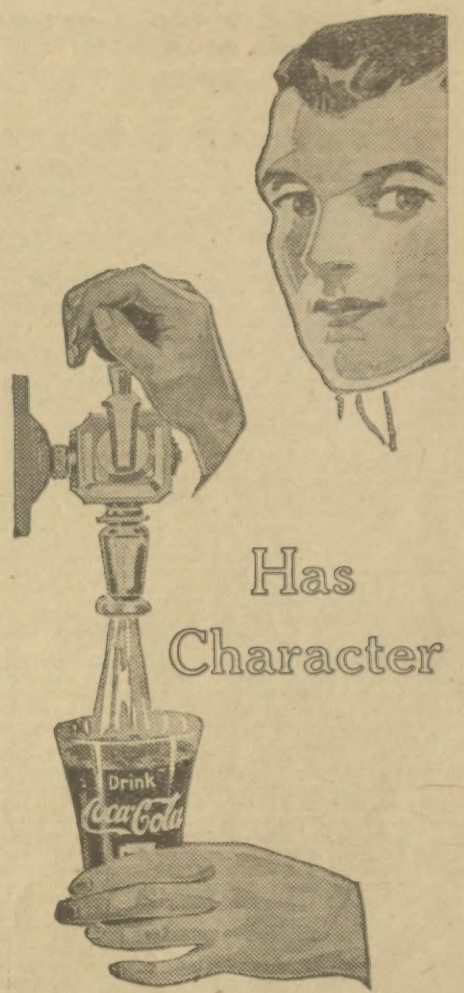
From your nephew, PETER BOHM.

Glad to hear from you, Pete. I've a lot of sympathy for you boys and girls who are homesteading on the dry, arid, treeless, wind-swept plains of Colorado and other sections. It must seem a hopeless proposition at times. I read of some homesteaders out in Montana who had run out of money and were on the verge of starvation. It seems they had been unable to make a crop, not having had time I believe to raise anything, even if the soil was willing to do the raising, and sometimes it isn't, in the arid belt. Desperate from hunger they raided a freight car and appropriated some food, a few beans I believe. There were women and children in that little group, and it's hard to stand by and see one's loved ones starving. Anyway those who did the raiding got heavy terms in jail. Just as I am writing this a man has been sentenced to jail for running a bank here in the East. This bank had some twenty-five thousand depositors, and when that bank crashed, thousands lost all they had in the world. Suicide, starvation, quick death and lingering death, resulted as the act of that conscienceless, unscrupulous bank wrecker. He went to jail for one year. The people who stole a handful of beans to keep wives and children from starving, went to the pen I believe for five years. Rob and ruin twenty-five thousand people and you get twelve months in jail with an excellent chance of only serving half your term, rob a rich and powerful corporation of ten cents' worth of property, and you rot in jail for years. That's law, but not justice, in America. Then a lot of peanut-brained, chicken-hearted bone heads, say that it would be dangerous to allow the people to have the right to recall judges. If these people had any sense they would realize that eventually it would be far more dangerous for this country and its people, not to be able to recall judges, if judges are going to continue their idiotic and criminally foolish methods of running our courts. The great Jefferson long ago warned the nation that the Federal judiciary would, if not closely watched, undermine the liberties of the people, and put the republic completely and entirely on the blink. Mayor Gaynor of New York, an ex-judge of one of our highest courts, said: "The judiciary has caused a great deal of inefficiency in this country by standing in the way of progress. My own belief is that this will go down like a cardboard very soon. The people will not stand for it." President Edward T. Curran of the King's County Lawyers' Association of New York says: "Our judges are running wild on the question of rigid and unfair adherence to technicalities. The bar is practically in favor of the recall." Well if the bar is in favor of the recall—the bar does not mean a saloon bar remember—surely the dull-witted public ought to be. If this is a democratic country—and it isn't—no one should be allowed to assume any airs, or put on any lugs, and even if a man is a judge, he has a nerve to think he is of any more importance than any other member of the community, and he has a still more unspeakable nerve to think the people who hire and pay him to act as a judge, just as they hire a colored man to act as a janitor, have not the right to fire both judge and janitor if they don't give satisfaction. All public officials should remember that they are the servants of the people. When public officials begin to put on lugs and imagine they are the masters of the people then it's time to rope them and brand them as incompetent and useless and throw them on the scrap heap. Yes, Peter, the world is full of incompetent people, and will continue to be full of incompetents as long as we tolerate a system that breeds incompetents. The world today is only about twenty per cent. efficient. People are not born right, raised right or educated right. This appalling racial inefficiency is the cause of nearly all our troubles today. If people were well born, and born well, educated along practical lines, saturated with high ideals and trained carefully for the duties of citizenship as we train thoroughbred horses for a great race, then you'd see a nation worth while. The rule of dollars loads the country with poverty, misery, disease and general inefficiency. The rule of right and reason is coming fast, then the inefficiency and the dollar grabbers will hike to the dump. Humanity is inefficient because it has never had a chance. There is no real civilization in the world today. Give humanity a chance to realize itself, to come into its own then we shall have civilization. Of the man who says: "What I don't know is not worth knowing" it can also truthfully be said that what he does know is not worth knowing.

So you think I've never bached Pete. I wish you could have seen me baching in a New York rooming house. The landlady had signs in every room, "NO COOKING ALLOWED." All the same you would have died laughing if you had seen me cooking a leg of beef over a gas jet. The landlady used to hunt around in the bureaus and clothes closets to see if we had any "cats" stowed away. She used to put her nose under every door to see if she could smell any cooking, but directly she started to sniff I used to light up a pipe and blow clouds of tobacco smoke through the keyhole. One day she made a Custom House search through my room, and told me she had discovered nothing objectionable. All the same I had four pork chops, half a yard of bologna and a pound of Limburger cheese hidden away in a high silk hat, and she never got wise to it. But alas, she nailed me one day. In a moment of abstraction I put my high silk hat on my head, and being in deep thought forgot it held enough grub to run a restaurant for a month. When I got to the bottom of the stairs I met the landlady in the hall, and raised my hat with the utmost deference and courtesy. You see I owed her four months' rent, that's why I was so deferential, and I thought I was making a big hit. To my horror, however, when the hat went up, the grub came down and hit the floor with a bang. The bologna and cheese having pedestrian qualities, made a dash for the door and effected their escape, but the pork chops lay glued to the floor—convincing proof of my guilt. That's where I had to get out. I returned to my room and dropped all my effects into my high silk hat—it was quite capable of holding them by the way—and then went out into the cold, cold world, to find another room, where I could once more resume baching operations.

COLBERT, R. R. 3, Box 16, Ga.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I would like your advice on a subject of very great importance to myself. I am a poor farmer's son, without any education. Have never been to school but very little. You know how it is with boys in the country—go today, stop out tomorrow to plow, pull fodder, pick cotton, etc. I have never been to a school yet, that I did not have to stop before the three months' term was out. So you see how hard it is for a poor boy to get an education in the country schools of the South. Now everyone tells me I have talent and say I ought to be a sculptor. I have made a small bust of Washington. When I was a child I had a machine shop. I also cut from a clay bank a house that resembled a mansion of Colonial times. I carved from the same clay a locomotive engine. A machinist from the little village close by came to see my little engine and he told papa he ought to send me to school, and when I got old enough put me in a machine shop. Well, you see now how it is. I am



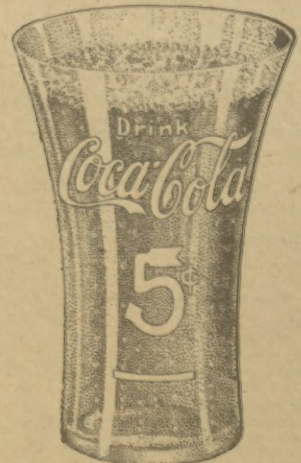
Coca-Cola

This is no ordinary "drink-it-just-to-be-drinking-something" beverage. Coca-Cola has distinctive, individual qualities that you will recognize. Just to look at a glass of it tells the story—bright, sparkling, clear.

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Delicious—Refreshing Thirst-Quenching

Demand the Genuine—Refuse Substitutes.



THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
ATLANTA, GA.

old enough to be put in a machine shop but I am still on the farm, planting corn, and digging taters still.

I was telling my teacher about myself and he told me not to throw my talent away. He wanted me to make something to send to the county fair. So I got my plaster of Paris and made a block of it and carved a bust of Charles Dickens. I took it to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

over night with even the poorest of them. I also gave them Rewards of Merit every day to take home if they had been good, and an extra one if they were at the head of the class when school closed at night. Then, the victorious ones took their places at the foot of the class the next morning. Of course, this merit system caused me a great deal of extra work in recording the number of merits given each pupil, but it paid, for if the pupils were in the least disorderly they knew they would not receive the merit. It also kept the parents in close touch with the school. The one who had received the largest number of merits in each class, was to receive a present at the close of the term. I also gave the smaller pupils an extra play-spell if their lessons were well learned, morning and afternoon, as I thought they needed it for health. I had singing to open school with morning and noon, and when the pupils came in from recess, and many times I noticed that when they came in with sour faces, the faces had brightened during the singing. I suppose I may claim to have been successful as a teacher from the fact that though I taught in the public schools of this and an adjoining county for about ten years, I never applied for a school. More schools were offered than I could possibly teach. The patrons said, "People tell us that your pupils love you so well they will learn to please you." And, I guess they did for they seldom came to town without calling to see me although I am more than seventy years of age, and am still teaching, but private pupils now. My advice to every young teacher is, keep the pupils busy at something they are interested in. As soon as you see they are beginning to tire of what they are doing, give them something else. Every schoolroom should have blackboards around the entire room. Pupils get tired of sitting all day. They should have considerable blackboard work.

With best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and all the sisters, Mrs. S. C. TALCOTT, Mountain Grove, Mo.

Mrs. Talcott. Your merit system is excellent, and to have it to pass along to our COMFORT sister-teachers of today, adds but another chapter to your successes, and too, I can almost see the bright-eyed, appreciative little youngsters as you bound their bleeding toes.

As a reward for good scholarship and deportment, one teacher I know gives out to each pupil every Monday morning of the term a bright blue card four by two and one half inches. The last exercise of the afternoon is the passing of a gilt paper star to each deserving pupil, who in turn sticks it onto the left-hand corner of the blue card; thus at the close of the week, the card will show as many stars as there have been days of good lessons and behavior, and is taken home. The card is pretty and classes well with the keepsakes collected by children. These stars are cut from gilt paper; just a trace of thin mullage is given to the back of each and allowed to dry, and needs only to be slightly dampened when star is placed on card. Another teacher used this idea of the stars, only in place of the card, she cut the blue cardboard into the shape of a crown.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am hoping that I will be welcomed that I may tell you of our precious little boy who was one year old Lincoln's birthday and is the pride of our home and hearts. We took him when two days old, intending to adopt him, but his eyes were sore and the doctor in attendance at that time would always advise me to wait a while which I did. The eyes were well, but the pity is our darling is blind. Now we hardly know what to do. I feel as though I could never part with my baby except if he could be benefited. I suppose I could get another, but I never could forget "my boy," who is the picture of health and is just as dear as he can be.

I wish some of the good mothers would write to me in regard to our keeping baby. Are we doing right, or are we selfish? I just feel as though he needs us more in his affliction than I can possibly be benefited, let me know what you think. We can give him a good, comfortable home, but whether, being blind, we would be able to educate him is a serious question. We are beginners in a new country, but we are going to do our best to make a home, if we only have a one-room sod shack, as they are called out here. We shall try to make it homelike as far as possible by surrounding ourselves with stock such as cows, chickens and pigs, and last but not least in my estimation is my house plants, and with them and our baby the home seems complete if small.

I trust I will see this in our paper as I would so like the advice of some good mothers, telling me whether to keep our baby or not. I know it will be a responsibility, but with prayer and God's help all things are possible, and I do so want to rear my baby to know of our Father and to reverse all things that are good. Sisters, pray for me and mine and God bless you one and all.

Mrs. F. W. SCHUESSLER, Mott, Hettinger Co., Box 46, Dakota.

Mrs. Schuessler. I wish it were in my power to see the future in a way to advise you, but as that is not possible, I can tell you that through your great desire to do right, the love you and your husband have given this unfortunate child, and through your realization that in his misfortune there is greater need of your protecting arms, I believe as the days go by the way will be clearer to you. Of course, one cannot advise another to adopt a blind child, neither can it be called a duty, but if you do decide to keep "our baby," you are doing a noble deed that may bring you a wealth of contentment.

And now, cannot something be done to restore the sight to baby's eyes? Is this question a settled thing? Nowadays, we read of remarkable surgery that has restored sight to the blind, especially to children, and under the circumstances, you undoubtedly could place baby in a hospital where, free of charge, he would be skillfully treated. Your family doctor can put you in touch with such an institution and materially assist you.

Our COMFORT sisters will write you helpful letters.—Ed.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent sister for years, having taken our COMFORT almost all the time since it was first published, am lost without it.

After reading Mrs. Mills' letter in January COMFORT, I thought it my duty to pass on my remedy by a good old family doctor who has since gone to his reward. My father had a stroke of paralysis and apoplexy combined, forming a clot of blood at base of brain. The doctor told me if I could get it dissolved before it reached a certain spot in the brain, he would recover; if not, he would pass away instantly. The remedy is nearly like Mrs. Mills', except more in it. Take one teaspoonful of good vinegar, one tablespoonful of salt and one of mustard. Bathe with this mixture for five minutes, then rub dry with the hand. I used a downward stroke generally, the hardest being very thorough at base of brain where I used a circular stroke mostly, and bathing whole length of spine. I did this three times daily. Set dish in larger dish of hot water and it is easily kept warm; have it no hotter than the hand can be borne in it. This heats flesh, but did not blister.

A friend of mine who had spinal meningitis was treated by this same doctor who applied creosote each side of spine and ironed with a hot iron over a cloth till it raised a blister. She recovered and is well and strong. That was twenty years ago.

A Negro doctor in Dallas, Texas, had such success with the disease the white doctors called him in to assist them. His remedy was to apply kerosene (or coal oil as they call it in the South) and iron over a cloth. He had such success during the epidemic that it was published in the paper and so passed on.

Mrs. ELLEN M. WERNETTE, Walter, Okla.

Mrs. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Purchase ten cents' worth of menthol crystals, ten cents' worth of listerine and five cents' worth of vasoline. Mix the crystals with the listerine, then add vasoline to the consistency of a salve; if too strong mix with vasoline to desired strength.

Have gained lots of good information from COMFORT Sisters' Corner. We take a number of magazines and papers but would lay them all aside for COMFORT. We went to housekeeping in March and subscribed for COMFORT in April and haven't missed a copy, and won't until the subscription price rises above our means. I enjoy reading the sisters' letters describing themselves, homes and babies.

Wishing success to COMFORT and staff, I am sincere-

Jr. Mrs. BYRD FITTLE, Alto Pass, Ill.

DEAR SISTERS:

This is just a word of caution, or to tell those who would use Castor oil on a breast cancer as means of relief, how it affected me. I applied it three times, and the result was pain and a swelling that seemed like a gathering.

I think the best way is to leave a breast cancer alone. Mrs. M. FERRER, Emerald St., Phila., Pa.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

It seems to me that COMFORT is the most appropriately named of any paper with which I have had the pleasure of becoming intimately acquainted.

For any of the sisters interested in the present high cost of living? I am, and I have been studying the subject closely amongst my friends, and I find those who suffer most are the ones who buy most of their clothing ready-made, and food canned.

The ready-made clothes are usually of inferior material, poorly sewed, trimmed with lace or embroidery which won't last, and more than this, those who buy ready-made don't mend every little place as fast as it appears. They also buy the cheapest stockings for their little ones (either because they don't know how to darn or don't want to do it), then throw them away when holes appear.

There are those who seem to be more willing to pay for ready-made than to do a little of their own work to own their own home. About a year ago a gentleman offered to give three acres of land for the clearing of one for himself. The land is good fruit land, also garden truck of all kinds will grow on it and most anywhere you can get an abundance of water from sixteen to thirty feet deep. Of course there is a heavy strich won't last, but even that will furnish an abundance of fuel, and still more will allow them to clear up the three acres for themselves by clearing his own. That offer has been standing for a year and no one has taken him up yet, while there are lots of people paying rent around here.

Another thing I want to tell and that is when children are afflicted with vomiting and diarrhea give them a good physic and keep their stomachs back and hips as warm as they can stand, and give only hot water to drink, and the disease disappears like magic.

For every day napkins bleach flour sacks, tear off all holes, then make square and tear in halves, then quarter, and fasten the ends of the one inch and they are fine. Flour sacks also make nice aprons and after two or three washings look like linen.

All success attend COMFORT and its band of workers is the wish of an interested reader.

Mrs. B. C. BRAYTON, Gualala, Mendocino Co., Cal.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I come this evening to tell you of the grandest, but most simple remedy for membranous croup. Our baby girl had it for three days and on the third night a good friend told us what to do. Baby seemed too sick to recover, and our local doctor said she had diphtheria, and of course most of the neighbors were afraid to come near the house. I could not blame them, for we knew that diphtheria was a very fatal disease. But I certainly do remember those who did come for help, brought the simple remedy and when we saw our baby getting better my husband went to a friend whose little girl had membranous croup and it cured her.

Take a piece of fat meat and wet it with coal oil (kerosene) and bind it around the neck, and give a little coal oil every hour. Give the coal oil about every hour. I think the way we gave it to our baby who is four years old. Be careful in giving the oil so it will not strangle. Touch it to the tongue or roof of mouth first.

MOLLIE WHITE, Washington, Okla.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for about four years and think it one of the grandest papers ever printed, and I don't mean to ever be without it. I get so many helps and household hints from reading the sisters' letters that I feel as though I ought to do something to help along the good work, and as March COMFORT is about to be published, I thought I would tell you how I manage a flock of one hundred and twenty, nearly all Rhode Island Reds and every one of them beautiful birds. I have tried raising different breeds but like the Rhode Island Reds best of all for winter layers. I keep them in a large warm barn during the winter, and only let them out when the weather is fine but not too hot. I give them three or four heads of cabbage and sometimes a bundle of hay which they soon devour. I keep strict account of all eggs I gather, also of the feed I give, and charge up the same to them, and husband figured up the profits for the year 1912, and I had a clear profit of one hundred and seventeen dollars and fifty-three cents.

I do all my own work, raise the chickens and care for them, also raise all my garden truck and help tend the grocery store. I am also a lover of flowers and have quite a lot of house plants and in summer have lots of beautiful flowers. I am fifty-two years old and weigh one hundred and sixty-five pounds.

I want to tell you of some of the directions for making rugs out of toe sacks, as she called them. I have just finished making one, and say sisters, you would be surprised at the beauty of them. I need sixteen bran sacks and will say that I never made anything that gave me so much satisfaction. It is beautiful and I have made many rugs in different ways and of different materials, but none as beautiful as that. It is what I call making something out of nothing. So sisters if you have any more pretty ideas of making things out of nothing please give us some more of them. Two ladies who have seen mine have commenced making one. To Mrs. Wilkinson and COMFORT sisters, also Uncle Charlie, Mr. Gannett and all of COMFORT's workers, may God bless all.

Mrs. MIMA M. LAWRENCE, Lenox, Suss. Co., Pa.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

May I come in for a short chat? Will promise not to stay long. I was just reading Mrs. Lewis Ferris' letter and what a lovely and lovable and noble woman she must be. May God bless and keep her. Oh, that we had more women like her. She must be endowed with patience such as Job possessed.

Sisters why is it there are so many unhappy homes? Lack of patience is many times the cause of it all. We should never be too busy to be kind and thoughtful of all around us, for love and brotherly love are short and grouchiness how will their children be? How could they be?

Oh, the great contrast in homes where love abounds and where it does not. It is truly sad to go into a home where just a few short years before a happy bride and groom started on life's journey together with every thing love and happiness, and find their love has grown cold; husband is out every night while the wife, who has grown delicate from neglect is at home with the care of three or four of God's little lambs; her nerves are worn to a frazzle from disappointment and household cares and she could hardly keep sweet even if she so desired. On the other hand where husband and wife are always love and groom it is quite different. "Hubby" never forgets to leave a white kiss on the lips of his wife and family when he goes to work and the same when he returns; he stays at home in the evening with his family unless business calls him away. "Wife" always has a smile and pleasant word for "hubby" and the children are so glad when papa comes home, and last but not least, the day is closed with the good old-fashioned family worship to give thanks to the great God and Father for all things.

Will be glad to hear from sisters. God bless dear Uncle Charlie, Mr. Gannett and our own dear editor, Mrs. D. R. McCREARY, Schellburg, R. R. 1, Box 67, Penn.

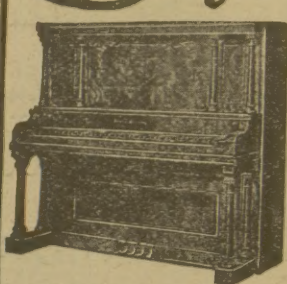
DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you please sit over and let a Jayhawk in for a few minutes? Well, this is my first letter, so I will tell you how I look. I am five feet six and one half inches tall, weigh one hundred and forty-five pounds, have light hair, gray eyes and a fair complexion. I am eighteen years old. I live with my parents on a half section farm and find plenty of work to keep me busy. I have three sisters and one brother. I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for many years and certainly think it grand. I love to read the Sisters' Corner and Uncle Charlie's letters, and side asked how to make rose heads so I will enclose a recipe and hurry back to my work.

First you gather the rose petals, any color will do, but the dark red roses make the most fragrant heads and of the richest color. You should gather them when the flowers are in their prime, fully blown but not showing any sign of drooping. It is then they are most fragrant. Having gathered a quantity of the petals, you proceed to put them through a food-chopper several times, using first the coarse cutter, then the next size, and at last the finest cutter. Chop them two or three times through this. After the last chopping spread the mass out on a large, rusty iron pan—do not be afraid of having it too old and

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rusty as long as it is clean, for you can't. Stir thoroughly a dozen times a day and put through food-chopper once at least—twice will be better. Three or four days of this treatment will give you a dark, almost black mixture, a good deal like dough or soft putty. Now you are ready to make your heads. In order to have them of uniform size you will want to take exactly the same quantity of material for each—say a saltspoonful. Roll each bead between your palms after shaping it with your fingers until it is perfectly round, string on a long slender hat pin to dry, not allowing them to touch one another. When quite dry and hard slip them off and rub each with a bit of soft flannel and olive oil.

God bless Mrs. Wilkinson and Uncle Charlie. With best wishes to all the sisters I remain, MARTHA FORKLESON, Maize, R. R. 1, Kans.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

Having enjoyed the descriptive letters from different portions of our country, I thought, I, too, might contribute my mite especially as I think North Dakota is a state not very well understood by those who have not been here. Possibly some of the COMFORT readers saw the exhibit car that the N. P. R. R. ran from the Northwest to Georgia; if so, they have some idea of what the Northwest can do.

North Dakota is a very progressive state. Our system of public schools is considered the best, beside our fine agricultural and other colleges. The surface and soil is diversified, owing to glacial formation. Where we are the soil is a rich black loam with a clay subsoil and land is going now for about thirty-five dollars an acre, although the land men say there is a very healthy crop. Of course we have our cold spells. There has been several times this winter when the mercury has been from twenty to thirty below, but you do not feel it as you would back East. With a few exceptions our stock has run out of doors all winter.

Last harvest wages were three dollars to three and a half a day, also during threshing. They thresh in the fields here and require lots of help. A man and team got five dollars a day. The demand for workers is most always ahead of the supply. Wages by the month are thirty and thirty-five dollars and board. The principal crops are wheat, rye, oats, spelt, barley, flax and potatoes. Cream demands a good price.

I find that the descriptive letters from our different states make a very ready and accurate reference book. I began saving them a number of years ago and find they are interesting and instructive, and those having friends in various states will take special interest in such a book. I do not know of any other paper which fills this want. It is a nice way for children to learn about their own country.

Will someone please write from the interior of Maryland and Southern Oregon?

Mrs. G. A. BEST, Hardsfield, Wells Co., N. Dak.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Having read in COMFORT of some that suffer with infantile paralysis, I wish to tell my experience with it. My two little brothers were affected, neither could walk; now they are both healthy boys.

My mother gave them hot alcohol baths. The oldest is a little lame but the doctors think he will outgrow it. In less than two months after the first bath they could walk. This is what we used: One cup of boiling hot water diluted with alcohol till it is cool enough to bear the hand in. The hotter the better.

Rub into the affected parts; rubbing and kneading the muscles about fifteen minutes, keeping the bath hot all the time. Do this four or five times a day or whenever restless and uneasy.

Mrs. H. C. WITHERS, South Shore, R. R. 2, S. Dak.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you please make room for a little Nova Scotia bluesong? I enjoy your helpful letters in COMFORT so much.

Dear sisters let me tell of a cure, or at least a help for rheumatism. I have seen it tried and know. Put one teaspoonful of cream of tartar in half a glass of boiling water; stir till dissolved and fill glass with cold water. Drink this three times a day about two hours after meals.

Also for erysipelas, bathe the affected part with buttermilk as often as you can and it will surely cure. They are simple remedies but I have seen both tried with good results so will pass them on to others.

Will the lady who wrote sometime ago about church entertainments write again? Her letter was just what I wanted, for in a little country place one is sometimes at a loss what to do to raise money for church purposes.

Sisters, could some of you visit my home down here by the sea and spend a day on the sand beach it would do you good. There is one nearly half a mile long of fine white sand and lovely to walk on at low tide, and oh, the pretty little shells that come ashore on it sometimes. I know you would love it.

My husband and I are alone; we have no children. With love to you all I am your COMFORT sister, Mrs. JANET CLEVELAND, Bayswater, N. S., Canada.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I come to ask assistance of you all. I have been married six years and have two little boys, aged five and three years, and we want to adopt a little girl between the age of one and three years, with blue eyes and fair complexion. I can give her a good home.

Hoping to hear from someone who will know of such a child needing a home, I remain, Mrs. ROSSIE PROCELL, Pineville, La.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of the COMFORT paper three years. I saw baby Lack's picture in the paper. I have a little sister or brother. I thought she was a very pretty little baby. I told my mamma that I would love to have a little sister just like her. I am willing to come after her wherever she may be. If I cannot get a little sister I would like to have a little brother. I am ten years old. Please write at once. This is my address,

Miss VIVIAN CLAYTON, Omega, Box 67, Ohio.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have received so much help from this department and given none in return, that I want to do something. First let us talk about the children. Sisters try tacking up a piece of oilcloth behind the range, driving some nails just over it to hang the children's rubbers on; also men's rubber boots and your own rubbers and boots and see how nice and warm they will be. First, of course the children must be taught to brush their rubbers clean. We have running water just outside the woodshed door. I have a shelf

there with a brush broom handy. The children are always ready and willing to come in clean so they may change in the house, and start for school in the morning, all warm.

My little ladies are nine and five years old. When they get home from school they change their dresses, wash their face and hands and brush up their hair, then they are ready to help mamma. We have five o'clock supper and they lay the table; that is uncover the table, fill the pitcher with water and so on; then we have supper. By this time it is half past five and I have to change my dress, go to the barn and milk for an hour and a half, sometimes two hours. What are my little girls doing? First they clear the table, wash the dishes and lay the table again; press the hair ribbons if needful, put clean handkerchiefs in their coat pockets, brush their coats, brush their stockings, get some water ready and wash face and hands, clean finger nails and trim when necessary and brush their teeth; then they are ready to play and play they do I can tell you.

Now you may say "My, I would be afraid to leave them alone." But I am not for I can trust them. Of course we have a bracket lamp over the table, and I always put a lamp on the shelf over the work table, fill up the stoves with wood and check them so there is no danger and fuel will last until my return. When I come in from the barn everything is done nicely; chairs in order, playtime is over and mamma is tired. Then we have some apples or some pop corn and off to bed go my babies, with a prayer and a kiss. Now I have the tank and teakettle to fill, but that is not much as we have running water in the pantry. I am all through when the men get the wood box filled and ready for the apples.

About this time I have no time to think about my little girls. I have one of the best husbands in the land and if he does not know what is best and who is best to vote for, I am sure I should not, for he loves the little ones just as well as I do, and we should vote alike.

I live in Black River Valley which is a fine farming country. We have on our farm forty-five cows, four horses, four pigs and three chickens, so you see there is work to do for all. We only keep one hired man now, which makes it a little easier than in summer.

Always be courteous to the children and they will be the same to you. I never have to tell them. If we would learn to be good as quick as the children! Well I must close, for as the boy says "It is cow time."

Wishing COMFORT success, once and for all time, Mrs. JESSE CASS, Glenfield, R. R. 2, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Not seeing many letters from this state I must write to let you know that we appreciate our COMFORT here as well as others. Also your many nice letters and Uncle Charlie's. I don't know if he is here? Doing his duty in spite of all obstacles. His influence will be felt indefinitely, for good.

I am pleased to know of so many taking orphans to rear. We have two, and think a lot of them. There are so many in the orphan homes just longing for a "mother home."

And it is really one's duty to care for them. I think, especially if they have none of their own and can afford to. One never knows what a pleasure they may be to them, or what they may become, under good influence.

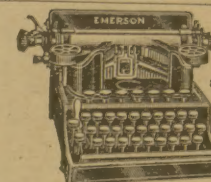
Women, who act crazy over dogs and give parties to them are certainly weak-minded to say the least. How some little ones would appreciate the care and affection that is wasted on dogs.

We live on the shore of the largest lake in the West. It is several degrees warmer than the lake than a few miles away. Near it and on the foot-hills we raise fruit of most all kinds, further back are mountains and timber. In the valley they raise grain and vegetables principally, which do not bring a very high price, on account of over production. If some of these experts would find a better way of marketing the surplus, in place of letting it waste as at present, they'd do more good than teaching how to raise more. Bushels of fruit also went to waste this year. There is a fine opening for a cannery or evaporator for one who understands it and has a family to help. So much could be sold at a profit if it were canned or dried.

There is no land to be taken up here, though some is for sale; also bearing orchards. With best wishes to you all, not forgetting the afflicted, Mrs. O. C. ESTEY, Big Fork, Montana.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I am a reader of COMFORT and think every part of it is fine. I am even partial to COMFORT's advertisements!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)



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Things the MODERN FARMER must know to MAKE THE FARM PAY

This department, which is conducted by eminent specialists and experts in the various branches of agricultural science and practical, business farming, will keep our readers posted on the latest scientific discoveries and teach them the best methods of operating in order to obtain GREATER FARM PROFITS AND BETTER HOME LIVING.

Any COMFORT subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming. Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

Using Poisons on Cabbage

WE have been asked how it comes that poisonous spraying solutions can be used on cabbage without killing the people to whom the cabbage afterward are sold. The answer is that the poisonous substances are soon washed off and never are used close to the selling season. It should be understood that the poisons only get onto the outer parts of the cabbage. If one asks a grower, who has not given the matter any thought, how a cabbage head forms he will be likely to answer that the leaves fold together as they appear and others form outside of them and fold in turn to form a head. That is not the case. The cabbage head forms from within. The leaves unfold from the center of the head and do not fold together to form it. For this reason any poison applied to the cabbage can fall only upon the outer leaves. Not a particle of it gets into the head itself. The state entomologist of New Jersey points out in addition to such facts as we have cited here that the amount of poison used on a single cabbage plant is so minute that in order to really poison a man it would be necessary for him to eat about a dozen heads, outer leaves and all, and if death then resulted one might more correctly attribute it to the cabbage than to the Paris Green or other arsenic employed. Cabbage caterpillars are very easily killed by poison and by applying the poison spray early in the season the later broods are materially reduced in number. In farm practice it is usual to cut out the heads of cabbage for shipping or feed. The outer leaves are cut off when the cabbage is prepared for cooking. Chemical analysis has shown that on a head so prepared, within a week after a heavy application of Paris Green, not a trace of arsenic remained. It is unusual, however, to use cabbage so soon after spraying. So far as we are aware no cases are on record of people having been poisoned by arsenic from eating cabbage treated with such poison. Paris Green is used in the proportion of one pound to 200 gallons of water and should be applied to the plants, for best results, in the form of a fine mist spray. The first application should be made soon after the plants are transplanted and should be repeated at intervals of about three weeks. All parts of the plants must be sprayed to get the solution on both the upper and under sides of the leaves. The spraying can be continued until three or four weeks before the cabbage is harvested.

Insuring a Strawberry Crop

Recently we were asked why it is that the old strawberry bed does not continue to produce profitably and how it comes that some folks have a fine lot of strawberries every year. "The old strawberry bed," that is the reason. To insure a crop every year, granted that the land is suitable, clean, rich and in the right district, one must set out a new bed of strawberry plants each year. The old bed gets foul, "blighted" full of dead and worthless runners that do not bear fruit. The new grown runners, thrown out by the new plants, are the ones that mat into a producing row. A few hundred plants suitable for the district, may be bought from the local nurseryman; or they may be grown at home to start the garden bed. For the home garden the narrow matted row is perhaps the best way of growing strawberries. The plants are set out in the spring, when the weather is mild and the soil warm and mellow. Set the plants in rows about four feet apart and the plants about a foot and a half apart in the rows. Runners will be thrown out by each plant as the summer advances. Always cultivate in the same direction and these runners will be thrown toward the original row, where they will take root and form a bed of plants about one and one half feet wide. Plants should not be allowed to grow nearer than eight inches apart. Plants removed when thinning the bed may be set closely in a bed and used to form a new bed next spring. Mulch the bed as soon as the ground freezes in fall. Straw may be used for the purpose and should be put on lightly. In spring the plants will come up through the straw, if it has not been put on too thickly. The mulch then tends to keep the berries off the ground and clean. A full crop should be had from the new bed the season after it was planted; but it should be discarded when it has produced two crops and a new bed set out each spring. An expert gives this good advice relative to selection and setting of plants: "Strawberry blossoms are either perfect or imperfect, according to variety. That is, the imperfect blossom has pistils but no stamens. It is therefore necessary when planting those varieties having imperfect blossoms to put them between varieties having perfect blossoms in order that they may be fertilized and bear fruit. Seedmen's catalogues generally describe this point for the different varieties. Failure to have a crop of strawberries sometimes is due to the planting of varieties that cannot fertilize, as above suggested."

The Pig-Eating Sow

The sow that kills and eats her pigs usually is cross, nervous and unaccustomed to the presence of man. The sow that is made to take abundant exercise every day throughout pregnancy and is fed mixed, laxative rations will be unlikely to kill and eat her pigs provided also that she is so handled that she will not be afraid of man when farrowing time arrives. We know of a most successful swine breeder who feeds his brood sows chiefly upon alfalfa hay and roots during winter. Any grain they get has to be worked for by rooting for it on a large barn floor covered with litter. The sows are kept active and muscular and they do not suffer from constipation as do sows that are stuffed on corn and given practically no exercise. It is best to prevent trouble by such practical measures and not to feed salt pork to sows as is commonly done by farmers who have had losses from sows killing and eating pigs. If a sow has done so at a previous farrowing time, here is a good plan of preventing her from doing it again; and it also should be followed when any sow shows indications of wanting to kill and eat her pigs: Take each pig away from the sow as soon as born and place it in a cotton-lined basket back of a stove. As soon as all of the pigs are born give the sow the following warm, "drugged" drink, one pint of rum, one quart of blackstrap molasses and three quarts of shorts stirred up in a pailful of warm water. Pour this into a trough and let

her drink it. It will make her "full" and sleepy; then the pigs may be put back and each of them allowed to nurse. They will soon begin to nurse without help after having been helped the first time. When the sow recovers from her "run punch" she will be happy, kind and contented and take lovingly to her pigs. The man who suggested this novel plan of procedure believes that the sow kills and eats her pigs on account of pain due to farrowing and that the treatment succeeds by soothing the pain.

How to Control Weeds

All plants belong to one of three classes, namely, annuals, biennials and perennials. Annuals grow from the seed every year. They do not and cannot live over winter. A single season completes their life history. The seed sprouts in the spring, grows to maturity during the summer, blossoms, ripens its seed and dies in the fall. The next spring new plants grow from the seeds that have lain dormant in the ground over winter. All our grain crops belong to this class. They are called annuals because the plant runs its complete course annually, that is every year. Biennials run their course and complete their life history every two years. BI means two and annual—yearly. The plant springs up from the seed early in the season and by the time winter sets in has developed a large fleshy root in which it has stored enough food for the next year's growth. The second year it bears blossoms, ripens seed and dies. Neither blossoms nor seeds are borne the first year, hence two years are necessary to complete the life cycle of these plants. Turnips, beets, cabbages, rutabagas and parsnips belong to this class. Perennials live on from year to year. Though they may bear blossoms and ripen seed every year the plants themselves do not die but continue to do this year after year. All our native trees and many of our grasses belong to this class. Now these very simple scientific truths should be known by every farmer as the basis for all control of weeds because it is upon these truths that all methods of weed destruction depend. It is only necessary to learn whether a weed belongs to the annual, biennial or perennial class in order to decide upon the method to be used for its destruction.

How to Destroy Annuals

Since annuals grow from the seed every year it is clear that if we prevent these plants from going to seed no new crop can be produced. Cutting these weeds as soon as the first blossoms appear is all that is necessary for their complete control. Mustard, a troublesome pest in many places, belongs to this class. It should be remembered, however, that all small seeds like mustard contain a large amount of oil which enables them to live in the ground several years without sprouting, or until favorable conditions arise. It is this supply of unsprouted seeds that is carried over from year to year in the soil that gives the trouble in the control of this class of weeds and which may make them somewhat difficult to eradicate. Continual cutting year after year as soon as first blossoms appear, so long as live seeds remain in the soil, is the rule to be followed in the control of annuals.

How to Destroy Biennials

If biennials can be prevented from seeding the second year their control is assured. Burdock, sour dock and bull thistles belong to this class. It does little good to cut off the tops of these weeds the first year so long as strong roots are left in the ground. But the second year the utmost care and vigilance is necessary to prevent these plants from going to seed. When this is done these weeds are completely under control. Like the first class, many seeds may remain unsprouted in the soil to come on and trouble the farmer for several years, but when these are taken care of the problem is solved.

How to Control Perennial Weeds

Perennials are the really troublesome weeds for besides being prevented from seeding every vestige of the plant must be killed because these plants renew themselves both by seeds and roots or portions of roots which may remain in the soil. Canada thistles and quack grass belong to this class. In order to best understand how to control this class of weeds the farmer must understand fully the following scientific truths. The plant, in the spring, grows from starch that has been manufactured the year before in the leaf; in fact all plant growth in one way or another is dependent on this starch-making process. When the plant is making starch rapidly it is either growing rapidly or storing its starch to be used in future growth. These three facts should be kept clearly in mind:

First.—Starch is made only in the leaves of green plants.
Second.—Starch is made only in the presence of sunlight.
Third.—No plant can continue to live without it makes starch.
The rule for controlling these plants then becomes very simple though the application of the rule may be difficult. It is this: Do not allow green leaves to develop on these plants. If no leaves develop no starch can be made. If no starch is made growth is impossible. Two methods suggest themselves, shading to cut off the sunlight, and frequent cultivation to destroy the foliage. Shading may be accomplished by seeding the infested plot with rank, quick growing plants like hemp or alfalfa. Both these crops have proven very effective in the control of Canada thistles, but in the case of quack grass the weed itself is a quick grower and gets ahead of the alfalfa and hemp and hence it cannot be easily controlled by this method. Small plots of it may be killed out, however, by cutting off the sunlight in another way. In the early spring the grass has started to grow cover the infested patch with tar paper, lapping it well and holding it down with small stones. The grass cannot get the sunlight, hence it cannot make starch and cannot grow. One season of this treatment will kill out the quack grass completely. Of course this method is too expensive to apply on a large scale.

The following method should be used on large plots. As soon as the ground can be worked in the spring it should be plowed shallow and cultivated thoroughly with a spring tooth harrow

that will bring the roots to the top and leave them to dry in the sun. Every two weeks thereafter, or as soon as green leaves appear, this process should be repeated until July first when the plot may be sown to buckwheat or some other quick-growing crop. As soon as this crop is removed, the following process should be repeated if any weeds remain. Plow deep late in the fall, cultivate as early in the spring as the ground can be worked and plant to a cultivated crop like corn or potatoes. One or two seasons of this treatment, followed with persistence, will effectually control quack grass, the hardest of perennial plants to control. The same methods will therefore eradicate all other members of this class.

Feeding Mare and Foal

The eventual value of the foal depends a great deal on how the youngster is fed after the pasture grasses have become scant. Well is it for the man who has provided an ample supply of green fodder for the eking out of the grass supply. We well remember the success of a certain well-known breeder of heavy horses in Wisconsin whose foal crop was always developed in a manner that astonished everyone. This gentleman attributed his success to the way in which he fed the mares going upon grass. It was his custom to provide a strip of sod corn thickly sown beside the pasture. The strip was about ten rods wide and the seed was dropped from a seeder. So as to plant it thickly the alternate spouts were shut off. This corn came up "as thick as hair on a dog" as he used to say, and when the pasture grass began to dry up was ready for cutting as an adjunct food. The brood mares and foals were kept in the barn during the daytime in wide, well-ventilated box stalls if they were to be shown at the fall fairs, or in sheds if they were not to be shown. When turned out in the evening they were given a good feed of this corn which was cut and thrown over the pasture fence at the rate of a large armful for each mare. Having been fed a feed of oats and bran before being turned out this filled them up and they did not require to range all over the pasture or bite it too close. It was found well to conserve the pastures so that when the fall rains came they would be in good shape to send up a strong, quick growth of new grass. The first thing in the morning the corn was again cut and eaten by the mares and they were then turned into box stalls or sheds as the case might be and here given a full feed of oats and bran, mixed with cut hay. In the pastures and yards there was a supply of fresh water at all times which the mares and foals could take at will and the foals were early accustomed to eat at the same time as their dams. They had their troughs separate from those containing the grain rations of the mares and these were well filled with the same mixture of grain and finely cut hay, but the grain was crushed and wetted. This was given to the foals morning, noon and night, and the mares fed in the same way on grain and bran along with the green corn and grass always had a full flow of milk so that the foals came along in the fastest possible manner, whereas foals kept by neighbors in the usual way made a sorry appearance in comparison. It pays to feed in this manner so that the foals may be kept steadily growing despite the winter dry weather of summer and long dry spells such as we have been experiencing and there is no cheaper food than corn fodder for the mares, nor do we know of any other crop that will produce so much from a given area if the seed be put in at intervals of a week or ten days for three or four successive seedings so as to have green corn right along for a long period of time. The mares do wonderfully well on this feeding and their milk seems to secrete freely and afford the highest possible nourishment for the foals which are at all times sleek-skinned and thrifty. It is a much better plan than feeding the foals nothing but their dam's milk and keeping the latter in the pasture, a practice which is besides ruinous to the pasture. Where additional feed is not given it is little wonder that the heavily taxed mare will eat the heart out of the pasture in search of sufficient food for herself and foal, and where such drafts are made upon the pasture in a dry spell it will often be found impossible to bring the grass back in its former strength when welcome rain comes towards fall. There is a double or treble economy in keeping the mares and their foals off grass in the daytime, feeding corn fodder night and morning and a grain, bran and cut hay ration three times daily. If the plan outlined were more generally followed there would be a wonderful improvement in the class of horses annually raised on the farms of the country.

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us, and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these subjects. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming, but it is hardly reasonable to expect us to waste valuable space in answering the questions month after month for the benefit of those who need not have asked the questions if they had read and remembered the answers which we had previously printed.

Questions and Answers

FEEDING HORSE AND BROOD MARE.—How much grain and what kinds should a horse be fed? I am told that corn is not good for horses. How much oats with hay should I give a twelve hundred pound horse on ordinary farm work? Would like to know what to feed a thirteen hundred and fifty pound mare expected to foal about the first of April?
E. N. Loda, R. R. 2, Ill.

A.—Corn is an excellent feed for horses and other animals and especially so in cold weather as it goes to form fat and produce heat. It may form a part of the ration for a working horse at any time of the year. The pure wheat bran, by weight make a good mixture for farm work horses. Allow one and one fifth to one and one third pounds of the mixture per hundred pounds of body weight as a day's ration and in the same way allow one to one and one quarter pounds of mixed clover hay per hundred pounds of body weight as a day's ration. Give the most of the hay at night and but one or two pounds of it at noon, when horses are working hard. Allow the drinking water before feeding. Feed the brood mare oats and bran in the proportion stated here. Dampen the feed. Increase the bran towards foaling time. Let her run on grass as soon as it is ready.

HARVESTING BROOM CORN. DEAR EDITORS.—As I have lived all my life in a broom corn country I was interested in your farm editor's answer to March COMFORT to the question how to cultivate broom corn. Your instructions are exactly in accordance with our practice up to the point of harvesting, but I never knew anyone here to use the method of harvesting which you advise. You said, "The dwarf varieties of broom corn are harvested by simply pulling up the plants. The large or standard varieties are cut off about six inches above the ground and either piled in the field or hauled direct to the threshing or cleaner." Now broom corn has pretty heavy foliage and it takes about four men to handle an acre of it in a day in that way. The way we handle the dwarf variety is to raise it here, is to pull the brush or fiber off the stalk and pile it in piles, then haul it to the seeder. In this way one man can harvest about one and one half acres of the dwarf variety in a day. In Illinois we raised the standard variety which we harvested by breaking the stalks of two adjoining rows over toward each other and laying them down in such manner as to cross like a lattice and form a sort of table. The brush or fiber is cut off and piled on this lattice table, then hauled to the seeder. After being seeded it is laid on racks made of poles or slats one and one half to two inches thick until dry enough to bulk in a closer pile.
V. A. D., Minnesota, Kans.

REMARKS.—We are much pleased to receive this interesting and instructive letter on the subject, from a man who has had long experience in the business of broom corn raising. Different men have different and favorite methods of handling crops and we described one of them. Our correspondent now describes another plan and one that seems to present a more economical method which it may be best for our readers to follow. We shall be glad to have others give their

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experience, not only in broom corn culture, but relative to any practical subject discussed in this department. Let all read the articles and answers to inquiries in each issue and if any practical thought suggests itself to anyone, that would be of interest and value to our readers, we shall be glad to receive it and give it a place, if deemed suitable for the purpose.—Ed.

FEEDING POTATO PEELINGS TO COW.—Are potato peelings good for cow when given twice a day in warm water and bran? Should they be raw or boiled? We have fed them twice a day, about two quarts at a meal. Some say too much is harmful. We have many small early potatoes. Is it advisable to use these for feed?
Mrs. O. W. Ill.

A.—It would be better to feed a pig on potato peelings and such like refuse from the kitchen. They will not be likely to hurt the cow if fed in moderation, but they will do her practically no good as they contain little nourishment. They are better boiled. If the potatoes have been greened by exposure to the sun the raw peelings are poisonous to a certain degree as they contain an alkaloid known as "solanin". Along with the bran feed the cow cornmeal, gluten meal and a little flaxseed meal, allowing one pound of such feed for each three pounds of milk yielded daily. Feed mixed clover hay or roots in addition until grass is ready. The small potatoes may be used uncut for feed, if they are sound and of good sort for the district. It does not pay to use mixed or unknown seed. Always use pure seed, of one sort and suited to the district.

RAISING SQUABS OR RABBITS FOR THE MARKET.—I have two acres of land on Long Island, N. Y. My friends tell me that by raising rabbits I could make a good living. What kind of rabbits and how many would you advise me to start with? Do you know of any market where they can be sold, and what price they bring? How should the rabbits be housed? At the same time I would like to raise squabs? Do you think that advisable? A. H. Noyes, York, N. Y.

A.—Go to any dealer in pet stock in the city of New York and ask him for a booklet on the subjects mentioned here, or buy a book on the subject. There is very little demand for rabbits, outside of bacteriological laboratories of a University or Sanitary Board. Start with a couple of does and a buck, if you wish to make a try, and when you have learned to care for them the number may be gradually increased, if you can find a profitable market. A suitable rabbit hutch can be made from a packing case; wire netting taking the place of boards on the front side and the hutch to be set up on legs. Squabs may be profitably raised and the pet stock man will tell you how. We advise you not to go into the rabbit business unless you can find a sure market at profitable prices. There is a market for squabs in any large city. Inquire prices paid for squabs at various times of the year by meat markets, first-class hotels and restaurants in New York City.

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

the fair and got the prize. It was the only thing of the kind there. I wore out seven pocket knives making it. Everyone says it is perfect. I made it from. Say Uncle Charlie, what about you sending me your photo and let me try making a bust of Uncle Charlie, and then if I succeed, I'll send it to the fair and whatever it brings I'll give it to you for your Mercy Work. I have a block all ready to go to work on, just as soon as I can get through with cotton picking.

I am sending for one of your song books. We expect to have grand times learning your songs. Mamma plays the organ and we children sing. There are six of us from six years of age up to twenty-one. But when they are all at home, five more voices are added to the music. We all enjoy the long winter evenings, singing songs we love.

COMFORT is one of the grandest papers that was ever printed. Mamma takes a good many papers, but when COMFORT comes the fellow that gets it first has to grab, run and hide if he wants the first piece. We all love you, Uncle Charlie from the baby up to mamma and papa. Your friend, Ror SMITH.

Roy, it is a shame and an outrage that you cannot get the full benefit of the contemptible three months' schooling provided for you by your educational authorities. Every state should have compulsory educational laws, and the Federal government ought to have national educational laws of a very high standard, up to which every state ought to be compelled to live. If it is necessary for the government to see that mail is carried between various cities, isn't it infinitely more necessary for that same government to see that the children, the seed corn of the nation, grow up physically and mentally strong, so that they may be thoroughly equipped for the battle of life, and thus contribute to the uttermost every atom of energy, ability and talent that is within them? The human crop is the most precious crop we have, but we are too dull witted, ignorant and stupid to raise it properly, so that it may give forth a glorious abundant harvest. Providence has given us everything necessary to produce a human crop godlike and inspiring, but, alas! our heaven-sent facilities for producing wealth, health and intellectuality of the highest order are ninety per cent. wasted. Great attention is paid to the raising of fine cattle, fruits, grains and vegetables. We are careful about the selection of soil. If barren or worn we see that it is fertilized. We use the utmost care in seeing that our Hereford and Jersey cattle are of pure blood and that our hens and hogs have pedigrees. The human crop on the other hand, is allowed to develop any way and anyhow. There is no selection of proper seed. Epileptic and consumptive, imbecile and degenerate can make and reproduce other weaklings of their kind. The good human seed that would produce well is scattered blindly and criminally over rock and swamp of our industrial waste land, in mine, forge, tenement and slum, mill, factory, cannery and sweatshop, and brings forth puny, underfed weaklings, who contribute only to the national harvest of disease, crime, insanity, degeneracy and death. The human crop comes into existence haphazard. No preparation is made to receive it, and nothing is done for it after it arrives. It grows up wild, scraggy and unkempt, or grows not at all, but withers and dies. Before it is able to enter into the soil of culture, education, intelligence, refinement and morals, the sweep of the all-devouring scythe of necessity cuts it down, and it is quickly gathered into the profit-making barns of greed and avarice, where it is crushed and ground into golden dollars, and swept into the money bags of trust pigs and corporate hogs, and other rapacious exploiters of the human crop. Such of the human crop as falls to find its way into the storehouse of greed, is garnered by brothel, penitentiary and poorhouse. That's how we gather our human crop. Roy, you are doubtless a victim of circumstances. The scythe of necessity has swept you away from the schoolhouse. You might perhaps, if your talents were cultivated, become another Watt, Stephenson, or Praxiteles, giving to the world works of mechanical genius, or ennobling and glorious creations of art. Mankind may be immeasurably poorer from the fact that instead of your talents and ability having been developed along those lines which God Almighty intended they should follow, you have been forced to keep your nose to the soil by that grim tyrant necessity, the latent talent within you undeveloped, and your heart longings and golden hopes unrealized. Still Roy, I don't know that you need grieve so much, for even if you had the ability and were given the opportunity to develop your talents, owing to the fact that this is a money-mad, half-civilized age, there is very little appreciation or understanding of real art, and our bone-headed millionaires, porcine parvenus, wouldn't buy a piece of statuary, sculpted by an American, at any price. They prefer to go to Europe where a lot of art fakirs load them up with junk which is turned out by the wholesale in the slums of Paris, Florence, Milan and other art centers, especially for the American millionaire trade. I know one sculptor, an Italian, one of the dearest and oldest friends I have, and one of the finest sculptors living, that has a studio in New York. He told me he had lost fifty-five thousand dollars in the last three years, owing to his inability to find a market for his work here in New York. He sent a pile of his statuary out to that big exposition you held in Portland, and it was greatly admired, but no one bought any. Just imagine transporting a number of huge pieces of statuary to the coast and back with all the heavy, incidental expenses and making not a single sale. A few years ago my sculptor friend did not look thirty-five years of age today he is a careworn, wrinkled, gray-haired, disheartened man and looks sixty at least. It takes more than talent, under the profit system to make a living. The human crop has not had an opportunity to develop its artistic side yet, nor its mental and spiritual side either. It's just hog wallowing for bread and shelter that's all, and the man who can produce a few acres of corn or wheat, butter, chicken and eggs, in the majority of cases is much better off than the artist or sculptor. He is sure of a living at least, while the other fellow isn't. Now about that bust you are going to make for me. I shall be only too delighted to have you go ahead and perpetrate the work, but I want to tell you right now that if you sell that bust I want the proceeds of the sale. You have a nerve to want to give the money to any charitable work, even mine. Don't you understand that if you bust me, I'll be busted, and when a fellow's busted he's broke, so if you are going to display my bust all over the country, remember when it's sold we divide the profits. I'm very nearly busted anyhow, so nearly so in fact that I hardly think I need any artistic assistance on your part to complete the job. I used to have a big bust of Shakespeare and one day when I was moving, I rode inside the wagon to see that my things didn't get broken. A lurch of the wagon made me sit down, and I remained seated for the rest of the journey. Just as we neared my new home I heard a crack, and I flopped over on my side. A drapery covered the spot where I had been sitting. When I looked at it I discovered I had been sitting on Shakespeare's head and broken his neck. By the way that was the first time I ever went off on a bust. Roy I hope all your dreams will be realized, but don't kick if they are not. This is a cold, heartless, material age, an age which permits few to develop the inner and more beautiful things of life. Do not wonder then if in the economic swirl and general industrial pandemonium you are compelled to hulk corn instead of busting busts.

PARIS, E. B. L., Box 38, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am sending you my picture for you to print in COMFORT in the League of Cousins' page. I will ask you to please print the picture in the next issue of the COMFORT. I have been a scribe to COMFORT and a member of the League for several years and expect two as long as I live. I just ask you of this one favor, two print my picture in

the next issue of the COMFORT. I am a detective. Have traveled a good deal. Just print my name and address under the picture in the paper.

ARTHUR W. SREICHTZ. (Detective.)

Your important communication, Arthur, came duly to hand. The photograph enclosed with your letter also reached both myself and Billy the Goat safely. I had a terrible job though Arthur, in locating that picture of yours. For a while after probing the envelope vainly for many anxious minutes, I thought we'd have to send to Tennessee for you to come and find it for us. Being a detective I knew if anyone could locate it, it would be you. Finally, however, with the aid of a microscope, we discovered it nestled snugly in the northwest corner of said envelope. The next time, Arthur, you mail a photograph of such a colossal size, you ought to make a point of going along with the letter to its destination, so as to spare your unfortunate friends the agony of looking for it. The photograph you sent was about the size of George Washington's nose as it appears on a postage stamp. A picture of that kind would make an immense hit in COMFORT. If rephotographed and enlarged, it would be about as big and imposing as nothing on a stick. You must remember, Arthur, we are not all detectives, and what you can visualize in a second, we could never see in a thousand years. With the assistance of the microscope, however, I did manage to see the faint outlines of a human face; then gradually, then loomed on my vision, one of your fiery, flashing optics. I would have known it was the eye of a detective even if I had stumbled across it in a black alley on a dark night. There is no mistaking the eye of the detective—I mean the detective. Your eye for instance, looked me through and through and pierced me to the soul, and as I quailed before its searching glance, I could hear it in eye language say in deep, guttural, sepulchral, awe-inspiring tones: "Ah Claude Elclair, your doom is sealed; you have felled me long, but I, Desperate Desmond, the dime novel sleuth, have you in my power at last. Come, come to the deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat. One move and your life is forfeit." Yes, Arthur, I nearly sank through the mattress when I realized I was gazing into the eye of a real, live detective. The next time you are photographed, Arthur, please wear goggles, for though I can look a detective in the back of the head, I can't look one in the accusing eye without having a fit. Your letter is dated January 14, and you wanted your picture in the February issue. Why if your picture had been forty times as large as it was, it could not have gone in the February issue, because by the time your letter reached me, February COMFORT was already on the press and being printed. I know ordinary mortals have to give way to detectives, Arthur, but as I have about a hundred pictures already waiting to go into print, I don't think you would be unkind enough to push them all aside, so that you might have the joy and delight of seeing your classic face gazing at you through the columns of COMFORT. If you'll send a real photograph, and not the picture the size of a pin-head, I might possibly publish it in 1915 or 16 by hurrying matters and making others stand aside. So whatever else you may be able to detect, Arthur, you will not have the pleasure of detecting your photograph in COMFORT for a considerable time. You say: "I have been a scribe to COMFORT." I don't know what a "scribe" is, but I have no doubt it is something that ought to do COMFORT a whole lot of good. If you had put sub in front of the scribe, I would have known you were one of our family and I would have fallen on your bosom and wept for joy. But ah, would I? I guess not; for in the next breath you say you expect "two" prints of your picture. Now if I am anything of a detective it seems to me that you intend to convey in this sentence the fact that you expect two copies of COMFORT for the price of one as long as life lasts. Maybe a "scribe" is entitled to two, but I know a subscriber is only entitled to one, unless of course he antes up for more. Of course, Arthur, you get all that is coming to you, but please don't expect two if you are only entitled to one. Detectives are too noble a body of men to ever display any signs of selfishness. In the next sentence you say: "I just ask you this one favor, 'two print my picture.'" Now there you are again. You want two prints of your picture, whereas one is all anyone is entitled to, I'll just bet it's because you are a detective that you want twice as much as anyone else. Or possibly, Arthur, the whole trouble lies in the fact that you have been such a wretchedly poor detective, such an unworthy follower of "Old Sleuth" and "Sherlock Holmes," that you have never been able to detect the difference between one and two. Now no man can be a real detective unless he knows the difference between two and two. Two and two invariably make four, but in this case two and two only make two. All down the ages they have been telling us that two and two make four, but unless you know how to spell, they may mean anything or nothing. A man who stands proudly before the public as a detective and a traveler ought not to mix his prepositions and adjectives in this appalling manner. Send along your picture, Arthur, and if you are not too strikingly beautiful, your flashing orbs not too piercingly terrible, or accusingly vengeful, I'll see your picture is printed in our columns before the century is out. Just have a little patience, dear boy, and everything will be as you wish.

PETERSBURG, IND.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: I received my membership card, button, and Uncle Charlie's book of poems and am well pleased with them. The poems are certainly grand. I will now describe myself. I am the oldest of four girls. I am five feet five inches tall, weigh one hundred and twenty-two pounds, have blue eyes and light hair, and was nineteen years old in March. How many of you cousins have the same birthday as I? I would like to receive post-card shower on my birthday. I have cards from nineteen states in the Union and am anxious to get cards from the rest of the country. My cousins correspond with persons in foreign countries. I write to friends in England, Scotland, France, Holland, Germany, Switzerland and Canada, and I think it is very interesting and instructive. I am very fond of music and can play the piano and sing. I also enjoy reading and have read "Les Misérables," "Quo Vadis," "Last Days of Pompeii," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "The Crisis," "Lorna Doone," "Lucile," "Shepherd of the Hills," "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," "Far From the Madding Crowd," "The Man on the Box," "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Music Master," most of all of Shakespeare's plays and several by Scott, Dickens and Elliot. At school I am studying domestic science and like it very much, but my preferred subjects are English and German. Papa is teaching me telegraphy. I like it very much and intend to be a telegraph operator. My letter is rather long and yet I have not told you about this "burgh," but there isn't much to tell, for it is a small place. Now Uncle Charlie come on with your criticisms. For I certainly like to read your answers. I will now close, and as the Germans all say: Lebwohl auf Wiedersehen! Your niece and cousin, HOLLIS TUCKER. (League Number, 35,220.)

Hollis, I am gratified you get so much enjoyment out of correspondence and the reading of good books. I shall never forget the joy and delight that came mine when in my youth I first became acquainted with Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Elliot, Hugo, Lytton, the Brontë sisters, Jules Verne, Marryat, Cooper, and a host of others, not forgetting Harrison Ainsworth's historical romances. I think of all the books I ever read, the one that made the deepest impression on my mind was "The Wandering Jew" by Eugene Sue. This to my mind is the most colossal, soul-stirring, heart-racking work in the whole range of fiction. I know it held me tense and spellbound from cover to cover. It is a marvelous monument to the imaginative genius of man. When I was at school it simply tortured me to have to break away from any story I happened to be interested in. I always had a

book wide open in my desk, and I'd raise the desk lid during class time, ostensibly in quest of a pen or pencil, but actually so that I could get an opportunity to devour one more paragraph or sentence. After I'd had the lid up sixteen times in as many seconds, the master in charge of my class would sail serenely in the direction of my desk, which by now was tightly closed, and say: "What have you got in that desk?" "Only my books, sir," was my prompt reply. "Well, suppose you let me see what kind of books you have there." Then I'd have to elevate the lid of my desk and expose the inevitable novel. "Ivanhoe," I thought so, "was the master's remark, as he yanked the book from my desk. Then as he closed the volume he banged me over the head with it, hammered it against my ears and said: 'You will see this book again two weeks hence. After school stay in and write a hundred lines of Virgil.' Ah me! what my love of fiction cost me at school. I was delighted to find 'Far From the Madding Crowd' among the list of books you have read. There is no work of fiction that is more exquisitely written or has greater charm than this. All Thomas Hardy's works have an indescribable charm. He stands head and shoulders above all living novelists using the English language. How you must have enjoyed 'Jane Eyre' and 'Lorna Doone,' and that wonderful 'Les Misérables.' Did you read Hugo's 'Notre Dame' and Lytton's 'Eugene Aram'? These books thrilled me in my youth, and lovingly I remember them. I am delighted to know you have read Shakespeare's plays. It takes a high order of intellect to be able to appreciate Shakespeare, unless you can see his immortal works interpreted on the stage and then all can revel in them. You all however, should read one of his plays, and when you have read one you will want to read them all. Not until you have read Shakespeare and the Bible can you thoroughly appreciate the beauty and majesty of human thought as expressed in this marvelously flexible and wonderful language of ours. Over the door of the library in ancient Thebes, now a mass of ruins, were written these words: 'Medicine for the soul.' The Egyptians had collected in Thebes and Alexandria wonderful libraries—the latter contained over 700,000 volumes. Vandal hands destroyed this magnificent and priceless collection of ancient literature. Humanity never has and never will recover from that loss. Gather together as many good books as you can, study them, ponder them, make their gems of thought part of the treasures of your own mind, and then you will never need to exist on the marsh and among the mists for the mountain peaks will beckon you to soar to their heights divine, and live among them. Without books, even God Himself is silent, justice slumbers, science halts its onward course, philosophy lies slain, letters dumb, reason flickers painfully and expires in the human mind, and the whole earth is covered with a pall of Cimmerian darkness. Hollis, I am delighted to know that as well as studying your books you are studying domestic science. Without good cooks we cannot appreciate good books. No science will bring greater happiness to mankind than the science domestic. You've got to have good coal, a good engineer and good stokers to get speed out of an engine, and you've got to have good food, well cooked and thoroughly digested before you can speed the brain, for food is the fuel of the body. When you get to be a telegraph operator you can flash a message to each of us. Don't flash mine however in German, for when the Goat translates it, he's sure to make it sound like swear-words.

MINATURE, NEBR.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS: Will you admit a school ma'am from Western Nebraska into your happy circle? Uncle correct and criticize all you please. I forgot all I ever knew about a month ago and you won't blame me when I tell you about it. I went about ninety miles from home to teach school. I am only sixteen and had never been away from home two weeks at a time in my life, and am a home baby anyway. So you can just imagine how homesick I got, out in the sandhills of Nebraska, among the range cattle, rattlesnakes, coyotes, beamed in with sand hills. I had to go three miles to school and I walked the first week and rode or tried to ride horseback the second week. One night I got homesick out on the hills all alone, and Uncle, what do you think I did? I just sat down on the ground and cried. I would have felt silly if anyone had caught me, a school ma'am, howling like a baby. I felt better after my cry just the same. The last week I rode a pony that was not safe for a greenhorn tenderfoot, and one day she started to buck and pitch and drew me off onto my head and sprained my ankle. So I am at present, but no longer long. I expect you will wonder how my ankle was sprained when I fell on my head, but that also is a mystery to me. You would think I was a tenderfoot if you could see me now, hobbling around. I like to sing and play accompaniments on the guitar. Come over some day, Uncle, and I will give you a tune or two. I am times. Just think, I am sixteen and still single. I guess I will just be an old maid and spite everybody. For pets I have three of the meanest, dearest, worstest, bestest brothers that ever lived, and a little sister. I am about five feet four inches tall, weigh one hundred and sixteen pounds, have brown eyes, brown hair and dark complexion. I will answer all the cousins if they send me cards. Lots of love to Uncle Charlie and his family. Your niece, MARIE McELWEE.

Thank you for your breezy letter, Marie. I could not tell until Maria referred to the postal directory, whether you lived in Minature, Minotore or Minature, and I had to guess at the last half of your name as the e looked like a u. If young ladies of sixteen will persist in teaching and assuming the great responsibility of acting as tutors to the young, they should be careful with their writing, and the formation of their letters. We must be careful with the little things of life, if we are going to be successful with the big ones. It is by the way we give thorough attention to the small things—the thousand and one apparently inconsequential things that turn up constantly in our daily lives—that makes for character and efficiency. There is not one thing in this world, no matter how small and insignificant, if it is worth doing at all, is not worth doing well. I do not think any girl, no matter how clever, is competent to teach even infants until she is at least eighteen. Though I am heart and soul with the women—as they are not only the salt of the race, but the most elevating, uplifting and superior half of it—I do, however, wish to say this: I hope the day will come when the boys in this country will be taught by men. Boys in their youth are mischievous and truculent. There is a big percentage of the savage and the animal in the boy. If you see a boy ill-treating an animal, there invariably is a girl close by, begging him not to be cruel. Did you ever think of that? Boys are by nature cruel, girls naturally kind. Girls can be influenced by kindness, reason and moral suasion. Sometimes boys are susceptible to these moral forces but to get the best results with boys you need that silent, forceful power, the power which suggests the ability, if not the desire, to deliver a sound thrashing if necessary. A boy under female instruction is liable at times to become a molly coddle. It takes manhood to produce manhood, latent strength to produce power and force. For instance, Marie, I cannot imagine that you would get very good results from teaching a class of unruly boys. There is an agitation here in the East for more male teachers. I hope you agree with me that they are necessary. I'm sorry we could not all have been on hand to have rubbedbed at you, when you were sitting in



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the sandhills with only a coyote and a rattlesnake for company. You must have got awfully rattled in such society, and I don't wonder that you wept from the very lonesomeness of your surroundings. You need not apologize for crying. Nebraska is a dry state and the more water it gets the better. I've no doubt there is some very choice vegetation now growing where you dropped your tears. If you are great on the weeps I should think you would be a fortune to a dry farmer. Your experience with that mustang, china-eyed cayuse, broncho or saddle pony, whichever you wish to call him, must have been quite exciting. It does seem an extraordinary thing that a young lady who is pitched into the air and falls on her head could ever sprain her ankle. From that I would gather that you have much greater resisting powers one end than the other. You must have an iron-clad cocoon and china feet. Billy the Goat says he knows how you sprained your ankle. You hit an awfully hard cloud going up. It was lucky you struck some soft sand coming down. It's always best to go to a sand heap if you want to fall on your head. You will naturally be in the tenderfoot class until that ankle heals. Any well-behaved foot ought to heal—I mean heal—quickly, and I trust, dear, yours will prove no exception.

MERIDIAN, Box 816, MISS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am bringing a nut for you to crack for me, and perhaps some of the other cousins may get some of the crumbs. I want to know what you did when you were a country girl and went to some city to work. Didn't you get lonesome sometimes? I know how to appreciate the great shut-in work you are doing because my grandmother has been an invalid, confined to her bed, for sixteen years during which time I have helped to take care of her. I came to the city to attend a business college and from there began work in an

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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Home Dressmaking Hints

By Geneva Gladding
Summer Fashions



ALL the brown shades are modish this season, varying from dull yellow to deep golden. A dash of the bright crude coloring which characterizes the native costumes of both Bulgarian and Turk are strongly in evidence. Fancy silks embroidered with these colors are used for collar and cuffs, either as a whole or as a deep border, and they also make the prettiest kind of platings. Laces are very attractive and durable, the ratine and linen trimming the heavier summer fabrics very smartly.

Ratine in both wool and cotton is a leader in suits, separate coats and dresses. It is often trimmed with the same material in another color, or made with tunic and skirt of different color; another charming combination is a pink tunic and white skirt. Cotton Bedford cord in white and colors is another satisfactory combination. Like cotton ratine it requires no starching and is suitable for all-around wear.

There is a revival of white brocade silk, and particularly attractive is this material made in to separate waists. These are usually made on simple lines with little or no trimming. Flowered silks are used to line tailored coats. Often these silks extend to edge of coat making a facing for the unstiffened lapels.

Draped skirts promise great popularity. Two very graceful designs are shown in Nos. 6101 and 6068, which are really very becoming. The soft blouse effect shown also in No. 6068 and in No. 6102 harmonizes with the skirt drapings and is seen in many of the new models.

Black satin as a contrast is one of the best trimmings. With tan, white, any of the red shades, blue or white it is wonderfully softening.

Pattern Descriptions

Nos. 5832-5827—White linen and cluny lace were the materials used in making this very stylish costume. The blouse is one of the present season's newest models. It has the seamless shoulder. The pattern provides for two styles of finish for the neck. The skirt is cut in three gores and can be made with the high or regulation waistline.

The waist pattern No. 5832 is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires one and one half yard of 44-inch material with nine yards of insertion and one and one half yard of edging to trim as illustrated. Price, 10 cents.

The skirt pattern No. 5827 is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure; medium size requires three and three quarters yards of 44-inch material. Width of lower edge is two and three eighths yards. Price, 10 cents.

Nos. 6102-6101—The surplice closing is used a great deal for dainty summer dresses, and here the same effect is used in arrangement of peplum. It has the long shoulder seam. The skirt is slightly draped on the left side. A soft girle finishes the regulation waist line.

The waist pattern No. 6102 is cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires three and five eighths yards of 20-inch bordered material and three eighths yard of 22-inch all-over for guimpe. Price, 10 cents.

The skirt pattern No. 6101 is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure; medium size requires four and one half yards of 20-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

Nos. 6011-6005—Simple and smart is this dress, the waist having a plain front and back with just a few gathers at the belt. In front the closing is quite low and a little to one side, leaving a chemise and standing collar of lace exposed. A well shaped wide collar ornaments the waist and the sleeves have three small tucks inside of elbow. The skirt is cut in four gores with a tunic effect, finished with side plaiting at the foot.

The waist pattern No. 6011 is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires two and five eighths yards of 36-inch material with three quarter yard of 22-inch all-over and three eighths yard of 24-inch contrasting fabric. Price, 10 cents.

The skirt pattern No. 6005 is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure; medium size requires five yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5594—This model is particularly adaptable to the broad insertions of which there is so varied an assortment. The simple waist is outlined at the neck, the sleeves are finished at bottom and the skirt has two rows of wide band trimming of lace. The waist is finished with a bright satin fold, and the same material appears in a band near lower edge of skirt. This waist is perforated for a round neck. The skirt is in one piece, the fullness at waist confined with tiny tucks.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires five yards of 36-inch material and six and one half yards of insertion. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5817—Ladies' Empire Dress. For soft materials this model is very pretty. The bodice has a group of tucks at each shoulder in front, a high or low neck, a center-back closing and an applied yoke which may be used or omitted. The skirt is cut in three sections.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires six yards of 36-inch material with one half yard of 27-inch contrasting color and fabric. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5772—Ladies' Empire Dress. Suitable for linen, ratine, gingham or thin wools. The waist has very little fullness with closing at back, though there is a simulated closing in front with a small rever turning away from each side faced with a contrasting color. The shoulder is long with sleeve slightly full in. A turnback cuff is made to match lapels, with lace same as that used in yoke showing below.

The four-gored skirt has a panel effect in the back.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure; medium size requires five and one half yards of 36-inch material and two and five eighths yards of 18-inch all-over for the guimpe. Width of lower edge of skirt is two and one half yards. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5997—Ladies' Dress. The waist of this dress closes in the back and has a small tuck at each side of both front and back from the shoulder to the belt. At the neck there is a fancy yoke, but this is applied and may be omitted if

preferred. The skirt is cut in six gores and has double box-plait front and back.

Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure, medium size requires six and one half yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures two and one half yards around the lower edge. Price, 10 cents.

No. 4810—This wrapper is cut on princess lines, with no dividing line at the waist, where it is held in to the figure by a belt. The front has a small group of tucks on each side near the center where it opens.

Cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure; medium size requires six and three quarters yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6068—Misses' Dress. The closing of this dress is at one side of front. Here a short frill of lace is worn and the edge where lace is sewed

on decorated with four flat buttons. The round neck and sleeves which are finished with cuffs have a narrow muslin frill. The waist has the popular long shoulder and blouses slightly. The skirt is draped and finished with buttons. A very stylish costume.

Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; 16 requires five and one quarter yards of 36-inch material with three eighths yard of edging and one and one quarter yards of plating. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5041—Misses' Dress. The blouse of this dress is quite simple with a side front closing. The four-gored skirt has a seam in the center of the back and the right front overlaps the left where it closes. Linen or pongee would develop this model attractively.

Cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; medium size requires five and one half yards of 36-inch

material with one half yard of 24-inch contrasting goods. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5224—A One-Piece Slip or Guimpe with a high neck, long sleeves and is made without darts and slightly gathered at the belt. It has a standing collar, but the pattern also provides for a slightly low square cut at the neck.

Cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure; medium size requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5423—Girls' Dress. The front and back of this dress both have a small tuck down the outer edges of the center panel, giving the favorite Gibson shoulder. The neck is round and slightly low. Linen, gingham or percale are good summer materials.

Cut in sizes six, eight, 10 and 12 years; medium size requires three yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5140—A useful dress for morning and playtime. Very simple to make. A plain waist with neck finished square or with a small turn-over collar. The sleeves are bishop. The one-piece skirt is gathered all around.

Cut in sizes three, five, seven, nine and 11 years; medium size requires two and five eighths yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5486—Girls' Tunic Dress. The body and sleeve section of the blouse of this dress is cut in one piece with seam on the under side of both. The closing is in the center of the back. The tunic effect is obtained by adding on pieces below the waistline and under these there is the plaited skirt, all being joined in one garment.

Cut in sizes six, eight, 10 and 12 years; medium size requires three yards of 36-inch material with three quarters yard of 27-inch contrasting goods for trimming bands. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5453—To wear in the water or near the water, or merely playing about at home, this is an ideal suit for little girls. It has a two-piece underwaist to which is attached bloomers, without too much fullness.

Cut in sizes four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years; medium size requires three and one eighth yards of 44-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6082—This dress is cut in sacque lines, perfectly straight from shoulder to hem. At the shoulders in both front and back there is a single outward turning tuck, which may be stitched down as far as desired. The dress closes in the center of the front. The new broad belt has two sets of buttons and buttonholes.

Cut in sizes two, four, six and eight years; medium size requires two and one eighth yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5964—The blouse of this dress has a tuck down each side of the front and under one of these the closing is arranged. The skirt is cut with three gores and is attached to an underwaist, which fastens in the back and is sleeveless.

Cut in sizes six, eight, 10 and 12 years; medium size requires three and three eighths yards of 36-inch material and one half yard of 36-inch for underwaist. Price, 10 cents.

No. 6092—This dainty little frock is made in the well liked Norfolk style. It has a long coat blouse with a plait on each side of the front. The skirt is made with three gores and has very little fullness. It closes in front on a line with the coat fastening.

Cut in sizes six, eight, 10 and 12 years; medium size requires three and one quarter yards of 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

No. 5753—This frock has a very shallow shoulder yoke in both front and back. The material of the skirt portions is gathered and attached to this yoke. The closing is concealed beneath a band down the center of the front.

Cut in sizes two, four, six and eight years; medium size requires three and one eighth yards of 27-inch material. Price 10 cents.

Questions Answered

Boys' Suits.—O. M. M. I am publishing for your benefit two special patterns; Nos. 5819 and 6000. If your little boy is large of his age and can wear a two-year size, No. 5819 is a practical style, but if small, the dress No. 6000 would be more satisfactory. When little boys go from dresses to Russian suits depends largely on size. For summer wear in N. C. No. 5819 is very comfortable made of gingham, trimmed with a darker shade, and for play made with the low neck and short sleeves. The pattern envelope will contain a chart giving instructions on cutting, and printed directions for making. No. 6000 will also have chart and directions, and if you get the right size I am sure the making will give you no trouble. The collar may be omitted, finishing the neck with a bias band. The opening is at the side under plait.

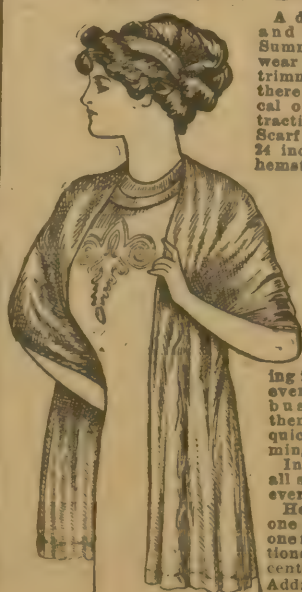
EMBROIDERY.—Mrs. A. F. F. Three initials placed to one side of the center where they will not be covered by centerpiece is a style now followed by many and as you can see is very sensible. All kinds of handwork on table linen is in vogue. Drawnwork, using a square design in the center and a row to match around the edge is very pretty. Here you could use the initials to one side. A scallop is very handsome. You can in fact follow any of the styles you have written me about and be sure they are proper. Any work sent to In and Around the Home will be returned in due time.

SEAMS.—ELIDA. French seams are made by putting the two edges together on the right side and sewing close to the edge. Trim edges if they have frayed; turn over garment and seam again just deep enough to take in the edges. Some materials are too heavy for French seaming and should be felled. This is done by basting the two edges together, one edge about five eighths above the other. Take a quarter inch seam on the machine, turn seam flat toward you which will bring the longer edge on top which you turn under and fell down by hand, not quite taking through.

WIDENING SKIRT.—ALICE. you need not lay aside your shrunken two-piece skirt for you can remedy it without evidence of having done so. Insert a piece of the material the entire length of skirt wide enough to relieve scantiness; let strips run crossways which will form a trimming.

SLEEVES.—JANE R., the long shoulder as shown in Nos. 6068 and 6102 is very fashionable. Both long and short sleeves are worn, but no doubt as the warm weather approaches the short and three quarters length will prevail, for women will not readily give up so comfortable a style. Ruffles of lace or chiffon, or narrow platings are effective sleeve finishes. No. 6011 shows a return of the cluster of tucks inside of elbow; a graceful touch to the plain sleeve.

TWO YARD LONG SILK MUSLIN SCARF



A dainty shoulder throw and head covering for Summer, or for evening wear the year round. For trimming Summer Hats there is nothing so practical or so easily and attractively arranged. Each Scarf is two yards long and 24 inches wide, with deep hemstitched edge, and we have them in white, black, light blue and light pink.

Each day use such a scarf is indispensable and for car or boat riding, pleasure or otherwise one or more of these scarfs will be found useful. Being ready to wear, the saving of time in hemstitching is worth something to every woman, and the busy Mothers will find them so convenient for a quick method of trimming the children's hats.

In the cities the stores all show these scarfs and everyone is wearing them. Heretofore retailed for one dollar, while we give one for only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Special Offers. Send and send one new 12-month subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for one pattern free. A club of two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each season-three patterns. These must be bona-fide subscriptions, not your own nor renewals. The cash price of each pattern is given with the description. Order by number and state plainly size or age. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Four Wheel Chairs in April 189 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

I sent out four wheel chairs in April although the month's subscriptions fell 48 short of the 800 requisite for that number of chairs. In doing this I am anticipating these 48 lacking subscriptions to be made up later. It is my custom to do this. As I have said before, I send out the chairs a little faster than you send in the subscriptions. The appeals from the wheel-chair applicants are so urgent, so touching that I can not do otherwise than strain a point to hasten the distribution of chairs and make it as large as possible each month.

Considering the unfavorable weather conditions of the past month four wheel chairs should be deemed fairly satisfactory for April, for undoubtedly the number would have been five if the prevailing floods had not interfered with subscription getting.

Following are the names of the recipients of the four April wheel chairs. The figures after each name indicate the number of subscriptions which the friends of each have sent in aid of the Wheel-Chair Club.

Mrs. John Trimmer, North Branch Depot, N. J., 102; Edith Bachelder, R.R. 1, Raymond, N. H., 74; Gertrude Galer, Greenwood, S. Dak., 59; James Thorn, Red Bay, Ala., 52.

We have a fine Roll of Honor below in which you will be interested to note that some of the shut-ins who have already received their wheel chairs are still sending in subscriptions to help the Club, thus giving substantial proof of their gratitude; for instance, Flossie Pearl Wright, who got hers in February, sends in 23 subscriptions herself. Annie L. Vinson, who sent the club of 48 for James Thorn, is herself an invalid.

This is a nice, pleasant month to get out and do some work for the shut-ins. They want to get out too, so do your best and help me to send them as many May wheel chairs as possible.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P.S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

COMFORT Wheel Chair Helps Her and Those who had to Wait on Her

NUMA, IOWA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received my wheel chair and am so much pleased with it. It not only helps me, but all those around me, as I can now walk on myself. I would also like to thank all my kind friends who were so good as to help me get the chair, and with many thanks to you and Mr. Gannett, I am,

Your little friend,

FLOSSIE PEARL WRIGHT.

Wheel Chair Enables Her to Get Out and Visit Friends

MARGHERUM, ALA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I received my wheel chair yesterday. Many thanks to you, Uncle Mr. Gannett and all who helped me get it. It will be so much help to me, and will enable me to get around, and to go visiting again. God bless you for your kindness to the sick and crippled.

Your grateful friend,

ANNIE LEE VINSON.

Wheel Chair Consoles Her Mind and Rests Her Afflicted Body

GOOD SPRINGS, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Please accept my thanks for the wheel chair. It consoles my mind and rests my afflicted body. May the Lord bless you. I know He will. Yours sincerely,

MARIE TIPPER.

Can Wheel Herself Around Easily in Her Chair

JACKSON, GA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

The COMFORT wheel chair came yesterday, and I wish to thank you, Mr. Gannett, and everyone who helped me get it. I am a cripple but I can wheel myself around easily in the chair, and it will be so much comfort to me. Again thanking you for your kindness and praying God's blessing upon you, I am,

Yours gratefully,

LILLIE LUMMUS.

Entire Town Rejoices with this Shut-In over the Arrival of Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

HOPE, ARK., Dec. 18, 1912.

MR. W. H. GANNETT:

DEAR SIR.—Seven days from today the world will be rejoicing over the birthday of the Christ child, but Hope is rejoicing tonight over the arrival of the rolling wheel chair which has reached me safely; and it is all a person could wish—handsome, noiseless, reclining, ball-bearing, it affords endless pleasure in whisking along in it. Why! A two thousand dollar automobile would not take the place of this wheel chair. All Hope joins in one voice, "Long live Uncle Charlie and the noble work he is doing in helping the invalids." Words fail to express our appreciation of the chair.

Yours respectfully,

MRS. ROBERT STEPHENSON.

Her COMFORT Wheel Chair a Great Help

HAWLEY, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

My wheel chair arrived safely, and I write to thank COMFORT and to express my gratitude to all my friends who helped to get the chair. I have been a sufferer for years, am not able to walk, will be sixty-three years of age my next birthday. I certainly do appreciate my chair, and know it will be a great help and comfort to me. Your grateful friend,

MRS. L. F. WYATT.

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Gertrude Galer, S. Dak., for own wheel chair, 59; Annie L. Vinson, Ala., for Jim Thorn, 48; Mrs. M. J. Tolbert, Texas, for some worthy person, 30; Malinda Freeman, Okla., for own wheel chair, 27; Flossie Pearl Wright, Texas, 23; Mary Etta Higgins, N. J., for Mrs. John Trimmer, 22; Carson Behringer, Texas, for own wheel chair, 20; Edward H. Ober, N. J., for Edith Bachelder, 20; May I. Decker, N. J., for Mrs. John Trimmer, 20; Arthur Dunn, S. C., for H. C. Dunn, 20; J. Ross Lake, N. J., for Mrs. John Trimmer, 20; Mrs. J. V. D. Quick, N. J., for Mrs. John Trimmer, 20; Mrs. Ethel Arnett, Okla., for Susie Midian, 18; Lee Tingley, Okla., for Flossie Pearl Wright, 12; Maggie Hanks, Mo., for own wheel chair, 12; Mrs. Dica L. Williams, Ohio, for some poor invalid, 12; Mrs. Rufus Galloway, N. C., for Flossie Pearl Wright, 11; Mrs. C. M. Wright, Texas, for Mrs. Bowman, 11; John Severns, Kans., for John Brady, 11; Esther Alton, Minn., 10; Mrs. J. H. Wofford, Texas, for Mrs. J. B. Wofford, 10; Mrs. Annie Boswell, Mo., for Flossie Pearl Wright, 10; Mrs. S. G. Neff, Pa., 7; Mrs. W. B. Harrison, N. C., for own wheel chair, 7; Lillie McIntosh, Tenn., for J. D. McIntosh, 7; E. T. Horwood, Tenn., 5; Bryan, N. C., for J. D. McIntosh, 5; Mrs. Henry Wilson, Neb., 5; Mrs. J. D. Prock, Tenn., for Dolly Prock, 5; Miss A. L. French, Va., for most worthy, 5; Mrs. G. M. Beard, Texas, for most worthy, 5; Emma G. Goodhue, N. H., for Mrs. M. A. Warren, 5; Jennie Vardelle, Texas, for Mrs. Vardelle, 5; Miss Annie Matthews, Kansas, for Flossie Pearl Wright, 5; Mrs. Lee Davis, Miss., for Flossie Pearl Wright, 5; Mrs. Clara Nickels, Ohio, 5; Mrs. Mary Thompson, Mo., 5; Miss Frances DeMarest, Mich., for Caroline DeMarest, 5; Mrs. L. A. Caldwell, Texas, 5; C. Livingston, Okla., for most worthy person, Miss Laura Bibbey, Iowa, for Flossie Pearl Wright, 5; Miss Arley Barton, Oregon, for Flossie Pearl Wright, 5; Mrs. H. R. Logan, Ky., for Ethel Logan, 5; Tom Whitman, Mass., for Edith Bachelder, 5; Mrs. E. A. Swan, Vt., 5; Mrs. John Brady, Kans., for Mr. John Brady, 5.

Creatures of Destiny

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

of Marie's disappearance on the eye of the wedding; and, though her ladyship's explanation was not entirely satisfactory, it was received with an affectionate of absolute credence. Everybody had an explanation of his or her own, and most persons surmised that there had been a quarrel between the young people, a misunderstanding which Philip had succeeded in smoothing away.

Nothing could be more correct and sympathetic than the manner of the Bradfords, the Glennys, the Lawleys, and the other friends and acquaintances when they called at the castle—which they promptly did—to inquire after Marie. And she received them with all her old self-possession and quiet dignity.

She offered no explanation of the sudden interruption of the marriage, but bore herself as if nothing had happened out of the ordinary, and spoke of Philip as if there had never been any breach between them. Of course they accepted the situation; but they could not fail to notice the change in her, which her perfect manner, her smiling serenity, could not completely mask.

"Something has certainly happened," said Lady Bradfitch to her friend, Lady Glenny. "The dear child has altered very much; she is just as lovely as ever—indeed, that paler suits her; it makes those eyes of hers and that wonderful hair still more remarkable and attractive—but she is thin; and that little droop of her lip, one notices it more plainly."

"And Philip?" said Lady Glenny. "We hear that he has been terribly ill; met with some accident. William was at the Hall yesterday, and saw him for a minute or two, and he, my husband, says that the poor boy is but a shadow of his former self; and he was never very robust. Something mysterious must have happened, my dear."

"Yes," assented Lady Bradfitch. "But we shall never know. Marie can be as silent as the Sphinx when she chooses to be; and Philip will say nothing, of course. Whatever it is, it has not broken off the marriage. Lady Merston—"

"Oh, Lady Merston has shown marvelous tact," broke in Lady Glenny. "I should scarcely have expected it of her; she smiles and talks as if nothing whatever had happened as if it were quite usual for a girl to disappear on the eve of her wedding and be brought back by her fiancé; as if, in short, the little interlude were really of no consequence."

"And that is exactly how we must take it," observed the countess. "We must all behave as if it were a usual occurrence."

And they did so. The days passed on, and one every one of them Marie, accompanied by Lady Merston, went to the Hall to see Philip. He had been kept in his bed for a few days, but after a week or two he got up, and was able to walk about the house and the grounds; he now walked with decided limp, and he looked very thin and emaciated. One afternoon Marie chanced to see his violin on the table, and she took it up and put it in his hand, and went to the piano, ready to accompany him.

He had not as yet touched the beloved instrument; and as he took it now his pale face flushed, and he looked at Marie gratefully. They played for sometime, and the music did him good; so she got him to play at every visit.

Not a word had been said of their marriage, but Philip was terribly anxious to get well enough for the ceremony and a honeymoon journey; and he assayed some walks outside the grounds; and Marie went with him. When she was not at the Hall or in her own room, she spent most of her time pacing up and down the terrace. Once or twice—indeed, many times—she had felt that she ought to go and see Reuben, to give him news of Larry; but her strength failed her. She knew that she could not speak Larry's name without displaying emotion, without reviving with bitter force the memory of those few happy days, the agony of their ending.

Besides, Larry had not written, had gone away again; and perhaps she had no right to tell Reuben of Larry's return to England.

On one of her visits to the Hall she met Philip outside the domain. He seemed much better, stronger. Lady Merston, after a moment or two, walked on; and when Marie and Philip were alone, Philip suddenly sprang the subject of the marriage upon her.

"I am so much better, dearest; I am growing stronger every day. I walked quite a long way this afternoon, and my leg scarcely pains me. Marie, you know the wish, the hope of my heart. Will you marry me soon? Remember your promise, there—at Rouen. We have not said a word about the past; we have agreed not to do so. Yes, yes, that is quite right; it is better so! I can trust you now, dearest."

"Yes, you can trust me now, Philip," said Marie, in a low voice. "The wedding shall be when you please."

He caught her hand and pressed it to his lips; and he was too overcome for speech at the moment; but presently they talked he eagerly, excitedly; she calmly, in low voice, with set face. And when they had parted the coldness of her voice, the impassiveness of her face, haunted and distressed him. He limped back to the Hall and absently took up the violin, as another man might take a narcotic or sedative, and he limped out with it to the little glade in the wood, the spot in which he always liked to play. But the strains of the music failed to soothe him, and he lowered his bow with a gesture of impatience, and an irritation which was increased by the sight of a man walking among the trees.

Philip limped toward him, and saw that he was the old gypsy whom he had found wandering there some time ago, the old man who had corrected Philip in his playing and had afterward played the violin so wonderfully. The man was walking stealthily, and yet in a leisurely way and with his hands in his pockets, as if he were quite at his ease; and his manner and attitude angered Philip as they would not have done at any other time.

Calling to the man to stop, he limped toward him. The Snapper stopped at once, and, removing his hands from his pockets, nodded in a casual manner.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Philip. "Taking a walk and listening to your playing, my lord," replied the Snapper, in his soft voice, and with a covert insolence which added to Philip's anger.

"You have no right here," he said. "I told you so the last time I found you here. I was too lenient with you then, and I suppose you are taking advantage of the fact. You must know perfectly well that I cannot have persons walking about the grounds at all hours of the day, as if the place belonged to them."

The Snapper leaned against a tree, and, taking a pipe from his pocket, lit it slowly and carefully. His eyes fixed on Philip with a curious expression, one of sinister mockery. "I was watching you with rapidly mounting indignation, noticed as the match that there was mold on the man's clawlike hands and on the knees of his trousers," noticed the fact vaguely.

"Be off with you," he said angrily. "Be off at once. I won't have you remain here another minute."

The Snapper looked at him and nodded slowly. His evil-looking lips curved with the covert mockery which shone in his dark, piercing eyes. "And if I don't go in another minute, what will you do to me, my lord?" he asked. "I want to know, because you don't look as if you were able to tackle even an old man like me; you couldn't very well pick me up and carry me outside the gates."

Philip took out his watch, and, controlling himself, said as quietly as he could: "I will give you a minute; if you are not gone then, I will call the servants and have you taken to the police station."

The man still leaned against the tree, stuck

his hands in his pockets again, and smoked deliberately, his eyes fixed on Philip's face. Philip stood with the watch in his hand, as motionless as the Snapper. He gave him more than a minute's grace, then he turned toward the house. As he did so, the Snapper said, not hurriedly, but slowly, with his voice like silk:

"When you have called the finkies, my lord, what are you doing to tell them? Whatever it is, I shall have something to say to them as well; and perhaps, after all, after they have heard me, they won't be so ready as you think to turn the old man off the premises. Hi!" he said a little louder, as Philip did not stop. "I had another reason for coming to the Hall tonight, my lord; two reasons, to speak the truth. One of 'em I don't choose to tell you; but the other I will, and, by Heaven! if you care for yourself and the pretty lady at the castle you'd better come back and listen."

Philip swung round and limped quickly toward him, lifting the stick to strike him.

"You insolent vagabond! you dare to utter Lady Marie's name, to threaten—"

The Snapper caught the stick and averted the blow with one hand and seized Philip's arm with the other. The evil old face was livid and distorted with rage.

"You strike me, you—you young hound!" he hissed. "Stand there!"

With a strength amazing in a man of his age, he half hurled, half thrust Philip against the tree on which he himself had been leaning.

"Stand there and listen to me," he snarled; and in a voice that grew calmer and as soft as usual as he went on, he poured out slowly a stream of words which chained Philip to the spot, rendered him motionless with amazement and horror.

As the Snapper proceeded with his revelation—and a terrible revelation it was—Philip sank to the foot of the tree and covered his face with his hands. The gypsy was quite calm now, and he stated his case with a lucidity and a directness which had their due effect upon the horror-stricken listener. Philip at last broke silence.

"It is not true!" he cried hoarsely. "It is a tissue of lies, concocted for the purpose of blackmailing me."

The Snapper shrugged his shoulders.

"It's true enough," he said quietly. "If you want further proofs you can have them; but if there are any natural feelings, your own will tell you that I am speaking the truth. The question is: What are you going to do—my lord?" He paused before the title with a significance that made Philip shudder.

"I don't know, I don't know! I must have time to consider, to think over this awful story of yours. I must consult my lawyer, Mr. Sherbourne."

"No, that won't suit me," said the Snapper decidedly. "That will give the show away; and if anybody is going to do it I should like to do it myself. I should naturally look after my own scheme. I should say I had only just discovered it, and play the part of a virtuous denouncer of a great wrong. The other party would no doubt reward me. Say the word, and I will be off to the lawyer at once and make a clean breast of it. But if you want my advice, I'll give it to you. Of course it isn't disinterested, because I want to make a bit out of this business, my lord." Philip started at the man's familiarity. "I should say if you were a wise man you will make terms with me, hold your tongue, and let affairs go on as they are. Why, after all, it may be only a cock-and-bull story of mine; that I may be just romancing. You've only to go on believing that, and that the story is so wild that it isn't worth your while to investigate it. I shan't give you any trouble. Why, you must see that it would pay me better to keep my mouth shut, to receive a lump sum down and an income sufficient to keep an old gentleman with a taste for roving."

"No, no!" breathed Philip. "I could not do it. I must convince myself of the truth or falseness of your statement. If it is true—oh, God forbid—I must at once take steps, I must surrender everything."

Then Snapper screwed up his piercing eyes and looked at the Hall, of which he could get a glimpse through the trees.

"It is a good deal to give up," he said meditatively. "It's a precious big lot to give up. And it isn't only the title, and the place, and the money, but the young lady and—"

Philip rose with a wild gesture.

"Silence!" he said. "I will not have you speak of her."

"Just so," said the Snapper, in his soft voice. "But she's got to be thought of. That's the worst of this world; you've got to think of others. You've got to think of their happiness and the trouble you may bring upon them. I tell you, my lord, I've thought a good deal of her. In fact, I am relying on her, and your fondness for her. Speaking candidly—and I mean to be quite candid and outspoken in this business—I intended keeping my mouth shut until you had married her; you wouldn't have hesitated to come to terms then; but you've forced my hand tonight; you raised my dander by coming upon me here, just now, and taking the high-and-mighty tone you did. You must admit that it was enough to rouse a man, to be ordered off the place by a chap that ought to have been glad to see him. But respecting Lady Marie—"

Philip held up his hand and limped up and down, trembling with agitation.

It had been of Lady Marie that he had been thinking ever since the Snapper had begun his revelation. Title, estate, money he could have brought himself to surrender. But Marie! The thought of giving up Marie was worse than that of death.

He was undergoing a terrible temptation. Never had his love for her burned more ardently in his bosom than it did at that moment. And, as usual, the devil was on the side of the tempter. After all, this man's story might be a concoction, and it would be wiser, even absolutely right, to accept his suggestion and believe that the story was false. If it were false, then Philip would be justified in avoiding the scandal which could only annoy and trouble Marie. It would be better to pay the man the blackmail he demanded, to make it worth his while to hold his tongue, to leave the country. As he had said, it could be made his interest to keep silence. Philip was not so foolish as to think that he could purchase such silence by one payment, by a stipulated allowance; but it would surely be better to give up half his fortune than to lose Marie.

And they were going to be married soon! In a few weeks would come the realization of his life's dream, of his life's hope. Since her return, Marie had been kind and gentle to him; she was beginning to love him; full love would come after their marriage.

In a word, her happiness and his lay before him, a glorious vision, a vision which set every nerve thrilling with joy. And he was to destroy all this, take the cup from his lips and fling it aside, because a disreputable gypsy, a man of so low a type as to be unworthy of his notice, sprang upon him a story, a statement too preposterous, too far-fetched to be credible.

Marie! Marie! So nearly his! How could he endure a repetition of the agony which her recent flight had caused him? To give him his due, it must be said that he did not think of the shame, the humiliation which awaited him if he made public this old man's statement; but he did think of the humiliation which Marie would have to bear.

Oh! better silence at any cost, at any cost. The trouble would be his; the punishment, if he did wrong in this matter, would be his. He could bear it alone and without a murmur, if Marie were by his side. Why, there would even be a joy in knowing that he was paying a great, a terrible price for her; that he was suffering to

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avoid, to keep away the evil shadow which must darken her life. And while this conflict was going on within Philip's racked bosom, while his good and bad angels were wrestling for the poor fellow's soul, the Snapper looked on, smoking deliberately.

"Well," he said at last, "which is it to be? Are you going to play the part of the virtuous young man on the stage who chucks up everything, his sweetheart included, goes out into the world with sixpence in his pocket, and everybody he knows laughing at him for being such a juggins? In the play the young man always comes back with a pocketful of money, things are cleared up to his liking, and he marries the girl, and everything ends happily. Very pretty!"

He laughed sarcastically. "But that's the theater. But in real life things don't pan out so cheery. The juggins comes back in rags and finds that his girl has married a fellow with more sense. There's no room for juggins in this world; there's scarcely room enough for sensible folk. I have no pity for fools myself. Don't you be one, my lad. Don't you knock the bottom out of your happiness and Lady Marie's."

Philip turned upon him angrily; then resumed his pacing with bent head.

"Why, I'm told that since she's come back she loves the ground you tread on—"

Philip uttered a low cry and confronted the tempter.

"I cannot do it," he said, rather to his own conscience than to the Snapper. "Tell me exactly what you want of me. I do not believe this story of yours—"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Faithful Shirley

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

A few moments later Madame Marton stole from her hiding-place, and, with a very pale, stern face, sought her own room instead of going to rejoin the guests below, as she had at first intended.

There was very little sleep for the woman that night. She had been thoroughly enraged, as well as keenly wounded, by that portion of Blanche Norwood's letter that Lurline had read to Mary and Helen Montclair, every word of which she had of course heard.

Every member of the Norwood family had always professed the greatest regard for her. Mr. and Mrs. Norwood were constantly urging her to make them frequent visits, and always showed her marked attention whenever she did so.

Being of a suspicious nature, she had never given them credit for being remarkably sincere, or disinterested in their professions; at the same time, they were all the connections she had in the world, and she clung to them for that reason, and because she had no other place to go, intending, if everything went smoothly, to make them her heirs at her death.

During her recent visit to New York this purpose had been strengthened, for especial pains had apparently been taken to make her enjoy herself, and she had returned to St. Sauveur feeling very kindly toward them.

She was not unconscious of her own peculiarities in person, dress, or manner; but this had apparently made no difference with their treatment of her—they had shown her just as much deference, had been just as attentive to her, dancing attendance upon her with the most cheerful alacrity, no matter where she wished to go.

Now, however, her eyes were opened, and she realized that their apparent friendliness and good will had been all a sham; that they had humored her every whim, flattered and cajoled her only because they hoped to reap the benefit of her fortune as soon as she should "shuffle off this mortal coil."

"Bah! They are all alike; there is no truth or honesty in human nature," she muttered, as she threw herself wearily into a chair after she had shut herself into the darkness and gloom of her own room, while a sense of utter friendliness and desolation, such as she had never experienced before, crept over her, and made her feel as if life were no longer worth the living.

"I will never believe in any one again," she went on; "nobody shall ever pull the wool over my old eyes after this. 'A queer old bird,' indeed!—a guy and a contemporary with Methuselah; a kind of aunt, but really no blood relation." Humph!

These quotations were repeated with intense anger, vindictiveness, and asperity, but, at the same time, the woman's face was pitifully pale and drawn, showing that, in the depths of her heart, she was suffering the most acute and soul-sickening agony.

The bold avowal on the part of Blanche of the heartless deception and hypocrisy of which she had been the victim seemed to have wrung away the only prop upon which she had depended for her old age, thus making her feel like an alien in the world, and like a cumber of the earth.

It was a night of wretchedness to her, and, for the time, she entirely forgot the wrong against Shirley in her own keen sufferings. She could not sleep; she would not even retire, but sat through the long, gloomy hours by the open window, brooding over and rebelling against her hard fate, until, just as the gray dawn was beginning to break, worn out with the fierce passion which had raged so long in her soul, she crept into bed, hoping to get an hour or two of rest before being compelled to face that "false humanity" which, to a certain extent, she had always affected to distrust, but which she now believed she would forever heartily despise, and never put the slightest faith in again.

Shirley slept fairly well, in spite of the trouble which had so nearly unnerved her.

She awoke very early in the morning, only a little after Madame had crept into her bed, and, feeling somewhat strengthened by the rest she had obtained, she tried to face her trouble in a calm and practical manner.

Daylight and sunshine always bring something of hope to the most hopeless, and Shirley went carefully over the whole ground of her acquaintance with life; remembering, in connection with it, Madame's suspicions regarding the truth of Blanche Norwood's statements, she began to hope that she had judged her lover too harshly, and her tender conscience reproached her for it.

"I will not believe it of him, until I hear from his own lips, or over his own signature, that it is true," was the conclusion she finally came to. "I will write to him once more and demand an explanation of his long silence and of what I heard last night; then I will try to be patient until I receive an answer from him."

If the test prove him true, I will honor and love him as long as I live; if he has deceived me, and is really going to marry Miss Norwood, and will utterly destroy all affection for him, and I believe, also kill my faith in all mankind. But, until I know, I will try not to grieve over an uncertainty, although I feel as if I had received a mortal stab. I must not allow it to unfit me for my duties."

She arose, and after dressing, sat down and wrote a long letter to Clifton, telling him of her many unanswered letters and what Miss Norwood had written to her friend, Miss Lovering.

"If you have ceased to love me," she wrote—"if you feel that you have made a mistake in asking me to be your wife, and that your future happiness depends upon your marrying Miss Norwood, tell me so frankly. I can better bear the blight of certainty than the suspense of suspicion. Still, I will not believe it until I hold the proof of it in my own hands, so pray write immediately on the receipt of this."

She sealed and addressed the letter, and then ran lightly down-stairs and slipped it into the mail bag, that it might go by the early delivery, which usually left the house before the family were astir while the incoming letters were brought back and distributed at breakfast. It was Sunday morning, but there was always an early mail on that day, and she felt somewhat relieved when her missive was on its way to its destination.

Then she returned to her room, and sat down to read until breakfast time.

Usually Madame knocked at her door soon after the rising bell rang, and allowed her to assist her in making her toilet; but this morning Shirley did not even hear her moving about her room, and wondered what made her so quiet.

She waited until it was almost time to go down, and still hearing no movement, she became anxious and ventured to tap upon her door.

There was no answer. She rapped again, and this time she was sure she heard a groan.

Greatly alarmed, she opened the door and entered the room, to find Madame wide awake, but looking flushed and feverish, and tossing impatiently about the bed.

"What do you want?" she harshly demanded, and in a hoarse, unnatural voice.

"Why, Madame Marton! what a cold you have taken!" Shirley exclaimed in a startled tone.

"Why did you not call me, and let me do something for you?" she asked with gentle reproach.

A hoarse grunt and an irritable twitch at the bedclothes was all the response she received to her question.

"What can I do for you now?" Shirley asked, as she went to the woman's side and laid her cool hand softly on her hot forehead.

"Nothing, only let me alone," was the ungracious reply, as Madame snatched her head away from the gentle touch.

She was still so wounded and enraged over the discoveries of the previous evening, so distrustful of everyone's motives, that she now unjustly

classed even her faithful companion among the false and hypocritical.

"But I do not like to do that," Shirley answered, ignoring her surliness, and mentally attributing it to her illness. "You are very hoarse, and must have something done for it immediately. I will go and ask Lord Wallace to prescribe some simple remedy for you."

"You will do no such thing," was the harsh and authoritative retort. "I'm not going to have the whole house aroused just because I've taken a slight cold. Go down to your breakfast, and don't say a word about me, except that I'll be down later."

Shirley looked deeply troubled. She knew that at Madame's age a sudden cold often proved very serious if neglected.

"If you are unwilling that I should say anything to Lord Wallace, pray let me send for your own physician, Dr. Maynard," she pleaded.

"No, I won't; I'm not going to have a doctor," Madame obstinately returned. "I'm not going to die just yet," she added, with a grim smile; "at least I'm going to try to live long enough to make my will, and I will not matter much how soon I close my career; there isn't anyone to care how soon this 'queer old bird' is put under ground, though there are those who would scramble pretty lively after her gold—eh?" and the leer, accompanied by a malicious chuckle, which she darted at Shirley out of her bloodshot eyes actually frightened the girl, who believed her to be delirious.

"Please do not talk so, dear Madame Marton," she said soothingly, "and I really wish that you would let me send for a doctor."

"Shut up!" commanded Madame, appearing to be irritated beyond endurance by her gentle tones. "You are just as sweet and wheedling as all the rest of them, and if you say 'doctor' to me again I'll discharge you on the spot."

Shirley flushed, while at the same time she was a trifle amused over the idea of being discharged for so light an offense; but she did not feel the slightest resentment toward the woman, for she still believed her to be a little out of her head, and not responsible for what she said.

She saw that she would have no medical attendance, and not wishing to antagonize her further, she quietly left the room, and, returning to her own, wrung a large piece of flannel out of her water, and, taking it to Madame, she calmly began to unbutton her nightgown, without even asking her permission to do so.

"What are you going to do?" the woman demanded.

"I have a hot flannel which I am going to put on your chest," Shirley answered, without pausing in her work; and Madame making no further resistance, she spread it over her lungs and throat, and covered it with a dry cloth.

It was not five minutes after that before her patient began to be relieved, and she readily submitted to have the treatment repeated, as soon as the flannel became cool.

Meantime Shirley rang for a servant, and asked that a light breakfast might be sent up to her, as Madame was not quite well, and she did not like to leave her; then, for two hours she kept up the hot water applications, and at the end of that time she had the satisfaction of seeing that the hoarseness was greatly relieved—so much so that Madame insisted upon getting up and ordering a cup of coffee.

After this Shirley tried to persuade her to take alternate doses of aconite and belladonna, remedies which she always kept by her for her own use in the case of colds.

"I am afraid you will have pneumonia or a fever if you do not try to induce perspiration," she pleaded.

"Well, what is it to you whether I am sick or well—whether I live or die?" Madame sullenly inquired, with a suspicious look at Shirley's anxious face.

The girl regarded her with pained surprise. She could not understand why she should have become so rude to her all at once.

"It is a great deal to me," she quietly replied, "for one thing, I could not see anyone suffer without trying to do something to afford relief."

"Shirley," she said, with a pathetic little smile, "your suffering means more to me just now, because you are almost the only friend I have."

"Friend! I am nobody's friend," sharply interposed Madame. "I am simply your mistress, and you are my servant."

"Pardon me," Shirley said, but with a certain quiet dignity that made itself felt, "perhaps I have been presuming in so regarding you; you have been so kind to me ever since I came to you, I am afraid I was beginning to forget that I am a hireling."

Madame flashed a quick, searching look at her at this reply, but it was evident that she was in a very perverse frame of mind, and meant to make her companion as uncomfortable as herself.

"Humph!" she ejaculated, "if I should die you would be thrown out of your position, so I suppose it behooves you to do what you can to save my old bones a little longer."

"Perhaps you think I'm a rich old woman, and you may get something out of me, if you flatter and cajole me. I don't have much faith in all this talk about serving people for love; I've been taken in too many times to believe that the world is overstocked with Good Samaritans nowadays."

"Madame Marton, why do you say such hard things to me?" she questioned with forced composure, although her voice trembled with wounded feeling. "Have I been remiss in any way? Have I appeared to be serving you merely for the sake of the pecuniary remuneration I received? If so, you must indeed regard me as selfish and ungrateful after the many kindnesses you have shown me!"

"Tut! tut!" interposed Madame shortly, but in a somewhat subdued tone. "You certainly have a very smooth tongue in your head; but soft words don't prove anything; they never will with me any more. Bring me a fan," she added, peremptorily, "and then go down-stairs; I wish to be by myself for a while."

Shirley brought the fan, but with a very sorrowful face, and then she retired to her own room, for she had no heart to mingle with the gay company below; moreover, she preferred to be near Madame, to wait upon her if she needed anything.

"Humph! I'd like to prove that girl!" Madame muttered, as the door closed after Shirley, "and I believe I'll try it; I'd like to find one really honest person in the world."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

I am twenty-two years old, and have been married over three years. I have brown eyes, fair complexion, and have very dark red hair. My friends, when they want to console me on account of my hair,

tell me it is auburn! Anyhow I don't like the color of it, whatever it is. I wear glasses as my eyes are weak. Can anyone tell me what is good for eye-strain? It seems my eyes are tired all the time.

My husband and I are both fond of reading, and have quite a lot of books. We live on the banks of the San Gabriel river, a small, but beautiful stream, especially in summer. We have lots of fun swimming then. I am fond of outdoor sports, and believe they are very healthful. This is a level prairie country, except here near the river. The land is very fertile, and is black soil. My! how muddy it gets in rainy weather. Some of it is selling at two hundred dollars an acre. We have nice macadamized roads and can comfortably go to town in muddy weather.

For those who take cold easily, if, when they begin sneezing, they will put a flannel cloth on the chest saturated with tallow, turpentine, kerosene and quinine, heated as hot as they can stand, it will relieve them; also soak the feet in hot water to which a handful of soda has been added, just before going to bed. One of the best remedies I know of for either a cold in the head or lungs, is to take hot water, a quart, and add a teaspoonful of turpentine. Have the water slowly boiling and inhale the steam. I have known it to give relief when pneumonia was threatened. For rheumatism: Take turpentine and mix common soda in thick as cream, and rub with it. It is excellent and will save much suffering these cold, wet days and nights.

I have no children but have a good husband. I get very lonesome and would enjoy letters from the sisters. Best wishes to COMFORT and all its readers.

MRS. ADNE INEZ CLARK, Taylor, Texas.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have often thought I should like to write to our corner but have only now gotten up courage. Have taken dear old COMFORT ever since I was a child and I know Uncle Charlie is one of the noblest of men and I know he will be justly rewarded by Him who gives the rewards worth earning.

I have been married six years and have always been a housekeeper, so to speak, as I was left motherless at the age of four years and as soon as I was old enough, twelve years, father and I kept house by ourselves. Father had hired help until then which was uphill business as he was a poor man. He got along somehow and I went to school until I was fifteen, when father moved on to the farm too far from town for me to attend school any longer and I was needed at home for I was "chief cook and bottle washer." I was the only child.

I was married at twenty. I'm still a housekeeper. We live on a farm so I am always busy, although father now makes his home with us and takes charge of the garden and chickens which relieves me wonderfully.

From my girlhood up, I have always received so much help and benefit from COMFORT and I read every word of the Sisters' Corner and always get some new help and some new thought to help me on life's way. Our family consists of husband, father and self.

Now for a few helps.

A teaspoonful of coal oil in your starch will keep it from sticking to the iron.

Iron hooks and eyes and small buttons on the reverse side, pressed into several thicknesses of turkish toweling on the seams principle as ironing embroidery. Stand on an old pillow or carpet folded several times when your feet get tired from ironing. These sound old, but there are always new homes starting and "Mrs. Newlywed" has lots to learn, as a rule.

Hoping these may help someone, also the recipes, I will close hoping to hear from some of the sisters and wishing COMFORT, as a whole and each editor separately, long life and success. I am a COMFORT sister.

Mrs. C. G. LABSON, Carroll, Box N., Nebr.

Requests

Remedy for soft corns.—Ed. Mrs. Lizzie Wiggins, Robertsonville, E. E. 3, N. O., song, "Be Home Soon Tonight My Dear Boy."

Quite a number of sisters would like to know if the vegetable cure for tuberculosis, sent in by Miss H. M. Worsham, has been tried; and if so, with what success?—Ed.

"Mrs. Minnie Johnson, Dalton, Box 52, Mo., poem, "A Century from Now."

Mrs. Eliza Hill, Frisbee, Ark., helpless shut-in, letters.

Directions for doing wax work.—Ed. Poen, "Mrs. Mable Byrd who Wanted to be a Mason."—Ed.

Remedies

TONSILITIS.—Two parts Castor oil to one part oil of peppermint. Put on flannel, heat and bind around throat. Will usually give quick relief.

MRS. INEZ HENDRIX, Bright, Ga.

BED WETTING.—Allow child to eat plenty of raisins, chewing thoroughly.

MRS. BELLE HEWITT, Wetonka, S. Dak.

PIN WORMS.—Make a tea of Quassia chips—one heaping tablespoonful to a pint of boiling water. Inject into the rectum half a cupful three times a day; at the same time drink half a cupful. The idea of giving tea in the mouth and injecting is, if you give it one way alone, the worms will go either up or down, away from the tea and the child will keep the worms. After using the remedy for a week, give a good laxative. If there still remain signs of worms, repeat tea and laxative.

ENLARGED TONSILS.—Apply tincture of iodine with a swab made by rolling surgeon's cotton over the end of a pointed stick. Or a bit of old linen handkerchief may be securely tied onto stick. Dip the swab into iodine and thoroughly paint tonsils twice a week. In many cases it will permanently reduce tonsils. Make fresh swab each time iodine is used.

MRS. I. S. GIER, Bardstow, Ky.

ENLARGED TONSILS.—Use tannin, sometimes called tannic acid. Make swab by rolling a toothpick or pointed match with cotton or soft linen. Dip in tannin and apply to tonsils morning, noon and night. This cured me when I was about six years old.

MISS GRACE WILLIAMS, Maryville, Mo.

CONSTIPATION.—Take a half pound each of raisins and figs and one ounce of senna leaves. Chop fine and put in steamer with a half pound sugar and a half pint of boiling water. Let simmer slowly for twenty minutes, then pour out on oiled paper in a long baking tin to cool. Take a piece an inch long at bedtime and afterwards regulate by effect.

STELLA M. THOMPSON, Downing, Wyo.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request, and more complete notices for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three months' 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new 15-cent subscriptions. This means that you can get a notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Wanted.—Information of my son, Albert Hossley, last heard from in Bisbee, Arizona. Notify Eliza Hossley, Carter, Ky.

Mrs. Lucy D. White, Minden, E. E. 3, Box 40 H. La., anxious to learn whereabouts of daughter, Mrs. Wm. H. Henry, married 1903, last seen at Stamps, Ark., Nov. 29, 1913. Any information greatly appreciated.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Martha or Cora Young, moved to Mo. twenty-five years ago, write to Jane Nelson, Tescott, R. E. 1, Kansas.

Anybody knowing of John Lawrence Leonard, last heard from at Jane, Sack, Canada, Sept. 1911, write to his sister, Mrs. Clara Nell, Whitehall, Ill.

Wanted to know the whereabouts of Thomas Loyd and his sister, Sophia, last heard of in Missouri. Kindly write to their sister, Mrs. Fred Bowen, Hammon, Okla.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Andrew Jackson Jones, last heard of in White Co., Arkansas, write to J. J. Farmer, Menlo, Ga.

Comfort Postal Requests

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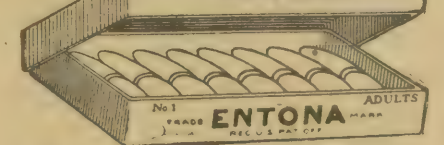


If you intend to paint anything this season, whether your house, barn, fence or out building, or if you intend to paint your floor, or if you need paint or varnish for any purpose whatever, **Write Us and Say** "Send me your special paint color sample book," and we will mail you one of our great paint color sample books which contain 125 color samples of paint and varnish for every purpose. Shows over sixty color samples of our famous high-grade

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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

COWPOX.—We have a cow and her jaws were stiff and she frothed at the mouth. Her teats got red spotted and in three or four days became a scab. She eats now but seems weak and stiff. After drinking water she seems to be stiffer. L. R. B.

A.—She may have had an attack of cowpox, but the eating of moldy feed also may cause similar symptoms. Ergot in rye or in pasture grass or hay may also produce such sores. Avoid all such causes. Give the cow a full dose of physic and afterward feed laxative feed. Treat sores on teats by painting once or twice with tincture of iodine and then applying glycerite of tannin as found necessary to promote healing.

SLOBBERING.—Will you please give me treatment for a cow that slobbers continually, so much so that the trough is wet every morning. (2) Also cause and cure for rotten tail. Mrs. J. F. H.

A.—Make a careful examination of teeth and tongue as the slobbering may be due to lodging of some foreign body or to irregularities or disease of the teeth. A very common cause is actinomycosis of the tongue (wooden tongue) due to the ray fungus (actinomyces) which also causes lumpy jaw of cattle. In that disease the tongue is enlarged, hard as wood and shows ulcerous patches. It is curable by painting the affected parts of tongue each other day with tincture of iodine and twice a day giving a dram of iodide of potash in drinking water. The iodide should be given for ten days; then skip ten days and repeat. Several periods of treatment may be necessary to effect a cure. (2) We know of no such disease as "rotten tail." Give particulars and we shall be glad to advise.

LAMENESS.—I have a horse six years old that has a sweeney in his front left shoulder. Some days he does not show much lameness, then again some days he can hardly walk. He walked lame in his left hind foot for some time. Do you think it draws from the shoulder to the hind foot? If there is any cure, please advise. C. R. E. C. M.

A.—Pure lameness of a hind leg never is due to any condition of a fore leg, but where great lameness of a "fore leg" is present the hind leg may appear to "act" lame. This is termed "cross lameness," the affected hind leg being opposite to the fore leg affected. Rheumatism may be present. Try effect of a dram dose of salicylate of soda given twice daily in feed. Blister the shoulder with cerate of cantharides after removal of hair, if you are sure that the lameness is there. Often wasting of the shoulder muscles is due to chronic lameness of the foot of affected leg.

SCOURS.—I have a mare about sixteen or eighteen years old that has the scours. I have had her teeth filed, also have given her several so-called condition powders, but nothing seems to be of any benefit to her. She stands about all the while in the stable, but when I drive her she doesn't seem to scour so badly. May as well say she has had the scours ever since she foaled her last colt. (2) Also I have a filly nine months old that recently jumped and hit her hip on a board, she holds that hind leg and the ground seems to hurt her quite badly. I can't feel anything out of place and there only seems to be a sore spot on her hip. I bathe it freely with hot vinegar and salt. Can you give me any information what to do for it, and do you think she will come out of it all right? A. J. E.

A.—Never let the mare (or any horse) stand a single day idle in the stable. When there is no work for a horse to do he should be turned out in the yard or field, or be made to take exercise. Chronic scouring usually is seen in horses that have long, "washy" couplings and that are short in the back rib and cut up in the flank. Such horses never prove good keepers. Give the drinking water before feeding. Allow free access to rock salt. Feed whole oats, bran and mixed clover hay. If scouring persists mix in each feed a half pint or more of browned wheat flour and if that does not stop the trouble add a small teaspoonful of alum twice a day. (2) We fear that the filly has fractured one of the pelvic bones; but that may be recovered from in time. Apply balsam of Peru to the sore twice daily. She should be held up in slings.

BLACKLEG.—How do you vaccinate cattle for blackleg? T. P. C.

A.—Blackleg is an incurable, contagious disease due to a specific germ which finds entrance to the body by way of a scratch or other abrasure of the skin. It can be prevented for the majority of cases by vaccination with anti-blackleg vaccine. This can be done by any graduate veterinarian, or by the owner, duly instructed, where a veterinarian cannot be employed. The vaccine can be ordered through any druggist and instructions for use come with the package. A bulletin on the subject can be had free by asking the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

LICE.—I have a Shepherd dog, five months old, that is bothered with lice. I would like to know what to do for him. E. H.

A.—Lice are comparatively rare on dogs; fleas are common. Both can be destroyed by tubbing the dog in a bath of coal tar dip solution made according to directions accompanying the container. The dip may be bought of any druggist. Also see that the dog's bed is kept fresh and clean.

SORES.—I have a cow about five years old and others younger that have sores. All run on a range of three hundred acres. Some say it is caused by fleas, but I doubt it; sometimes it is in the spring. The sores are like beef steak after salt has been sprinkled on it. Can you tell me what is the matter? S. T. M.

A.—You do not state the location of the sores, so we are at a loss to understand the condition. If they are on the body scrub them clean and paint with tincture of iodine each other day. It would be best, however, to send us a detailed description of the condition as we may then have other advice to give.

ULCERATED MOUTH.—Please tell me the cause and cure of the trouble that has killed my collier and Shepherd dogs, especially the Shepherds, for the last ten years. At first the tongue is slightly inflamed around the edge and coated a whitish color on top; then quickly the lips and gums become inflamed, which soon turned to raw sores and grew worse rapidly, attacking the throat, stiffening the tongue and jaws till I cannot force open the mouth, and they slowly starve to death. They eat and drink water just as long as they can use their tongue and jaws, though they won't take soup or soft food. They will eat meat as long as they can swallow it. Sometimes they begin to pass blood constipated, and their mouth gets sore. They slobber a great deal, at first a natural colored saliva, then frothy and thick and hard to get rid of. They beg for human companionship and aid, but don't like to have their mouth washed or "doctored" anyway. They usually live from three to four weeks after the first symptoms. Is it a disease? or is it a punishment work of a thief? I suspect this because there is never any trouble till they are grown and become watchful at night. Then, a day or two after a night of unusual barking, always a damp dark night, the inflammation appears. Whatever it is, please give me a cure for it. M. P.

A.—We suspect that some irritating poison or ground glass in meat is thrown to the dogs. Evidently some caustic substance scalds or burns the mouth, or there is stomatitis from the acute irritation caused by what is swallowed. Without an investigation we could not say for sure what is causing the trouble; but it seems evident that it would pay you to keep adult dogs muzzled at night if you allow them to roam at large. A wash of borax in water would be good for the sore mouths and to be followed by a free application of borax in strained honey.

BLOOD POISONING.—I had a young Percheron mare five years old, in foal. One evening I noticed that

she seemed restless but later in the evening appeared all right and ate her hay. The next morning there was a swelling on right side of face between eye and nostril. As the swelling increased I took her to a veterinary surgeon the second morning. He decided that it must be caused by an abscess at the roots of a tooth, as the face and gums were so badly swollen, he advised me to try to reduce the swelling by bathing with hot water and applying a liniment which he prepared. I kept hot water on the swelling and applied the liniment but the swelling increased rapidly and was hard. I had the surgeon out to see her twice. He tried lancing but could find no pus. Her appetite was good until the last day but the swelling interfered with her eating. The evening of the fourth day she breathed hard and trembled in the flanks then broke out sweating. The swelling then went from her head back over her body and her temperature was one hundred and seven. She died in about one hour after the swelling spread. Post-mortem examination showed one tooth a little loose but there were no other evidences of a bruise or injury. I would like your opinion as to the cause of her death. E. C. L.

A.—It would appear certain that blood poisoning or malignant edema was present, due to infection and that this caused death.

CATARH.—Please tell me symptoms of glanders and cause of same. I have a mare that has coughed continually for the past year. I thought she was taking the heaves from dusty hay, but of late have noticed a rolling in her throat like it was filled with phlegm. I noticed the other day she coughed up what resembles the spit of a human when having a bad cold. What is the matter and what treatment would you recommend? C. H. P.

A.—It is the instant duty of all owner to notify the local health officer if a horse is suspected to be affected with glanders and on no account should the animal be treated, as the disease is communicable and fatal to man. The horse in question may have simple, or chronic catarrh, or a diseased molar tooth in the upper jaw, but under the circumstances we would not feel justified in prescribing treatment. Have a graduate veterinarian make an examination.

SWEENEY.—I have a mare ten years old, she eats well and is in good condition, but has sweeney in her right shoulder, the hide seems tight but she does not limp. I shall be glad to have any information that you can give in next issue. Mrs. A. G. A.

A.—Keep her at work and feed generously to develop condition. She will do best if driven in a breast collar. Three times a day thoroughly massage and rub the wasted parts and at night rub in some liniment composed of a mixture of one part each of turpentine and aqua ammonia and six parts raw linseed oil. Stop for a few days any time the skin becomes irritated.

DIABETES.—I have a five-year-old mule that urinates often. He is in good condition, eats and drinks heartily and seems all right, never sick. What can I give him? He has been so for two or three years. A. N.

A.—Mouldy hay is the common cause of such symptoms, or damaged oats may cause the irritation. Change the feed. Allow a run on grass when possible. Give from half to one ounce of syrup of iodide of iron in water as a draught two or three times a day, if the trouble does not quickly subside with change of feed.

SWAMP FEVER.—I have a mare eight years old, always stayed fat until last spring she began going down and didn't use her much all summer, she then got lame in one hind leg, then in both. She kept getting thinner and when she would trot would appear to be in great pain for two or three hours and the next time would be longer. I fed her stock food and didn't seem to help her any. Would like to know what ailed her. She got down one night and died the next day about noon. Her hind legs and hips were perfectly stiff some time before she died. D. W.

A.—We suspect that she died of "swamp fever" for which no remedy has thus far been found. It is met with in wild land where horses pasture in timber, or drink surface water. Dr. Van Es of the agricultural experiment station at Fargo, North Dakota published a fine bulletin on the subject some years ago and you may still be able to obtain a copy. Prolonged feeding on hay made from ripe millet sometimes causes somewhat similar symptoms, and especially the lameness of hind legs.

TAIL RUBBING.—We have a horse five years old that seems to have the itch, nothing we do does him any good. He will not let the hair grow on his tail for rubbing it all the time. Can we put anything on his tail to stop him? He is a pretty horse but his tail ruins his looks. Mrs. D. H. B.

A.—Wash the parts clean; then wind locks of the underpart of the tail, nothing we do does him any good. He will not let the hair grow on his tail for rubbing it all the time. Can we put anything on his tail to stop him? He is a pretty horse but his tail ruins his looks. Mrs. D. H. B.

A.—The best treatment is to cut out each tumor and heal the wound by application of antiseptic ointment daily. If you do not care to do this point them with tincture of iodine each other day and keep the collar clean and dry.

COLLAR BOILS.—I have a four-year-old horse which has little lumps on his shoulders from the size of a grain of corn to the size of a small marble. They are just under the skin, not fast to the shoulder, they get sore but not raw. Will you kindly tell me how to take them off? J. S. C.

A.—The best treatment is to cut out each tumor and heal the wound by application of antiseptic ointment daily. If you do not care to do this point them with tincture of iodine each other day and keep the collar clean and dry.

Beware the Traps of the White Slavers

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

they will respect your judgment and cheerfully obey your commands and be ever desirous to know and regard your wishes. Above all things teach them from infancy up to have no secrets from mother. By act as well as word impress them with the fact that mother is their best friend on earth.

Many girls owe their fall to a careless or foolishly indulgent mother trusting too much to the daughter's unguided and immature discretion; others to a too harsh mother whose unreasonable demands naturally aroused a spirit of defiance in the daughter.

Girls, be alert and ever cautious to discover and avoid danger. Shun every place, every person and everything that savors of impropriety in the least, for such are sure danger signals. If in doubt, keep on the safe side and take no chance. Consult mother on all matters and have no secrets from her.

This article would be unsatisfactory and fall in its purpose in part if I did not answer the question which naturally comes to mind: How are girls or parents of girls who are compelled by circumstances to seek employment in the city to investigate offers of situations and the persons offering them?

In most cities of any size there is a charitable association organized for the purpose of looking after the welfare of working girls and especially those from out of town. The Watch and Ward Society is one, the Young Women's Christian Association is another; both of these have branches in many cities, and there are other like associations. If there is such an association in the city you have in mind write to its secretary for such information as you desire. If no such society write to the minister of some church in the city, and have your minister also write him.

When the girl goes to the city she should immediately seek the assistance of the association secretary or the minister in finding her a respectable place, and should keep in touch with the association or church, with both if possible. In most of the large cities these charitable associations have women agents with badges on at the railroad stations to assist and protect young girls coming in on the trains. Alliance with one of these associations and with a church is the best protection a lone girl in the city can

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have, and through them she will make desirable acquaintances and find opportunities for inexpensive or free recreation and amusement of a wholesome and elevating nature.

But another word of warning is necessary in this connection. Be sure that you do not get the minister or the association agent, and not an impostor falsely pretending to be such. For one of the latest devices of the white slavers is to ape religion, going about in the guise of Sunday school and church workers and even as ministers, priests and nuns, making a show of interest in the moral and spiritual welfare of working girls. Trust nobody that you don't know. Because of the fiendish ingenuity of the white slavers it is not safe for a girl to accept an invitation even to attend church or Sunday school with a stranger, man or woman.

An article in the Boston Sunday American of March 30 states that the danger from this method of deception has become so great, and so extensive that "The Young Women's Christian Association" proposes to put placards in every railroad and street railway car and station in the United States and on all the steamship piers, with this list of cautions to young women:

"Girls should never stay to help a woman who join a Sunday school or Bible class given to them by strangers, even if the strangers are wearing the dress of sisters, nuns or are in clerical attire."

"It has been discovered that a number of young women with splendid characters have been brought into imitation Sunday schools and there fallen into the grip of vicious men and women who have used them for their evil traffic."

"Avoid Strangers"

"Girls should never speak to strangers, either men or women, in the streets, or shops, or in stations, in trains, in lonely country roads or in places of amusement."

"Girls should never ask the way of any but officials on duty, such as policemen, railway officials or postmen."

"Girls should never stay to help a woman who apparently faints at their feet in the street, but should immediately call a policeman to her aid."

"Girls should never go to an address given by a stranger."

"Girls should never go with a stranger, even if the stranger is dressed as a hospital nurse, or believe stories of their relatives having suffered accident or having been taken ill suddenly, as this is a common device to kidnap girls."

"Girls should never accept food, a glass of water or small flowers offered to them by strangers. Neither should they buy scents or food or candy at their doors. Any of these things may contain drugs."

"Girls should not go to a large town even for one night, without knowing of a safe lodging."

By COMFORT J Editor.

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Selling Our New 1913 Styles Silk Neckwear.

Sell three size ties for \$1. Give Free Gold Front monogrammed cuff Link and Stick Pin Set, Cooper made 100 sales in 4 days to business men, profit \$40. Miss Garwood sold 117 boxes in 21 hours. New proposition. No competition. Repeat orders. Big profit. Samples Free to Hustlers. Send postal at once for particulars. DAYTON NECKWEAR MFG. CO., Box 12, Dayton, O.

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Cleason's Horse Book a large handsome book of 400 pages, printed on pure white paper in large clear type, bound in colored cover and richly and elegantly illustrated with 100 full plates and illustrations drawn by special artists. It is the most complete horse book ever published, and is the property of the United States Government Veterinary Surgeon. In this book Prof. Cleason has given to the world for the first time his wonderful method of training and treating horses. It contains chapters on History, Education, Teaching Tricks, How to Buy, Feeding, Breeding, Breaking and Taming, How to Detect Unsoundness, Care, complete instruction on proper Horse Shoeing and an invaluable Study of the Diseases and Treatment of the horse and will save horse owners hundreds of dollars every year.

To our new readers interested in Horses and Cattle, if you will get up a club of two 15-month subscribers to COMFORT, at 25 cents each, we will send you one of the above described books free.

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We are offering for summer wear this little bonnet made of all-over embroidery, with lace on the edge, and beading with ribbon inserted. It is finely made and will last a long time. The strings are of a good quality fine lawn, neatly stitched, and give a very nice appearance. Springs are often made of such poor material mothers have been obliged to remove them and add better ones, but not so with these. They will last the life of the entire bonnet. Also notice the little crown in the back of the bonnet which is made of the same embroidered lawn.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only two subscribers to 15 months, we will send one of these Bonnets Premium No. 215 free by Parcel Post.
Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

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You may now own real Nottingham Lace Curtains, full three yards long and 24 inches wide, without any expense to yourself.

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These elegant Nottingham Lace Curtains are of a beautiful pattern, pure white, fine thread and are each three yards long by two feet wide, so they will gather up nicely and furnish an elegant drapery for any of the largest windows and in many instances, one pair will fully take care of two separate windows. There is nothing in the home decorations that adds so much to the home like appearance as fine pure white lace curtains and this is a wonderful opportunity of getting several fresh new designs to take place of some of your old ones. Drop us a postal or letter saying you will sell our six Orlen Porous Plasters at 25c each and they will be sent you by return mail so you may be quickly on your way of selling them and returning us \$1.50 and will positively receive your Curtains by return Parcel Post.

THE GIANT OXIE CO., Dept. 69, Augusta, Maine.

A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

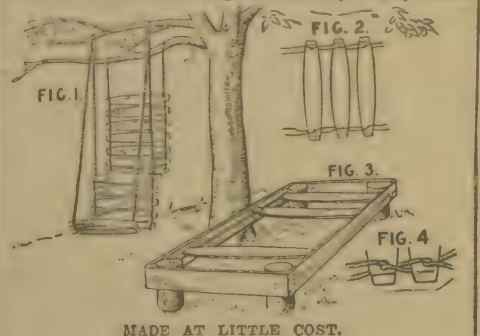
THE beautiful weather which prevails over most of the country in the month of May offers great opportunity for outdoor work and play. We have tried to remember this fact in our plans and hope you will find them useful. Sometimes, in the same mail, I get letters telling me how successfully my plans worked out, and others, which indicate that the writers could not follow the instructions. If you take pains you will succeed.

The Panama Canal

It will be nearly two years before the Panama Canal will be of commercial use. However, the Auxiliary Schooner Yacht, Visitor II, belonging to a Pittsburgh Millionaire, has the honor of being the first vessel to go through the Canal as far as the Gatun Locks. The trip was made in November, 1911. It is said that the Canal project as a whole is the most successful engineering feat of modern times.

Camping Furniture

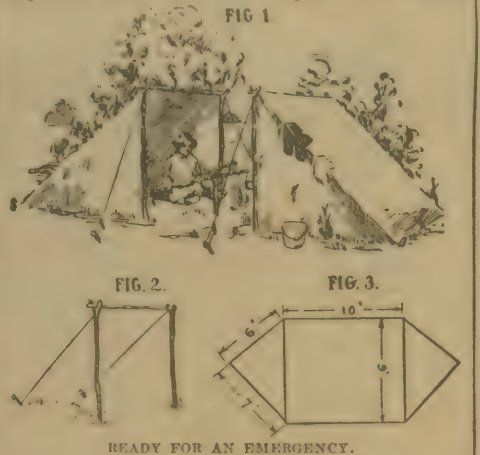
A barrel which has fallen apart may be utilized in the manner shown in the sketch. To make the swing lash the staves together by threading a strong, flexible wire through a hole in each. It is a simple in and out, over and under weave, two wires being used. The rustic appearance of the swing is not its greatest claim to your attention; indeed it is so comfortable that you will find it hard to keep away from it on hot summer afternoons. Fig. 3 shows an easily made



and convenient camp bed. The staves are used for slats. In the last few years outdoor sleeping has become quite common as a cure and preventive of disease. I sometimes wonder if there is really a region that has a perfect climate. I would like to hear from you who have mild winters and no frost.

Shelter Tent

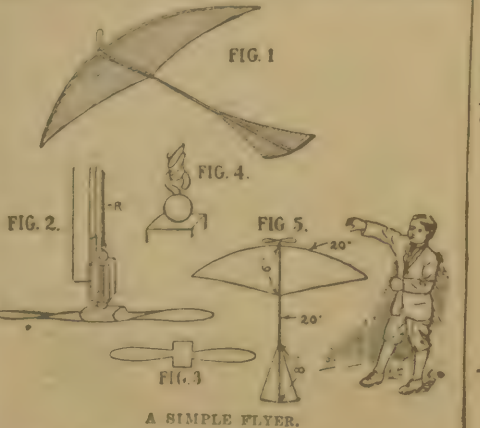
Since the Boy Scout movement has attained such nation wide importance this outing plan will surely find welcome. It is a shelter that may be set up quickly and is ideal for a short canoe trip or a hiking expedition. Fig. 3 shows the shape and size of the canvas required for one half



the tent shown in the picture. Fig. 2 shows the poles needed and the manner of arranging the lines. In case of a heavy rain the roof gap and one side may be covered with a large oblong piece of canvas. The tent is intended as a daytime shelter that may be erected in ten minutes. If you are interested in the Boy Scouts let me know and also send me some accounts of your fishing and camping trips.

Flyer

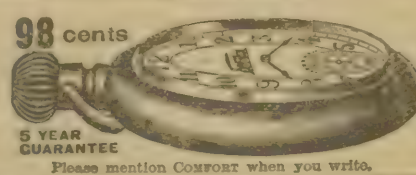
Here is about as simple a type of flyer as you will ever meet. The long center stick or spine, is one half inch square. The wings are paper or cloth. One light, curved or bowed piece of bamboo is used at each end. They are tacked in the center to the ends of the spine and held firm and bowed with string. The cloth or paper is then sewed or pasted on. The propeller is now all that remains to be finished. Fig. 2 is a picture of the power plant, as clear as if you were looking at the real thing. Cut a piece of tin to the shape of Fig. 3 and bend the blades to propeller shape. At the wheel end of the center stick nail a small tin frame, through the center of which fits a piece of wire. On one end of this wire is



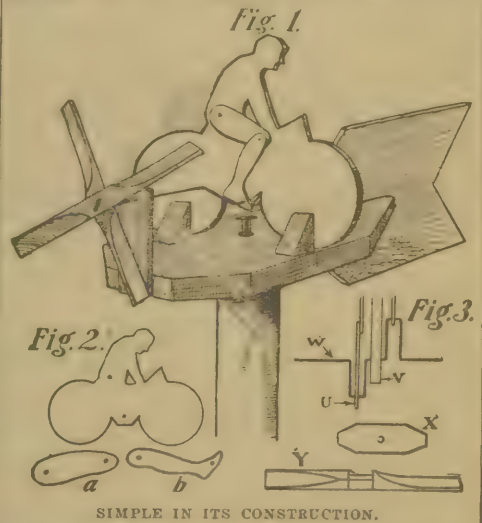
a rubber band, on the other end is the propeller. The rubber in which it is made fast is a round glass wheel. Fig. 4 shows this nicely. The bands are like ball bearings, they prevent friction and make the thing run better. Write me if you are interested in aeroplane models.

Bicycle Windmill

This plan has the virtue of being very simple, yet new and unique. On the top of an upright



post place a piece of one inch board shaped like "X". Through the hole in the center drive a spike. It fits loosely for the piece "X" must turn freely. The tailpiece at the right of the complete sketch is made of half inch board. The wheel which the wind acts on is made of two square sticks whittled to the shape of "Y". The bicycle and rider are cut out of a box cover. Two pieces like "a" and two like "b" are required. Fig. 3 is a diagram which clearly shows



how the wind wheel makes the rider's feet work. The heavy black line "W" is the wire shaft. The double crank shape, as illustrated, makes one foot go up while the other is down. By painting on the spokes, wheels, frame and other parts of the cycle and the face and clothing of the rider a very neat effect is obtained. I hope you make this mill and let me know it.

Balanced Rock

In Yosemite park there is a peculiar shaped shaft of granite 85 feet high, balanced to a nicety on a small projecting ledge 2000 feet above the valley proper. Its base is so small and frail that it looks as if the slightest wind would send it crashing to the depths below. However, it is as safe as if it were shaped like a pyramid and has probably held its precarious position for centuries. It would be beyond the power of man to duplicate such a feat of fine balancing.

Deep Sea Monsters

At the bottom of the sea there exist many terrible monsters that never leave their dark abiding places. One of these called the "black swallower," devours other finny creatures ten times as big as itself. Literally climbing over its victim, first with one jaw and then the other. Another species is nearly all mouth and having no power of motion, lives half buried in the soft ooze at the bottom. Its awful mouth alone protruding, ready to engulf any prey that may wander into it. There is a ferocious kind of shark resembling a large eel. All of the monsters are black as ink. Some are totally blind, while others have enormous goggling eyes. No ray of sunlight ever pierces their dwelling places. Each species is gobbed by the next in size for there is no vegetable life to feed on.

Puzzle of School Route

The boy lives at the point where the arrow points in and wishes to traverse every block and come out where the arrow points outward. He must not cross his route or go around a block more than once, but he must circle each block at least once.

Answer to City Puzzle

The name of the cities on the map are Utica, New York, Chicago, Lincoln, Erie, San Francisco, Atlanta, Minneapolis. The initial letters in the order given spell Uncle Sam.

May Problems

No. 1. Seven years ago A's age was three times that of B. Seven years from now, it will be only double that of B's. What are their present ages?
No. 2. There are eight baseball teams in a league. In how many different positions is it possible for them to be?
No. 3. Divide thirty-five and one half pounds of tea into two parcels so that one will contain eleven and one half pounds more than the other.

Answer to April Problems

1. 55-11 days. 2. 27 yards. 3. 60.
I think you will be able to make most of the subjects described here without any trouble. Read the text and study the drawing until everything

Railroad Watch

To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our catalogue of Sign Watches we will send this superb Railroad watch by mail post paid for **ONLY 98 CENTS**. Gentlemen's size, full nickel silver plated case, locomotive on dial, lever escapement, stem wind and stem set, a perfect timekeeper and fully guaranteed for 5 years. Send this advertisement to us with 98 CENTS and watch will be sent by return mail post paid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send 98c today. Address **R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 538 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.**

Please mention COMFORT when you write.

is clear. Do not begin actual work until you have mastered the theory of constructions. I will help all who are unable for any reason to proceed as they wish, but you state plainly and clearly what you wish to know.

UNCLE JOHN.

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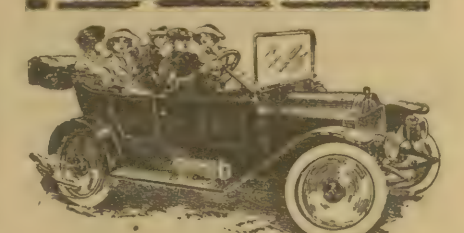
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Given Away in Our Great SUBSCRIPTION CONTEST

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It is easy work for any one anywhere to get subscriptions to "The Householder" and in this contest it will be especially easy because we furnish you a stock of very beautiful free premiums to distribute among your subscribers. For a one-year subscription at 25 cents you get 25 points to your credit in the contest—a three-year subscription at 50 cents gives you 75 points, and a six-year subscription at \$1 gives you 150 points. The six contestants having to their credit the greatest number of points at the close of the contest on July 4, 1913, will be awarded the Six Grand Prizes as follows: First, a \$400 "Krit" 5-passenger Touring Car; Second, a \$250 Genuine Mahogany Player-Grand; Third, \$100 in Gold; Fourth, a \$50 Gold Watch; Fifth, a \$40 New Model Bicycle; Sixth, a \$30 Talking Machine Outfit.

Any man, woman, boy or girl may secure subscriptions in this contest anywhere in the United States, except in cities of more than 100,000 population.

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To all who mail at once the Entry Coupon printed below we will give 1,000 points free, thus giving you a fine start in the contest. Furthermore we will pay you a cash commission of 40% on every subscription you secure—in other words, you keep 40c out of each 25c you collect, 50c and 40c out of each \$1 you collect for subscriptions as your pay in addition to the chance you have of winning the Auto or one of the other Grand Prizes. You should be able to earn \$2 to \$5 a day on this liberal commission offer.

Send your name and address on the Entry Coupon at once for the 1,000 free points, sample copies of Householder Magazine, pictures and description of the Six Grand Prizes, subscription blanks, full instructions how to work, etc. Make your start for the big prize today! Address

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906 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.

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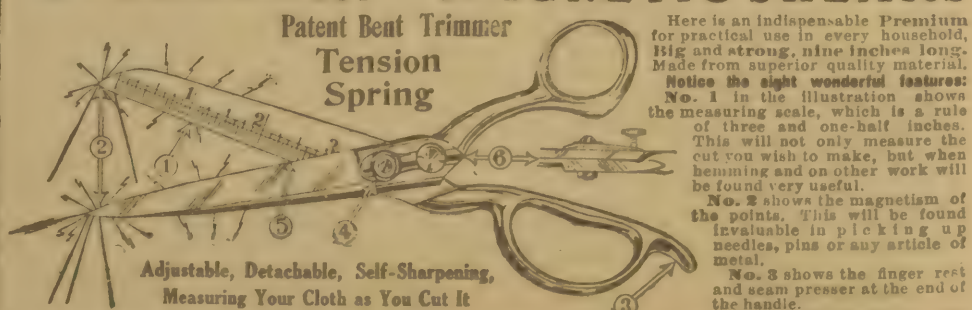
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No. 1 in the illustration shows the measuring scale, which is a rule of three and one-half inches. This will not only measure the cut you wish to make, but when beheading and on other work will be found very useful.
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No. 3 shows the finger rest and seam presser at the end of the handle.
No. 4. Ball-Bearing. This Shear runs on three contact points; a patented feature, and you will be surprised at its easy working device.
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No. 7. Should this pair of Shears become defective or break through any fault of material or manufacture within five years, the makers agree to replace with a new pair free of charge. Every housekeeper should have several pair of Shears in the house. You will find these ever ready for use, as they will always keep sharp.
No. 8. Remember, you can always use them the same as ordinary shears or scissors, and they do not cost any more, and you get all these valuable additional features Free.

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Many people when they become run down and feel out of sorts go for a doctor. Common sense should tell them that in most cases a good cleaning out followed by a tonic is all they need. If you are giddy, feel sick at the stomach or lack ambition take a dose of cathartic medicine and follow it up with this tonic and blood purifier which you can prepare yourself:

R Add one package of Durham's Solironce (a soluble iron compound prescribed by physicians all over the country) to 2 ounces of glycerine and 6 ounces of water. Shake until dissolved.

Of this solution take two teaspoonfuls before meals and watch the result. Your appetite will improve at once and new force and vigor will be imparted to your whole system. It is excellent for children, keeps them well and strong during the close confinement of school days.

If you are just recovering from the grippe or a bad cold it is what you need to make you strong. It is a specific for malarial troubles. A dandy spring medicine. Try it. If it doesn't help you we will return your money. Send 25c. in coin or stamps to THE DURHAM LABORATORY, Havre de Grace, Maryland.

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This stem wind & stentorian watch guaranteed for 5 years, and a handsome Signet Ring, are given entirely free for selling 20 of our beautiful Fruit, Art and Religious Pictures, at 10 cents each. Order 20 today and when sold send us the \$2.00 and we will send the watch and ring by return mail. With the pictures we send our premium circular giving a full description of the watch and a full description and picture of this real live Hartz Mountain Canary Bird—a famous German breed noted for their soft, rich and melodious voice and sweet song—tell you all about it and how we give it away absolutely FREE in addition to the watch for just a little effort. RAY ART CO., DEPT. 2, CHICAGO.

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No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared by woman and we will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 106 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

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Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with for biding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of *Etiquette* and *Personal Appearance*, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to *Etiquette Editor*, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Polly, Springfield, S. Dak.—If "Joe" hasn't the 'spunk' to pop the question, do you think he would have it to accept if you did the popping, or if he had, would he have the spunk to be a husband worth having, when you had popped? The right kind of a husband should be a popper.

Blue Eyes, Stratton, N. Dak.—A girl of seventeen, if through school, should be allowed to have young men callers in moderation and the right kind. She might have a "beau" at eighteen. (2) As a matter of etiquette an invitation to a wedding dinner has no more significance than to any other. (3) When the young man has been declined as an escort it looks rather sneaking for him to follow her folks home. It is certainly not high bred manners.

Goose, Powersville, Mo.—The real lady is the one who likes to have a good time with everybody, men, women and children and permits no familiarities from the men. The other who thinks it is having a good time to permit familiarities from the men is not a real lady. Too many women and girls are too careless in this matter and the men who take advantage of it have less respect for them than they have for those who do not permit familiarities.

Troubled, Olivette, Mo.—The man who takes a lady to dances and will not permit her to dance with anyone except himself, is not so much to blame as she is for submitting to it. He has no right to make such a claim and the fact that his little fairy loves her makes it worse. If he truly loved her he would not wish to enslave her, and if she had the proper spirit she would send him flying.

Honey, Perham, Minn.—A lady should not be introduced to a gentleman. When a gentleman is introduced to a lady and she shakes hands, she need not remove her mitten if they are out of doors. Otherwise the mitten is cumbersome and may be removed. She never removes her glove, though. (2) It is all right to write to a young man if you know he is the proper kind and your parents do not object.

Brown Eyes, Magnolia, Ark.—A gentleman has a right to go to a lady to whom he has been attentive and she has declined his attentions though she likes him and asks her to tell him why she objects. It is not only good manners, but plain justice to let him know why he is objectionable, and the lady should tell him.

M. G. P., Petersburg, Alaska.—Etiquette doesn't say so, but when a young man of twenty-seven tells a girl of fifteen that he loves her, it is a little early. She is the only woman he ever loved seriously, it is time for the kid to set the dogs on him. Wait until you are twenty-one and you will know that this is the kind of manners to use on that kind of men.

Anna, Portsmouth, O.—It is not only impolite, but sinful for a young man to break his promises. If he should ask you to make another engagement with him, tell him you will give him a little more time, and another failure on his part means the end of his attentions to you. (2) Always thank anyone for any courtesy extended.

College Lover, Mt. Vernon, Okla.—Most girls with bleeding hearts caused by being simply crazy over a young chap in the same school, will find great relief if not complete cure by attending to their studies and forgetting there are such things as young chaps. Try this remedy.

Curly Locks, Marion, Miss.—An engaged girl should not receive presents from other men except possibly small gifts of candy, books or flowers, from the friends of her fiancé with his consent. (2) You may make any answer you please when your engagement ring is given to you and it will be "ladylike" enough.

P. C., Covington, Va.—In taking a present to a birthday party it should be delivered to the person for whom it is intended, unless that is impossible. A couple, each one having a present, should deliver their presents singly, though either one may deliver both. Cards may be left with them so that they will not get mixed, if there are many presents. You can get an up-to-date book on etiquette from any bookseller. Try Brentano, New York, if no one sells books in your town.

Black Eyes, Denmark, Miss.—A lady may give a gentleman a pearl-handled knife, but if she does she must have him give her a piece of money, a cent is enough, so that it will not be a gift, but a sale. Knives as gifts cut love in two, you know. (2) "O. K." on a hat or elsewhere means All Right, or O.K. (Correct).

Dusty, Knockor, Landenberg, Pa.—Holding hands means only that two tender hearts want to feel that they are clasped together. It is a thing that must be experienced to be understood. (2) The man who will speak vulgarly before a lady in a crowd deserves to be knocked down by some decent man, but it is not considered the best of manners to do so. Such matters are to be settled when ladies are not present. However, since you didn't wait for etiquette we condemn your manners and congratulate you on your manly action.

Dimples, Roanoke, Va.—Why are you favorably impressed by the manners of a street car conductor who knows you only as a passenger, yet who is so jealous that he snubs you when you do not ride on his car and speaks slightly of the men friends you mention to him as liking? If you had to live your life out with a man of such manners you would wish you had never seen a street car. Ride on other cars and see him no more, if you are wise.

Anxious, Richmond, Va.—Marriages between first cousins are legal in most of the states, including Virginia, but we do not believe they will be in any of the states as soon as the laws of eugenics become fully understood. There should be no such marriages because such mingling of the same blood does serious injury to posterity. If cousins marry they should have no children and that is making a bad matter worse. You and the young man should have a talk with a well-informed physician and possibly you might acquire a better understanding of practical marriage, instead of the silly sentimental kind, as you have now.

A. E. M., Bland, Va.—As you took the lady to the ice cream supper and paid all expenses she owed her time and attention to you. As she deserted you for two hours and went with someone else, she owes you an apology, and you would have been perfectly justified in leaving the place without her. It certainly was not your place to go hunting for her, further than to learn that she had met with no accident or was unavoidably detained.

E. L. M., Dahlgren, Ill.—Love powders are either poison, or they are what you may make yourself out of flour or chalk or sand, for that matter. We hardly thought that in a state as intelligent as Illinois there was anyone so ignorant as to believe that so-called love powders were anything but fakes and illegal.

Sadie, Pauline, Nebr.—What wretchedly bad manners the young ladies have. As you are making your own living and are independent, show him that you will not let him dictate to you whether or not you shall see anyone else but him. You are not engaged and are free to choose whom you please.

Blonde, Kaukauna, Wis.—If the lady were so ill mannered as intentionally to pass you by in introducing several other ladies with whom you were, you should not get down to her level by taking any notice of it whatever. And if you ever have an opportunity to repay her in kind, don't do it. You cannot afford to be ill mannered because somebody else is.

Subscriber, Nekoma, Ill.—Place cards are put at the plate of each guest at a table and the guests find their places by them with such assistance as the hostess may

give as she remembers. The guest may take or leave the card. If they are pretty they are taken as souvenirs. Also they are looked at when the guest sits down. (2) A wedding present is sent to both husband and wife unless it is something for either one of them. In giving anything to a girl friend married, or man friend married, it goes directly to the one for whom intended. (3) If you bring a man and his wife to your house you introduce them together to such members of the family as they do not know. Do not introduce the wife and leave it to her to introduce her husband. She may do that later when you may not be around, and some new member of the family comes in whom the husband has not met.

Worried, Dot, Ga.—If the gentleman kisses your hand in the old-fashioned courtly way once prevalent among Georgia gentlemen, you should accept it as a compliment. If he kisses it as one of the youngsters of today does, when nobody is looking and merely because he thinks he is showing how much he thinks of you, slap his jaws if you want to. He deserves it. (2) Kissing is bad manners except among kindreds and engaged couples.

Blue Eyes, Winston-Salem, N. C.—Etiquette does not confer upon us the power to say whether the young man intends to marry you or not. Most young men with such intention say so, and as this one has not said so to you, the chances are that he is flirting with you. Kissing your hands is not as bad as kissing your lips, but stop it all until he asks you to marry him.

Puzzled, Chanute, Kans.—It is the proper thing to serve coffee in cups with saucers, at all times, because drops of coffee make ugly stains and there is always possibility of dripping. At a party of all men the saucers might be omitted.

Gray Eyes, Chillicothe, Ohio.—Don't you think if the man wanted to marry you he would say so? Certainly he would speak out rather than lose you, if he didn't want to lose you. Etiquette forbids your speaking to him about it, but as you are not getting him anyhow, you might give him a hint and see whether you are to lose him entirely or get him. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies.

Girlie, Clayton, Mo.—It would not be proper to go to the young man's sister's house with him until she had called on you, unless she could not call. Under such circumstances an invitation from her would be equivalent to a call in periodical form. (2) Sometimes at a dance a lady may dance with a man who has not been introduced to her, but there must be a reason for it, depending upon the immediate circumstances. Usually a gentleman will not ask a lady to dance unless he has been presented. This for private dances. At a public dance a lady should never dance with a man whom she has not met.

Old Subscriber, Clay Center, Kans.—The idle stories that gossip best about against people they do not like, are generally best left to die of themselves. However, when a story is told that reflects seriously upon the character of a nice girl, she should run it down and punish the slanderer to the full extent of her power. In your case your young man should give you all the assistance he could. He is as deeply interested in your reputation as you are.

L. D. B., Durham, N. C.—Yes, you need good plain horse sense to cure your foolish headiness. 98 percent of the cure for your foolish headiness, nervousness, and nervousness is what ails you. We know you have some sense by the letter you write and if you will take what you have and use it on yourself you will be started on your way to being a rational human being as most young people are. You have simply got to use your sense in overcoming this foolish headiness and if on trial you find you cannot, you might as well give up your job and go live in a horse barn. There, by and by, you might get enough of their sense to fit you for human society. It is up to you. P. S. Show this to the girls and ask them what they think about it. Then argue it out with them. That will make you talk.

Ignorant, Graham, Texas.—There is no moral reason why red ink should not be used in letter writing, but custom is against it and red ink is not in common use for correspondence. You may use it if you want to. (2) Usually the receipt of a letter is a sufficient expression of a desire for an answer, but in a good many instances the first letter is a request for a correspondence.

Blue-eyed Boy, Middletown, Ill.—A fifteen-year-old boy and a fifteen-year-old girl should be attentive to each other only under the eyes of their parents, guardians or nurses. Rules of etiquette for grown-ups do not apply to them.

Lonesome, Flp, Mo.—Shake hands with bride and groom and kiss the bride if you know her very well. The groom, too, for that matter. Say anything you please that means joy and good wishes. They usually thank all well wishers. We give you no set words to say, because what you say should come from your heart and not from print.

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When I'm Alone I'm Lonesome Are You Sincere?
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I'd Love to Live in Loveland The Rag Time Violin
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We will send this Mammoth Collection of Songs, and some Piano Music, also Big list of 500 other songs for only ten cents—songs or coin—3 complete lots, 20c; ten lots, 50c. All postpaid.

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I Want to Send You a Complete Ten Days' Treatment Entirely Free

to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cts. a week, or less than 2 cts. a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book "WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all—old or young. To mothers of DAUGHTERS, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Discharge and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use. Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. This is no C. O. D. scheme. All letters are kept confidential and are never sold to other parties. Write today, as you may not see this offer again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, BOX 315

GIVEN FOR A CLUB OF TWO

Rich Art Table Cover In Bright Colored Floral Pattern

These exquisite table covers although not quite a yard square are made on wonderful perfecting machinery gotten out by great textile workers, and the manufacturers are thus enabled to introduce the new idea of bright coloring in the large full blown American Beauty Rose pattern worked over the glazed embossed background which makes the delicate foliage and pretty buds stand out distinctly. While our illustration does not fully show the fine color and design of the roses it simply hints at the foliage on this interwoven background. Put one of these bright colored cloths on any stand or table in any room of the house, and it enlivens and cheers up the whole atmosphere of the room. They come in red, blue and green with a pretty fringe to correspond.

It is only from the fact that this style of goods is manufactured on a machine turning out hundreds of thousands are we able to make the following liberal **CLUB OFFER:** For a club of only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send one of these Covers by Parcel Post free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Curly Lock, Kearney, Mo.—The minimum weight of a woman five feet three inches tall is one hundred and eleven pounds, maximum, one hundred and fifty, average, one hundred and thirty. You should add fourteen pounds.

Pat, Fayette, Ohio.—A marriage license is good only in the state where issued. Engaged couples may give each other any kind of presents their means will afford. But let them always be in good taste and not merely expensive.

Troubled, South Inlet, Oregon.—It was quite proper to accept the company home of the young man who was so polite to you at the dance, but until you are out of school you should not think of having him call regularly. Your parents should see to that.

Blue Eyes, Shelbyville, Texas.—You should have told the young man that you did not answer his last letter because during your two years' correspondence he had only come to see you three times, though he lived but ten miles away. Surely, if he liked you for anything except as a correspondent he should have traveled that ten miles a good many times to see you in two years. Let him know how much you think he has been.

For Indigestion

Rex Dyspepsia Tablets are a simple, old-fashioned and very effective aid to good digestion. They act to eliminate the cause of the discomfort and distress of flatulence, stomach acidity and other annoyances caused by faulty digestion and improper food assimilation. Sold and recommended for over thirty years. Sold by The Rexall Drug Stores located in over 5,000 towns and cities in the United States and Canada, or mailed upon receipt of price: 25c. United Drug Company, Boston, Mass.

SUGAR 3 1/2 c. 32 lb. HIGH COST OF LIVING SOLVED

Everything in the Grocery Line at Cut Rates. We save you HALF in your Grocery Bill. Write at once, for FREE. Large Illustrated Grocery Bargain Catalog.

STANDARD MERCANTILE CO., Wholesale Grocers, Dept. M, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

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Free reports as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

25 BEAUTIFUL POST CARDS FLOWERS, LANDSCAPE, BIRTHDAY, etc., with outfit of envelopes and Hidden Name Cards, premium Catalogue. All for 10c. RAY PTO. CO., North Haven, Conn.

\$50 to \$125 Monthly and expenses to introduce extracts, spices, medicine, soaps, animal foods etc. Box 774, Dept. B, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

LADIES' LEATHER BELT



Made of soft brown Russian leather of that velvety ooze texture which gives that glove-fitting appearance and will not crack or stretch out. The buckle is made of strong metal and covered with the same material, and is very easily adjusted. Notice the large buckle which will stand a heavy strain. The belt has three sets of eyelets for adjusting. It will wear indefinitely, and the color is suitable for any style dress or suit. State size of waist when ordering.

Club Offer: For a club of only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send free by Parcel Post one of these soft ooze leather belts. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

ECZEMA



ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—CURED, and not merely patched up for a while, to return worse than before. Remember I make this broad statement after putting twelve years of my time on this one disease and handling in the meantime nearly half of a million cases of this dreadful disease. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TODAY, I will send you a Free Trial of my mild, soothing, guaranteed treatment that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, just give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me today I believe you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it and you will see I am telling you the truth. Dr. J. E. Canaday, 1119 Court Block, Sedalia, Mo. References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

Free to the Ruptured TRIAL OF PLAPAO

Awarded Gold Medal and Diploma Over All Competitors, International Exposition, Rome, and Grand Prix, Paris.

STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS are a wonderful treatment for rupture, curing as they do the worst forms in the privacy of the home without hindrance from work and at slight expense. **RIPTURE CURED** by STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS means that you can throw away the painful truss altogether, as the PLAPAO-PADS are made to cure Rupture, and not simply to hold it; but, as they are made self-adhesive, and when adhering closely to the body slipping is impossible, therefore, they are also an important factor in retaining Rupture that cannot be held by a truss.

NO STRAPS, BUCKLES OR SPRINGS. No truss. Plapao Laboratories, Block 212, St. Louis, Mo., is sending FREE trial of Plapao to all who write.

SONG POEMS WANTED

Send us your song poems or melodies. They may become big hits and bring thousands of dollars. Past experience unnecessary. Available work accepted for publication. Instructive booklet and information free. MARKS GOLDSMITH CO., Dept. 38, Washington, D. C.

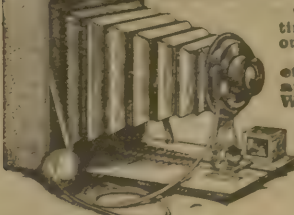
BABY'S FINE LAWN BONNET



This cunning little Bonnet, is made of fine white lawn, trimmed with a band of Hamburg embroidery two and a half inches wide. Inside the Bonnet a narrow piece of fine lace is frilled on, which certainly adds to the attractiveness of this little piece of headgear. The strings are made of the same quality of fine lawn, and are neatly hemmed on the sides and ends. Laundering is very easy, as every part is so practical and has such long wearing qualities. Give age of child when ordering this Premium No. 216.

Club Offer. A club of only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, secures one Bonnet Free by Parcel Post. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Folding Pocket Camera FREE



Takes a clear, distinct photograph, in or outdoors, size 4x5 in. Fits the coat pocket, is simple to operate, easy for beginners. Weighs 19 ounces. It is well made, of wood and nickel metal, and covered with walrus grain leatherette, reversible view finder, ground glass back panel for focusing. Manual of Photography and instruction book. Everyone enjoys a good Camera; the snap shots accumulated in a season or two create a picture record and story of past events invaluable as time goes by. Camera is so thoroughly perfected the amateur or beginner cannot fail, success is assured at the start and for many there is equal pleasure in developing and printing the films. Best of all is the collection of pictures of friends or places; especially children's pictures. Where little folks are part of a family, there should be a Camera to "snap" them at their play. A genuine Camera, as shown by our illustrations, and fully warranted.

CLUB OFFER. Send only 20 subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each for 15 months for a Camera, complete, as above shown and described. Postage or express paid by us. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FRENCH IVORY TRAY

Also a Vanity Box with Puff and Powder



The tray is made of the white Ivory that is not only fashionable but will enhance the beauty of any dresser or stand. It is five by three inches and nearly half inch deep. With this tray we give you a small powder box containing a puff, and a package of perfumed, sanitary toilet powder. Enough powder to last a long time, and you can use this both on your face and body. The illustration will give you an excellent idea how the puff is made, and the shape of the box and tray. The box is small and light, handy to take around with you. One good feature of this kind of Ivory ware is that you can wash it with soap and water, and it will look just as good as new, and always have a fresh appearance.

Club Offer: For one subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for 15 months we will send you either the tray, or the powder box and puff with face powder free, or we will send the entire outfit of tray, box puff and powder, for a club of two subscribers at 25 cents for 15 months. These must be new subscribers but if you prefer to send your own 25c. renewal for 15 months and 10 cents extra, 35c. In all, we will send you either the Tray or Box, powder and puff free by Parcel Post. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Children's Jolly Hour

With Uncle John

THIS month we usher in the good old summer-time. Children like it the best because they can be out of doors so much. When you get tired of running you can amuse yourself by reading the story or making some of the nice things which we have planned for you. You will find it very amusing. I like to get letters from my readers and always answer with a nice card.

Paul and Prue and the Magic Cloak

CONTINUED FROM APRIL NUMBER.

The lost children could now do nothing, only await the return of the big bird, so after eating a good meal they sought a cool and shady spot and lay down to sleep. They were very tired and slept for many hours but finally they



SHOVED A STICK DOWN THE BIRD'S NECK.

were awakened by loud warbling. Much to their surprise and joy the friendly bird was speaking to them by means of his song. Listening closely to every note they learned that the bear which had the button off the magic cloak, was dead in a gully and covered with leaves. They knew they must have this button before they could hope to get home to their parents so they immediately set out to follow the singer's direction. It told them to go straight ahead and not to pause until they had the button. However, after trudging for hours they reached the spot, and, upon the body of the dead bear, were dozens of horrid birds eating its flesh. The children were afraid to enter their midst. Paul shouted and threw stones at them but they never moved.

At last one of the carrion crows seemed to be choking and rightly enough Paul guessed that it had gotten the button into its windpipe. It uttered awful screams and flopped about and finally dragged itself near them. The boy did not know what to do but Prue with great courage shoved a small stick down the bird's throat and drew out the prized button. Thus she regained what they wanted so badly and saved the bird's life. One thing now remained to be done.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Soot Pictures

Did you ever make pictures out of soot? Well it is great fun and quite easy to do. Take a tin plate and hold it to a candle flame until it is thickly and evenly covered with soot. Upon this black background we must scrape lines and wipe off portions to make the object we wish to picture.

FIG. 1

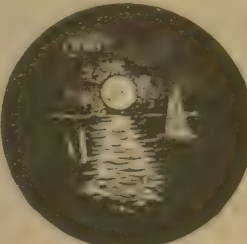


FIG. 2



FIG. 3

A MOONLIGHT SCENE.

You cannot draw anything with small or sharp lines, only masses of shade may be used. A moonlight scene or a water scene, or landscape is quite easy. Tie a cloth thimble to your finger and it will be easier than merely wiping away with a loose rag. Again here is a chance for the child who can draw a little and thousands have told me they could and have sent me samples of their work to prove it.

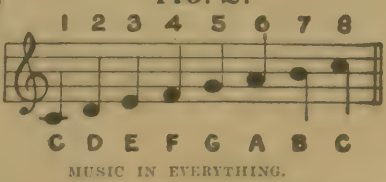
Bottle Music

It is said that there is music in everything. It seems to be a fact too, because you can play

FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.



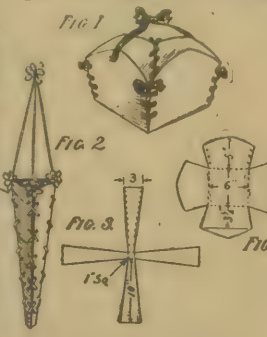
MUSIC IN EVERYTHING.

the scale on mostly anything. Place a stick across the back of two chairs and hang from it eight bottles each filled with water a little more than its next door neighbor. With a small stick tap each bottle lightly and continue to add or pour out water until the notes ascend the scale properly. Now if you play the piano or organ,

or even if you know one note from the other, you ought to be able to play tunes by hitting the bottles. It may take a little practice to get the right effect but the nice tinkling sound will repay you for your trouble. This would be a nice thing to have at a birthday party where only little girls are invited. If boys were there I suppose they would be rough enough to break the bottles.

Fancy Baskets

The paper baskets shown here are samples of what a smart little girl can make in her spare time. The plan for the long one is marked Fig. 3. Cut out the stiff colored paper just the size shown and punch holes along the edges with a nail. The holes should be large enough to admit baby ribbon which is used to lace them together. Fancy bows at the corners and top add to the beauty of the design. Fig. 4 is a plan of the other one. Fig. 1 shows it finished. After you have cut it out with the scissors all that remains to be done is to lace the edges with the ribbon. You can put as much pains as you want in this work and it will be all the better for it. If you do it quickly or carelessly it is better not to do it at all.



FOR MAY DAY NIGHT.

Funny Bugs Steal Eggs

The Funny Bugs were trying to steal an egg but it was too large for them to carry. The sly mouse came along. He said he would lie down

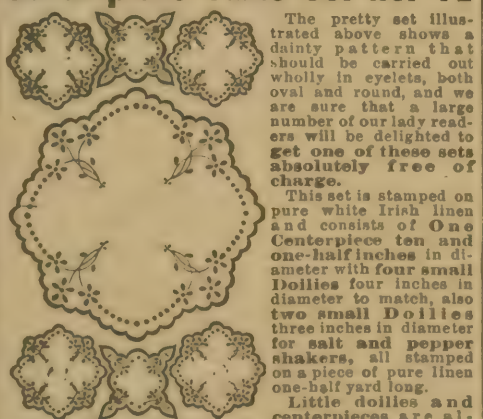


THE FUNNY BUGS OUTWITTED.

and hold the egg in his paws and the Bugs could catch hold of his tail and pull him as if he were a wagon. I think it was a fine scheme, don't you?

After making an article for the first time, we generally feel as if we could go over the job and do a good deal better. In that case it would be well to try our hand a second time. I want to hear from those who have tried the plans. Perhaps you have some of your own that you want to tell about. If they are new and good I will run them in this column, but I cannot say how soon. UNCLE JOHN.

Seven-piece Table Set No. 72

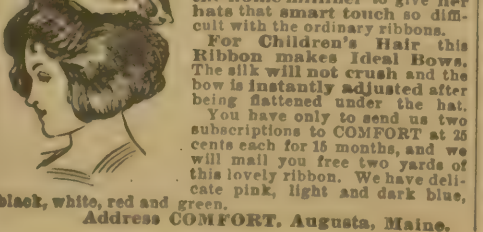


The pretty set illustrated above shows a dainty pattern that should be carried out wholly in eyelets, both oval and round, and we are sure that a large number of our lady readers will be delighted to get one of these sets absolutely free of charge. This set is stamped on pure white Irish linen and consists of One Centerpiece ten and one-half inches in diameter with four small doilies four inches in diameter to match, also two small doilies three inches in diameter for salt and pepper shakers, all stamped on a piece of pure linen one-half yard long. Little doilies and centerpieces are always very handy to have in the home, and even if you already have a larger set you will find this one also handy as the design is simple and does not require much material for working.

Our Offer: We want to give away thousands of these Table Sets to further introduce COMFORT, and we will send one absolutely free of charge by Parcel Post if you will send us one new subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for 15 months, or 35 cents and your own subscription or renewal for one year. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

BEAUTIFUL RIBBONS

Five Inches in Width with Soft Wired Edges The Latest Conception in Hair Ribbons and Artistic Hat Trimmings. Guaranteed All Silk Taffeta



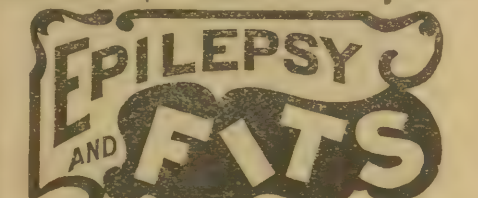
black, white, red and green. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

questions? I have not the back numbers of COMFORT, as I gave them to a friend before coming to this part of the state. I have just received the February issue and was greatly interested in the article about incubators. I am having some White Wyandottes incubated, and wish you would kindly answer the following questions in your next issue: 1. How and what should I feed day old chicks? 2. Should they be fed before twenty-four hours old? 3. How long should this feed be continued? 4. Should anything be put in the drinking water? 5. Should young chicks be fed often? How often? 6. Should food be kept constantly before chicks or hens? 7. How and what should I feed pullets and hens? How often? 8. What should I feed for egg production? 9. What to feed for fertility? Any advice you can give a beginner will be very gratefully received and appreciated. P. S. Do incubated chickens have lice and what is the cause? A.—To answer your questions in rotation—1, 2, 3, and 5. Chicks should not be fed until they are thirty-six hours old. Stale bread which has been soaked in scalding milk and squeezed dry, is the best food for the next two days. Crumble a little in front of them about every three hours after they are three days old. Scatter a little chick feed in the litter on the brooder floor, boil an egg hard, cut without removing the shell, chop very fine. Give a little twice a day. After they are a week old, chick feed three times a day is scattered in the litter, so they will have to scratch for it, cottage cheese or chopped egg once a day, and the moist stale bread twice a day. After the third week keep dry mash in hopper always in front of them. Scatter chick feed in litter, and give some treat like chopped liver or pot cheese once a day. Fresh clean drinking water should be before them from the start, and some green food after the first week. Chopped onion tops also leaves of oat sprouts can be mixed with pot cheese or chopped egg and given separately. Question No. 4. I don't believe in dosing chicks, but if there is any sign of bowel trouble, substitute cold tea for their drinking water for a few hours a day if it seems necessary, and when the trouble is past, add a few drops of tincture of iron to the drinking water twice a week for two or three weeks. No. 6. When hens are confined to a limited space keep the floor of the scratching shed thickly covered with cut straw and dry leaves, and scatter small grain to encourage them to take exercise. Nos. 7, 8 and 9. Feed three times a day; mash in the morning, small grain and vegetables at noon, whole corn at night. During the summer the rations for laying hens are as follows: Morning mash, equal parts of bran, ground oats and corn, chopped Alfalfa or clover hay, and meat meal. Noon: Kaffir corn, millet or oats, cabbage, lawn clippings or other green food. Night: wheat, or cracked corn and oats. If the hens are on free range, the chopped hay and animal meal can be omitted from the morning mash. They need large open range, as they can find plenty for themselves. If the birds are healthy and strong to start with, these rations will give you plenty of eggs that will be fertile. For late summer management, moulting and winter rations, see the coming numbers of COMFORT. Chickens should be free from lice when they are taken from the incubator, but the brooder must be kept scrupulously clean and constant vigilance exercised to keep them so. Use plenty of whitewash and insect powder. Read answer to G. B., and remember always that poultry is sure to acquire vermin of some sort, either from old birds or plants, and the fight against it must never cease.

Generous \$2 Bottle Free by Mail



If you suffer from Epilepsy, Falling Sickness, Spasms, or have children that do so, my New Treatment will relieve them, and all you are asked to do is to send for a FREE \$2 Bottle of Dr. May's Formula. It has relieved permanently the very worst cases, when everything else has failed. Please write and give AGE and complete address. DR. W. H. MAY, 548 Pearl St., New York.



MORPHINE No matter how long you have been troubled, no matter what treatments you have taken, there is one sure, safe—home cure—MORPHINE. You owe it to yourself to write at once for free proof of the only drug cure in the world. Not a substitute. Manine Medicine Co., 620 Princess Building, St. Louis, Mo.

LOTS OF MAIL If you want to get lots of mail from different firms—30 different ones—write to us for a list of names and addresses. We will put your name in our Directory. And we will also send you at once, 15 sample Cards, 14 fine Pictures, and a large assortment of curious and wonderful reading matter. Write today, send 10 cents, note or stamp for postage, and you will get lots of mail—and the big lot of presents besides. Williams & Co., McKimley Park, Chicago, Ill.

Superior Transfer Outfit, No. 69

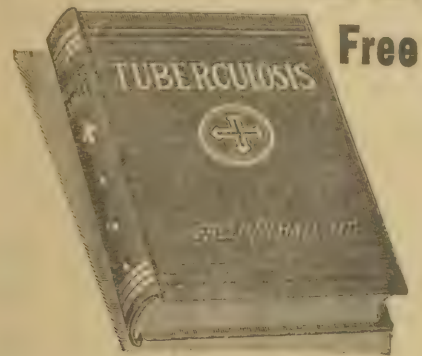
Containing over 40 New Fancy Work Designs and 156 Initials in Different Styles and Sizes



These Superior Transfer Patterns are the best and the simplest on the market. They are instantly transferred to any material by simply rubbing back of pattern with bowl of a spoon or by pressing with a hot iron on the back of patterns. If transferred by rubbing they can be used about six times and still can be transferred by pressing with a hot iron. This illustration can show only a few of the beautiful articles contained in this outfit, including Shirt Waist (front, collar and cuffs), Linen Skirt (collar, jabot and cuffs), Corset Cover, 6 floral designs for underwear, 1 Baby Cap (2 pieces), 1 Baby Bib and Shoes to match, 1 Baby Dress Panel, 1 Picture Frame, 1 Anchor for Sailor Suit, 1 Towel End, 1 Whisk Brush Holder, 1 Baby Dress Panel, 12 different floral designs suitable for Scarfs, Table Cover, Pincushions, 1 complete Old English Alphabet 2 complete Script Alphabet, 1 complete Fancy English Alphabet, 1 complete Script Alphabet, 1 complete Old English Alphabet. Complete instructions for using are enclosed in each outfit. In addition to this bargain we are including in each outfit without extra charge a complete course in Embroidery and Fancy Work Illustrated with all the principal stitches, with complete description of each stitch, making embroidery so simple that any child can do it. Remember, all you have to do to receive all these 196 Transfer Patterns and this complete illustrated Embroidery Course is to send us at once one new 15 months' subscription to COMFORT at 25c or your own yearly subscription or renewal at 35c and get the above free. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Tuberculosis

Its Diagnosis, Treatment and Cure



Free

NEW TREATISE ON TUBERCULOSIS

By FREEMAN HALL, M. D.

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Tuberculosis can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Tuberculosis, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, it will instruct you how others, with its aid, cured themselves after all remedies tried had failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yorkman Co., 5955 Rose St., Kalamazoo, Mich., they will gladly send you the book by return mail FREE and also a generous supply of the new Treatment absolutely Free, for they want you to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.



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We give LADIES' SMALL and GENTS' WATCHES and such case watches to anyone, for selling our art post cards at 10c a packet. Order 20 packets now. When sold send \$2.00 and we will send you FREE a stem-wind, 12 yr. guaranteed watch, highly engraved, proper size; also ring and handsome chain.
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FREE TO WOMEN—Piso's Tablets

are recommended as the best local remedy for women's ailments. Easy to use, prompt to relieve. Two weeks treatment, and an article "Causes of Diseases in Women," mailed free.
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ASTHMA CURED Before You Pay

I will send you a full size bottle of LANE'S CURE on FREE TRIAL. If it does not cure you, send me \$1.00. If it does, don't send me a cent. Give express office Address D. J. LANE, 235 Lane Building, St. Marys, Kansas.

THE ROGEN "X" RAY WONDER

Here Boys is what you WANT with this little instrument you can apparently see through clothes. Even the flesh turns transparent and the bones can be seen. Use of the fun you can have with it. Sample 10 cents. J. H. PIKE, Box F, South Norwalk, Conn.

32 NICE POST CARDS

different sorts, and a Good Magazine for one year. THE WHOLE THING for only ten cents. ROBERTS & CO., 3247 WOOD ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know they have heart trouble and thousands die who have been wrongly treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others, when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON
Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it, with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 862, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, free of charge. Enclose stamp for postage. Don't risk death by delay.

Improved German Silver Mesh Bag

Can't Stay Open While You Carry It Nor Contents Be Lost. When You Lift or Use

This Bag The Draw-Chain Automatically Closes The Top Insuring Safety Of Contents.



The Latest Mesh Bags Have Chain Pulls

Instead of clasps, and can easily be washed with soap and water. The ordinary style with the clasped frame top has been in vogue several years, but the bag with the Silver Snake-Wire Draw String is the Latest. It is Five Inches Wide and Three Inches Deep, with a very attractive fringe of links shaped into points as illustrated with a silver-plated ball on the end of each point, also on the bottom of the bag there are three balls. The illustration does not do justice to this attractive bag. It will hold such things as handkerchiefs, coin purse, etc., much more in fact than the ordinary small kind-lined bag, which is more easily soiled. The bag is very strongly made of extra size mesh, and with ordinary care will last for years without breaking or tarnishing.

Special Club Offer: For only five subscribers to COMFORT at 25c each for 15 months, we will send you one of these German Silver Mesh Bags by Parcel Post. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

NOW comes the merry month of May when all the birds and flowers play and summer girls begin to hum in prospect of the beaux to come. There, my dears, that sounds like poetry, doesn't it? Maybe it isn't quite that, but this is the poetic season and if I fall into rhyme, you must excuse me, for I do love the spring and like to sing its praises. I hope that you all will find the joys in it that it always brings to them who look for them. Still it isn't any great joy to work when you have the spring fever, is it? But it must be done and I go to mine.

The first letter I take up is from Gray Eyes of Moberly, Mo., and she doesn't know whether she loves the young man or not, who wants her to marry him after a courtship of two months. When a girl doesn't know whether she loves a man or not, perhaps she shouldn't marry him though they had been courting for years, and when it has been for only two months, she should certainly wait till she does know. When in doubt, don't marry is an old maxim and a good one.

Pearl, Rexford, Kans.—If he thinks as much of you as you think he does, he will write to you first. Let him do the courting. If he writes, you may give him a birthday present, but not otherwise. Young men don't like to have girls thrust their attentions upon them.

Mountain Girl, Lowmoor, Va.—With everything in comfort about you and a nice man waiting to take you as soon as he is able to give you a home, I think you would be silly indeed, not to wait. The fact that he is fifteen years older counts for nothing, being as good a man as he is.

Prairie Lily, Malta, Mont.—Have a sensible talk with the young man you like and who likes you, but let the one you don't like get ahead of him, and see if it will not stir him up a little. If he hasn't the strength to go in and win when you are ready to help him, he doesn't deserve to have you and you deserve to have a better man. So there you are and my blessing on you.

F. A. M., Richland Springs, Texas.—I think, my dear, you should wait until you are twenty-four to marry, then you will get the money and the husband, too, and maybe if you marry now, you will only get the husband and he may not be worth it. Besides you will have more sense at twenty-four as well as dollars.

Unhappy Dorothy, Beaumont, Texas.—It is strange to me that a girl will go on loving an unworthy man, but a great many of you do. There was no reason why this young man who could not support you should go off and marry another girl because you wanted him to wait until he was able to marry. But he did, and now he is unhappy and you think if you had been his wife he would have been happy and you, too. But you wouldn't because he doesn't have the stuff in him to be a happy husband for any woman. Forget him and marry this other young man who wants you.

Discouraged, Wheeler, Texas.—You'll never get him back until you learn how to control your "independent and stubborn nature." Young men don't like that kind when uncontrolled. You don't love him or you would not be asking me if you should take him back. As to Wheeler society, I think if I liked it as little as you do and felt so much better than it was, I'd go somewhere else. You can't reform it.

Hopeful, New Hope, Ark.—You are in love with the man who is seven years older than you and is devoted, and not with the young student, who is neglected, and I think he would not be sorry if you dropped him for the right one.

Rose, Anniston, Ala.—With George feeding you candy and your heart bursting for Glen, you are in a serious condition, my dear, but I think if you will wait fourteen years before marrying either of them, you will feel much better. (2) I am sorry for the employer whose stenographer you are when you close a long letter to me about your beaux by saying, "I must close for my beaux wants about fifty letters wrote." I hope you use better grammar than that in his letters, but lots of stenographers don't and still they wonder why they get such poor wages.

Anxious, Stayton, Oregon.—Goodness me, my dear, have you been reading this column and don't know that there is no way to get a young man to go with you when he doesn't care enough for you to do so without urging? Give him up and find someone who does care for you. That is the only way.

Dreamy Eyes, Marshall, Minn.—Your friends may think you pretty and sensible, but if they knew you were pining away for two young men who didn't know it and didn't care, and a dozen good men were in love with you, none of whom you could care for, I think they would change their minds as to your being unusually sensible. If you are pretty, you don't have to be very sensible, but you can't have both the young men, you know.

Violet Eyes, Cottonwood, Neb.—Don't get discouraged, little Violet, because you are a lonelier and more alone and you will live happily ever after.

Discontented, Maud, Okla.—A young woman of twenty-three who has taught school for six years and yet has an unsettled heart, though engaged, should

March Cash Prizes Paid

The WINNERS of March Monthly Prizes in COMFORT'S FIFTH GRAND PRIZE CONTEST have been paid the following sums. All the large March prizes have been paid DOUBLE.

E. Wagoner, Ill., (1st prize doubled)	\$100.00
Mrs. Francis D'Arcy, Wash., (2nd prize doubled)	50.00
Macon A. Green, Tenn., (3rd prize doubled)	20.00
Mrs. J. F. Poulson, N. Y., (4th prize doubled)	10.00
Miss Joe Covington, Texas, (5th prize doubled)	6.00
Fairlena Riley, Ky., (6th prize doubled)	4.00

\$1.00 Monthly Prizes Thribbled, \$3.00 Each

Laura Lindsay, Va.; Edna Snead, La.; Martha Ausbach, Pa.; Mrs. T. A. Cisney, Ohio; Sophie W. Schweir, N. Y.

\$1.00 Monthly Prizes Doubled, \$2.00 Each

Mrs. M. E. Kibler, Ill.; Mrs. J. A. Williams, Wash.; Mrs. Lena Stewart, N. C.

The Following 75 Women Received a Consolation or Special Prize of One Dollar Each for March

Mrs. John H. Canyock, Conn.; Mrs. Guy McNeill, Miss.; Mrs. Sallie Black, S. C.; Mrs. S. L. Gibson, N. C.; Mae Hope, Kentucky; Mrs. S. S. Haught, Texas; Ada Humphrey, Ky.; Lola Biggs, Tenn.; Mrs. Mary Overby, Va.; Clara Odle, W. Va.; Addie L. Graham, Ala.; Margie Hays, Ala.; Mrs. Frank E. Morris, Cal.; Mrs. C. L. Quinn, Ga.; Mrs. Florence M. Gaddis, Ga.; Mrs. Mary E. Coffman, Ky.; Mrs. Alice Marsh, Ky.; Mrs. Montie Rasure, Ky.; Mrs. A. L. Manchester, Maine; Mrs. Joe Schabel, Mass.; Mrs. Will King, Ohio; Miss Sue Morgan, N. C.; Miss R. D. Ramsey, N. C.; Jennie Ringenwald, N. H.; Miss Cynthia Littlefield, Maine; Mrs. W. E. Cabiness, Va.; Mrs. R. H. Armstrong, Va.; Hannah Bonfield, Canada; Mrs. Wm. Pratt, Tenn.; Mrs. Susie Puga, Ky.; Mrs. Jennie Geldeck, Iowa; Mrs. Crook Love, Ind.; Bertha Reed, Pa.; Mrs. Frederick Smith, N. Y.; Hazel Bergdorf, Ohio; Miss Mabel Howell, Mich.; Mrs. Rebecca Matlock, N. J.; Mrs. S. J. Shively, Ky.; Mrs. Mary Peterson, Ill.; Mrs. John Pohlmann, N. Y.; Lulu Byrum, N. C.; Mrs. S. McGovern, Ohio; Mrs. Ruth Allen, Oregon; Mrs. C. G. Banister, Ky.; Mrs. Dora Powell, Mo.; Mrs. M. R. Henson, N. H.; Mrs. Nora Ross, Texas; Rose Bertone, Ill.; Mrs. Kate Samuel, Ala.; Mrs. L. A. Perry, Kans.; Mrs. Lena Johnson, Wis.; Mrs. J. A. Parsons, Maine; Mrs. Emma T. Starnish, Ohio; Bertha Kessler, Ohio; Mrs. Belle Nelson, Ohio; Mrs. Stephen Ross, Pa.; Mrs. C. L. Boush, Tenn.; Mrs. Dora Weidberg, Tenn.; Gertrude Jones, Mo.; Mrs. Sue Rapp, Mo.; Mrs. Cozbi Blount, W. Va.; Genevieve Schwinn, Conn.; Mrs. H. C. Harmon, Kans.; Mrs. Ide Tingle, Ky.; Mrs. Zelma Green, Ohio; Miss Margie Roach, La.; Mrs. Lizzie Paradis, Maine; Mrs. Nettie Riley, Mo.; Mrs. Philip Kiser, Mo.; Mrs. W. H. Seaman, Neb.; Mrs. Inez McVeigle, Ohio; Annie Terral, Texas; Mrs. A. Davis, Ark.; Miss Mary Parker, Ind.; Mrs. Sallie Hestand, Texas.

This Happy Wife

Wishes to tell you FREE

HOW SHE STOPPED Her Husband's Drinking

Write to Her and Learn How She did It.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 604 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a very hard drinker. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.

She also tried this remedy on her brother and several neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to try this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly.

(We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)

with two children is all I have to say. If you haven't any better sense than to marry him, then marry him and acquire it in a very hard school. And the acquired sense won't make you any happier, either, because you will still be married.

There, my dears, all your questions are answered except those that I had to send to other departments, not being heart questions, and I hope you are all perfectly satisfied with what I have said to you, for I am, now by, by, and be good little girls and mind your Cousin Marion.

Dressmaking Lessons Free

Complete Illustrated Course of Lessons Given to Women Readers of This

Paper For a Short Time

Only.

We have just published in one large volume one of the most valuable and most comprehensive courses of instruction in home dressmaking ever written. This course of lessons covers practically every phase of the subject of dressmaking. It tells you how to make most every garment, from the simplest house apron to the most elaborate evening gown.

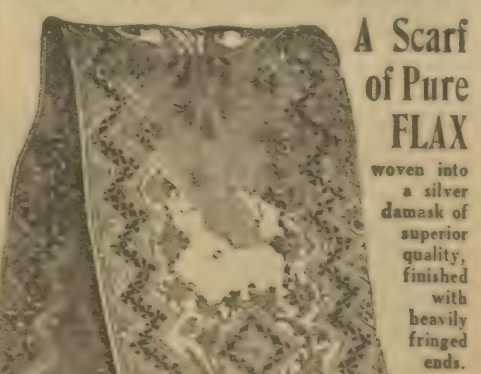
This valuable book, "Every Woman Her Own Dressmaker," will be found of great assistance to beginners as well as experienced dressmakers. You can turn to this book and find a satisfactory answer to practically every dressmaking question which might come up. It illustrates and fully describes 200 very latest styles for ladies and children. It gives valuable instructions on fitting and finishing—instruction needed by every woman. Here are some of the interesting subjects taught in these lessons:

How to Sponge and Shrink Wool Goods.
How to Shrink Wash Materials.
How to Make a Tailored Coat at Home.
How to Make a Plain Shirtwaist by the Newest and Easiest Method.
How to Make a Boned Lining.
How to Make Stylish Suits, Skirts, Waists, Dresses and Dressing Sacques.
How to Make Wrappers, Kimonos and Underclothes.
How to Make Children's Coats and School Clothes.

We are giving these valuable dressmaking books away absolutely free just to introduce our popular publication. Send us your name and address at once, together with 4 cents in stamps to cover mailing expense, and secure one of these valuable books before the offer is withdrawn.

Address ARTHUR CAPPER COMPANY, Dept. DM-32, Topeka, Kansas.

Pure Flax Imported Drawnwork Scarf



A Scarf of Pure FLAX woven into a silver damask of superior quality, finished with heavily fringed ends.

Combed and knotted, and ornamented with a border design running all around the scarf in a large zigzag design of hand-made drawnwork that is elaborated into a very pretty pattern at the ends of the scarf. It is of serviceable texture and attractive appearance, in patterns similar to illustration, all pure linen. Size sixteen by sixty-seven inches and given FREE for only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25c each for 15 months. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

I STOPPED MY CATARRH OVER NIGHT

I Will Gladly Tell You
How—FREE

HEALS 24 HOURS

It is a new way. It is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams. No atomizer, or any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steaming, or rubbing or injections. No electricity or vibration or massage. No powder; no plasters; no keeping in the house. Nothing of that kind at all. Something new and different—something delightful and healthful—something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger, and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it over night—and I will gladly tell you how—FREE. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured, and my friends are cured, and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.



I AM FREE—YOU CAN BE FREE

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality. But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

RISK JUST ONE CENT

Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz, Please tell me how you cured your catarrh and how I can cure mine." That's all you need to say. I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information, FREE, at once. Do not delay. Send the postal card or write me a letter today. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me.

**SAM KATZ, Suite 1596,
1325 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.**

BEEF BLOOD VIRO FOR THIN PEOPLE

MADE FINE FLESH
Marvelous all flesh producers. Six times the strength of strong healthy bullock's blood. Gain 15 to 30 pounds, have plump form. For indigestion, Nervousness, Constipation. To prove its wonderful powers we will send 50c trial package for 10c and our SPECIAL TEST OFFER with POSITIVE GUARANTEE. Write today, now.

THE VIRO COMPANY, Dept. 5, Clarinda, Iowa.

MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

Opium and all drug habits. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous and physical system and removes the cause. Write us in confidence.

ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, Suite 832—21 E. Van Buren St., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

Sell our Big 31.00 Bottle Narsapartilla for 39 cents. 200 Per Cent Profit. Best Seller. Finest Medicine. Complies with pure drug law. Everyone buys. Write now for terms.

F. R. GREENE, 39 E. Lake St., Chicago.

LEG SORES

Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE. Barley Co., 1823 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

M. B. H., Wood Lake, Minn.—The position of lady's companion may or may not be very agreeable depending on the lady, who may be a regular "cat" and no living with her. As to qualifications, a bright country girl of good disposition and of fairly good breeding, who had been abroad, spoke two foreign languages, played the piano and had a good high school education would seem to be about right for any lady who was really a lady. Advertise in Chicago papers for such a position, stating your qualifications.

D. H. S., Payette, Ida.—To make soap bubbles that will last and show the colors of the rainbow beautifully, shake palm-oil soap shavings in a large bottle of distilled water until a concentrated solution is obtained; filter this through gray filtering paper, to be had at drug-store, and mix with about one third of its bulk of pure glycerine. Shake the mixture before using. With a two-inch glass funnel connected by an India-rubber tube beautiful bubbles may be blown as large as a foot in diameter which will last for several minutes and bubbles of two or three inches size will last for hours. The usual clay pipe may be used, for blowing, but not such good results will be had. They will delight the kindergarten children, all right.

L. M. D., Corona, N. M.—The ship company, which brings an immigrant to this country who may be deported for any reason, must bear the cost of taking him back. The franc is still the unit of French currency and is made of silver, somewhat less in size than our twenty-five cent piece as its value is by thirteen cents. Most Irishmen are quite satisfied arriving in New York with one hundred francs would receive a little less than twenty dollars American money.

E. B. D., Wilmington, Del.—COMFORT did not say that Oscar Wilde was an Englishman, but an English writer, as some recognized authorities describe him, though British writer would be more nearly correct, as he was born in Dublin. Most Irishmen are quite satisfied to have him known as an Englishman, notwithstanding his brilliant intellect.

C. B. L., Kelseyville, Cal.—Providence, R. I. was so named by Roger Williams its founder "in remembrance of God's providence" to him in his distress. In 1636 he was banished from Massachusetts chiefly on account of his pronounced views regarding the strictness of the civil magistrates in religious matters and with a small band of his sympathizers went to a grant of land given him by the Indians outside of Massachusetts. In 1639 he was baptized and became pastor of the first Baptist church in Providence. John Bunyan, author of Pilgrim's Progress, was eleven years old at this time and also became a Baptist preacher and died in 1688, four years after the death of Roger Williams. We find no mention of Bunyan's sister's husbands.

R. W., Pisek, N. Dak.—Don't give up the farm to become a brakeman. You may own a farm some day, but you are dead sure not to own a railroad. On the farm you are your own man and on the railroad you are some other man's. Sit on the farm and learn how to farm by business and scientific methods. Don't be a Rube farmer, but an intelligent agriculturist. You are a kid yet and have plenty of time. We say the same to all COMFORT boys on the farm and hope they will give heed ere it is too late.

Unique, Lloyd, Fla.—A quarto (4to) is the size of a sheet folded four times, an octavo (8vo) eight times, but the size of the sheet has varied until now the shape rather than the exact size is understood, only the measurements are usually for a quarto, 7x8 1/2 inches to 10x13 inches, and an octavo from 4 1/4 x 7 to 6 1/2 x 10 inches. (2) Story writers ordinarily use letter size (8x10 inches) typewriter paper for their manuscripts, though they may use any size if the story is good enough.

Miss L. M., Sandy Ridge, N. C.—Students taking the classical course in any college must know Latin, but it is not necessary in the scientific and elective courses. It is a very good thing to know, though, because so much of our own language comes from it.

A. Y., Bluffs, Ill.—Wilbur and Orville Wright of Dayton, Ohio, were the brothers who first successfully became birdmen and the Wright aeroplanes are among the best known. Wilbur is dead and Orville lives at Dayton where the Wright factory is located.

X. Y. Z., Stafford, Mo.—Preparations made of harmless drugs should be passed on by the authorities as pure, not because they need it themselves, but for the information of the public who would not know them from impure unless they had the government stamp. The Pure Food Act was intended as a protection not only to the public, but to honest manufacturers.

G. McN., Krebs, Okla.—If you will read the advertisements in COMFORT you will find there the addresses of firms who deal in coins and supply lists of coins and their value. You will also find other things of interest in the advertisements in COMFORT. Read them all closely.

Mrs. L. D., Hillsboro, Texas.—For your benefit and that of other COMFORT readers who have not

yet waked up, we will say again here that there are no firms advertising mineral rods for locating hidden treasure or anything else, unless they are doing it on the sly, because the government authorities have pronounced all such contrivances fraudulent and they have been refused the use of the mails. It might be supposed that in this age of education, information and progress there were not enough ignorant people left to make the business pay, but it did until the government put a stop to it. Science has taken the place of superstition in most places.

Mrs. C. S., Norwich, N. Y.—Our divorce laws, being a matter of state legislation rather than federal, are a queer lot that nobody but an expert can be expected to know anything definite about. How long the defendant in a divorce suit must wait before he or she can marry again depends upon the law of the state in which the divorce is granted. If the defendant marries before the time set, it may be a case of contempt of court as well as a violation of law, and such marriage is void in many cases.

R. P. X., Lincoln, Ill.—Rider Haggard reached the summit of his glory when he wrote "She," "Allan Quartermain," and "King Solomon's Mines," and he was still alive and writing good stories at last accounts. (2) If one engine will propel a aeroplane fifty miles an hour two will not double the speed, though two would increase it materially, allowing that the plane originally had been built to accommodate two engines. Go over to Dayton, O., and study at the Wright factory.

Mrs. H. H. W., Piggott, Ark.—Again we repeat that when any COMFORT reader finds in the earth, air or water, any mineral substance, any peculiar bird, beast or insect, or any tree, plant or flower unknown to him he notify the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., or his own state Governor and send specimens of the same when they are asked for. There are many strange things in this big country, not yet known, and the authorities, state and national, are looking for them always and in many instances the knowledge must come by accident from the people themselves. All examinations are free.

M. J., Siler City, N. C.—Diamonds are pure carbon. They are found in the earth in the form of pebbles showing no particular luster. They have been found to some extent in North Carolina. The New York, N. Y., are the leading experts on diamonds in this country. They are perfectly reliable and can afford to pay all the stones are worth. Diamonds in the rough are not so valuable as when polished, but if you have any large quantity of the real thing in the rough, you won't have to work any more. South Africa and Brazil are the present sources of supply.

X. Y. Z., Indian Lake, N. Y.—There were other historians of Bible times than those whom we read in the Bible and New Testament, and it is from them come historical statements which make it as sure as any remote history can be, that Peter was in Rome and died there, though it is not mentioned in the New Testament. What is accepted by moderns as facts of ancient history is not what one historian has stated, but what is deduced from the statements of all whose writings still survive. What's the difference anyhow about ancient history if all of us do our whole duty in making modern history the best the world has known?

D. E. C., Lockport, N. Y.—The site of ancient Troy, that is the Troy of Homer, is a matter of dispute among archaeologists with the evidence in favor of the small village of Barnabashi, which is of no importance except its site and that is in doubt. From 1184 B. C. to 1913 A. D. is such a very long time that definite information is scarcely possible. One thing is definite, however, and that is that the small bay on which Troy was located has been filled up by drift from the Scamander river and there is chiefly dry land now between the two promontories where the bay used to be. (2) The Portuguese Minister at Washington is Visconde de Alte, and information concerning the late King of Portugal may be had by writing to him, or to the Secretary of the Portuguese Legation.

Stops Tobacco Habit

Elders' Sanitarium, located at 698 Main St., St. Joseph, Mo., has published a book showing the deadly effect of the tobacco habit, and how it can be stopped in three to five days.

As they are distributing this book free, anyone wanting a copy should send them their name and address at once.—Advertisement.



Send for
a
**FREE
BOX
of
OXIE**
(One Week's Supply)

Oxien Tablets

The wonderful Health Tonic containing a combination of only pure Vegetable Tonics from Nature's great storehouse of healing.

ment sending name and address to us and we will gladly send you information with booklets, literature, etc., and the full sample Oxien Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We will also show you how to make \$245.50 by starting on only \$2.50. We have the best money-making agency proposition today. This is ALL FREE if you send at once to
THE GIANT OXIE CO., 26 Willow Street, Augusta, Maine.

Free to Stomach Sufferers—Write today for sample of Grandma's Dyspepsia Tablets free, and be convinced that you have found the remedy. Full box 10c. Dr. W. F. Waggoner, Suite 6, NAT'L BANK BLDG., Carrollton, Ill.

"LET ME" read your character from your handwriting. Mind you get a good reading that will help you in love, health, business and domestic affairs. Price 10c. Money back if dissatisfied. G. A. Beauchamp, 2583 8th Ave., New York.

Uncle Charlie's Poems Cloth bound, 50c. Song Book, 30c. Address, UNCLE CHARLIE, care Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

You Can Make \$8.00 PER 100 COLLECTING Part-time business for you. All kinds of names wanted. Send 10c postage for blank book and outfit. We want a million names quick. WATSON & CO., 1000 N. PARK, CHICAGO, ILL.

Asthma Prompt relief. Remedy Guaranteed. Treatment mailed free. Dr. Klausman, Box 618, Augusta, Me.

GOITRE

OPERATION UNNECESSARY

Let me send you a package of medicine that you may prove to yourself, in the privacy of your own home

FREE OF COST

that you can cure yourself of this swelling. Just write me a brief history of your case to tell me the type of goitre you have and I will mail you FREE this big test treatment in plain package. State age, size of goitre, condition of nerves, heart, bowels and whether or not your eyes are unduly prominent. This package of medicine is absolutely free to you. After it proves its healing powers, I will treat your case for a nominal sum. Dr. W. T. Bobo, 572 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich.

Magnolia Blossom



Women If Sick Or Discouraged

We want to show you free of cost what wonderful results Magnolia Blossom can accomplish. If you suffer from Leucorrhoea (Whites), Womb, Ovarian Troubles, Painful Periods, Bearing Down Pains, or any form of Female Trouble, just sit down at once and write for our Free Box of Magnolia Blossom. We know what it has done for thousands of other women who have suffered just as you. All do and we know what it will do for you. Just we want is a chance to convince you. Just have a little faith; send us your name and address today and let us send you this simple Home Treatment Free with valuable advice. Address
**SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO.,
Box 41 South Bend, Indiana**

How Is Your Health?

If you don't feel well, run down, out of sorts and depressed, weak, dizzy, ache in back, side, chest or muscles; if you lack life to enjoy a hearty laugh; have suffered for years with disease; stomach weak, breath offensive, circulation feeble, cold clammy hands or feet; have rheumatism, heart trouble or grippy colds

Wouldn't You Like to Feel Real Good Again?

To have perfect rest, good digestion? Easy mind, good memory for names and places? Have vim and vigor with a knowledge that rich pure blood was supplying the entire system with nature's own health-producing vitality?

We will send, all Free and plainly mailed the necessary **OXIEN REMEDY**, consisting of one 25 cent **OXIEN Poreux Plaster** and samples of the **Oxien Pills** together with a free **Sample Box of Oxien Tablets** the WONDERFUL HEALTH TONIC. This is the same treatment that has for past years accomplished almost miracles in thousands of homes and is a royal road to health.

We want you to ask for our Free Oxien Treatment sending name and address to us and we will gladly send you information with booklets, literature, etc., and the full sample Oxien Remedy Treatment without a cent of cost to you. We will also show you how to make \$245.50 by starting on only \$2.50. We have the best money-making agency proposition today. This is ALL FREE if you send at once to

80 NEW DESIGNS ON TWELVE SHEETS BOND PAPER.

Every design distinctly perforated to give a clear working pattern on most any material. Our tremendous success with other stamping outfits makes us realize the importance of very careful preparation of this New Outfit, and we believe you will be delighted with our effort. Great care has been exercised in selecting the patterns, and we present the following list of the many designs embraced in the SWEETHEART OUTFIT.

1 Pillow Top design, size 18x18 inches; 3 different styles of ladies' collars; 1 Round cushion; 1 Design for nightdress; 3 Vine designs for shirtwaist and skirt; 1 Centerpiece 18x18 inches; 1 Dolly design, size 3x3 inches; 3 Sideboard or bureau scarf designs; 1 Violet design; 1 Shirtwaist design for eyelet and solid embroidery; 1 Baby cap; 1 Baby cap; 1 Pair of shoes; 2 Designs for handkerchiefs; 1 Ladies' Belt; 1 Table-cover design; 1 Corset cover design; 1 Shirtwaist design; 3 Designs for hemstitched scarf, etc.; 1 Tray Cloth design for eyelet and solid embroidery; 1 Spray of violet for hemstitched squares, etc.; 1 Spray each of daisies, etc.; 1 of roses; 1 of carnations and violet; 3 Borders for lingerie; 1 Misses' Dutch collar design; 1 Complete set initials, 3 in. high, suitable for bed linen; 1 Complete set initials, 1 1/2 inches high, old English for table linen, etc.; 1 Centerpiece, size 12x12 inches, for solid embroidery; 2 Border designs for towels or pillow ends; 2 Border designs for lingerie, etc.; 1 Bowknot design; 1 Border design for table-cover; 1 Skirt panel design; 1 Corner design for pillow top; 1 Opera Bag design; 1 Poppy design, size 3x4 inches; 2 Small border designs; 2 Anchor designs for sailor suits; 1 Star design for girls' dresses; 2 Vine designs for ladies' hose; 1 Large butterfly; 1 Daisy design, and many others.

This is an entirely new outfit, with new designs and new ideas throughout, gotten up exclusively for COMFORT, it represents the latest productions, also we have used highest quality white bond paper, paid particular attention to the careful perforation of every sheet, adding free a seven inch Embroidery Hoop, a piece of stamping preparation and one felt pad. With each outfit we also include free a copy of "STITCHES IN EMBROIDERY" by Mme. Du Parquet invaluable to all needleworkers. You can unhesitatingly send for this outfit with all assurance of entire satisfaction.

Send only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25c. each Club Offer, for 15 months, for one Sweetheart Stamping Outfit postpaid as shown and described. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Law Should Stop Sale of Leg-Strap and Spring Trusses

Wrong to Buy Anything for Rupture Without Getting 60 Days' Trial

Depending on leg-strap or spring trusses—like shown below—is little less than slow suicide. They are almost sure to shorten your life. It's next to impossible to make them hold without hurting. They are simply a curse to wear.



Away With Leg-Strap and Spring Trusses

So far as we know, our guaranteed rupture holder is the only thing of any kind for rupture that you can get on 60 days trial—the only thing we know of good enough to stand such a long and thorough test. It's the famous Clute Automatic Massaging Truss—made on an absolutely new principle—has 18 patented features. Self-adjusting. Does away with the misery of wearing belts, leg-straps and springs. Guaranteed to hold all times—including when you are working, taking a bath, etc. Has cured in case after case that seemed hopeless. Write for Free Book of Advice—Cloth-bound, 104 pages. Explains the dangers of operation. Shows just what's wrong with elastic spring trusses, and why druggists should no more be allowed to fit trusses than to perform operations. Exposes the humbugs—shows how old-fashioned worthless trusses are sold under false and misleading names. Tells all about the care and attention we give you. Endorsements from over 6000 people, including physicians. Write to-day—find out how you can prove every word we say by making a 60 day trial without risking a penny. Box 68—Clute Co., 125 E. 23rd St., New York City

THE BEE CELL SUPPORTER
A boon to WOMANKIND
Made from the purest rubber. Six cups or faces. Tender misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Ask your druggist or send us \$2.00 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Descriptive circular, FREE on request. Prompt relief guaranteed.

X-RAY KATHODESCOPE
Latest curiosity. Everybody wants it; tells the time on watch through cloth. Apparently see best girl, fellow, objects through cloth, wood or stone, any distance, all climates; lasts lifetime; always ready for use. Price, 25 cents. Stamps or Silver. KATHOS CO., 135 E. 25th St., N. Y. CITY.

CANCER—Dangerous to Neglect
It is curable if promptly treated with Dr. Johnson's Combination Medical Treatment. Cases cured ten years ago show no signs of return. New Book explains all. It's FREE. O. A. Johnson, M. D., 1320 MAIN ST., SUITE 342, KANSAS CITY, MO.

OPIMUM
or Morphine Habit Treated. Free trial. Cases cured. Remedies have failed, specially desired. Write particulars for Harris Treatment, Suite 558 No. 400 W. 23d St. New York

MAILED for each full set of false teeth. Partial sets in proportion. Highest prices paid for Old Gold, Platinum, Silver, Diamonds, and Jewelry. Send by parcel post. Phila. Smelt & Ref. Co., 623E CHESTNUT ST., PHILA. Cut out advertisement for future reference. Est. 21 yrs.

Ladies to Sew at home for a large Phila. firm; good money, steady work; no canvassing; send stamped envelope for prices paid. UNIVERSAL CO., Dept. 23, Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

BLADDER Trouble, discharges, burning and frequency. Reached in a new way; no drugging. Particulars free. Stubbins cases invited to write. Frosl Company, DEPT. C, 45 W. 34th St., New York.

You Can Make \$7.00 PER 100 COLLECTING your neighbors names for our new Directory. All kinds of names wanted. Send 10c postage for blank book and outfit. We want a million names quick. TEEL DIRECTORY CO., HURLEVILLE, N. Y.

Have Friends & SWEETHEARTS Everywhere. Receive Postcards from all Countries. Membership 10c. Hoosier Club, A-5, TERRE HAUTE, IND.

GO ON THE STAGE Vaudeville Career offered you. Send stamp for free book. F. LADELLE, STA. 29, JACKSON, MICH.

CANCER Treated at home. No pain, knife, plaster or oils. Send for Free Treatise. A. J. Miller, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

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A BEAU tiful neck, face and but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, etc. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927, Boston, Mass.

Ladies' Gold Shell Rings
EMERALD OPAL RUBY
YOU CAN GET ONE FOR A CLUB OF ONLY FOUR.
The delight of every young lady is in having handsome finger rings of the latest style and finish set with three handsome stones. A large center stone with smaller ones on either side same as shown in the illustration. These are Gold Shell Rings you may be proud of and they will wear well and not turn; they look like gold, wear like gold, and will stand gold acid tests. These settings are very rich and look refined and just as attractive as rings costing much money. We have three styles of settings and will allow you to make your own selections, Opal, Emerald and Ruby, with the finest imitation diamonds which add great brilliancy and set off the whole ring. We guarantee the sparkle of these stones to be quite equal to Genuine Diamonds costing hundreds of dollars and are always behind the guarantee. Each stone is set separately in latest style and is sent in a nice Ring Box, plush-lined, just the ornament for your room and keeps the ring clean and from getting lost when not in use. These Rings are Free. We bought these rings to give away and the following offers are liberal enough to enable every reader to own one at once. Mothers should have one. The boys should get one for their sweethearts. They make a swell present. We will give one ring free for a club of only four 15 months' subscribers at 25 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a flimsy name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Bertha, Brady, Texas.—People of full habit are subject more or less to nose bleed, and unless it weakens you, or you are losing too much blood it is better not to interfere with it. The bleeding may be stopped by a piece of cold iron or stone applied to the spinal cord, or vinegar may be snuffed up the nostrils, or an astringent wash composed of these drams of muriatic tincture of iron in the same quantity of water may be injected with a syringe. Or the nostrils may be plugged with cotton moistened and dipped in powdered charcoal. Eat simple food and not too much of anything. As long as your headaches are relieved by the bleeding, don't be too anxious to stop it. (2) The creepy pain between your shoulders is probably due to nerves. Massage the parts thoroughly to circulate the blood and occasionally apply a hot water bag or use some stimulating liniment.

M. K., Rowena, Texas.—A great many people, old and young, suffer from kidney troubles and they seem to think that the kidneys are of no special importance and do not need much attention. They make a serious mistake in this for the kidneys are of vital importance and when they are out of order the entire system suffers, while kidney diseases are often fatal. Therefore any sufferer should at once consult a physician and have a thorough examination made and take proper treatment. Again others who think they have kidney trouble may find out by examination that they have not and will be greatly relieved by the knowledge.

M. P. L., Holley, N. Y.—The enlarged tendon, or "weeping sinew" on the back of your hand is quite common, usually resulting from strain, and the usual treatment is massage or bandaging tightly. Another remedy, effectual though not always permanent, is to strike the part sharply with some hard substance, as a wooden mallet, when the swelling will disappear. A positive cure and removal is not very probable.

S. S., Fulton, Ky.—All food should be cooked, not only for the chemical changes made by the heat, but for the destruction of any microscopic life that may be in it which might be hurtful. Raw food of any kind if not taken to excess will do no harm. What a constant diet of it would do depends on the kind of food. Raw wheat is about like the others.

E. W., Gageby, Texas.—The pains across your back and chest are probably due to muscular rheumatism, as your general health you say is good. These pains are neuralgic and may be greatly relieved, though not cured as neuralgia is practically incurable, by hot applications or by rubbing with some strong, stimulating liniment. Painting with iodine will sometimes be effective, but it is disagreeing.

Mrs. M. S., Worham, Texas.—Every family almost has its remedy for home felon, and what is good in one does not seem to work in another. One alleged quick cure is to place a small fly blister over the spot and let remain six hours. The felon will then appear under the surface of the blister and it may be removed with a needle. Another is to take a half teaspoonful of soft soap and stir in enough air-slaked lime to make it thick as putty. Put this in a leather finger-stall and wear. In your case use the salt water or the poultice whichever gives the best results. Felons are not wholly superficial and if you are troubled much you should consult a physician.

F. M., New York, N. Y.—Remedies for dandruff and for pimples are so numerous and of such varying virtues that those troubled with them are referred to the drug-stores where they can choose among a lot of cures, so-called. In your case youth has much to do with your pimples and they will disappear as you grow older.

A. B. C., Alexander City, Ala.—Large hips are due to bony structure and are natural, therefore not to be changed. If there is an excess of fat the size may be reduced a little by reducing the flesh generally, or corsets may be worn which are said to take the hips in. There is no medicine that will cure. Removal of moles is a dangerous matter except when done by a skin specialist, and they are not always successful.

Worried, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Red noses which are the result of taking hot drinks or eating hot food or of changes in temperature are due to excess of blood and they can be remedied only by patients avoiding the cause. No treatment on earth will be of any value if the patient provides a constant source of trouble. Nature cannot be cured, though it may sometimes be improved by careful attention.

Paid, Dothan, Ala.—The trouble with your ears is catarrhal. We should say, and catarrh is difficult of successful treatment, especially as so much of it is due to climate. If you could get out of Alabama to Arizona you would very likely have little trouble. To soften ear wax: Bicarbonate of soda, thirty grains; glycerine, two drams; water enough to make eight ounces. Use warm and syringe ear gently, but thoroughly. For acute ear ache: Boric acid, two drams in water enough to make eight ounces. Warm and syringe ear every hour or two, depending on the severity of pain. For chronic discharge from the ear: Boric acid ten grains; alcohol, four drams; water, four drams. Drop five or six drops in ear once or twice a day. See a doctor for stomach trouble which affects the ears.

Friend, Wilbur, Wash.—Persons of nervous temperament are subject to sweaty hands and their cause can hardly be removed. They should be kept open so the air could freely reach the palms and a powder composed of salicylic acid, thirty grains; oxide of zinc, one dram; and talcum, one ounce, may be used with good effect. Wash your hands in salt water, dry them thoroughly and dust the palms freely with the powder.

Scratch, Thorndale, Texas.—For itching piles wash with tar soap and cold water and use a calomel ointment which you may get at any drug-store. Change your style of eating, to less in quantity and slowly. Americans are ruining their health by eating too much and eating too rapidly. Take a teaspoonful of phosphate of soda in a glass of hot water before breakfast, once or twice a week as a laxative.

Photog, Andalusia, Ala.—Birthmarks are not uncommon and as yet their removal has not been accomplished. Now and then a small one may be got rid of, or in some instances it may be outgrown, but any treatment of them must be done by a specialist. They can no more be bleached than the blood can be bleached.

Mrs. F. M. S., Oblong, Ill.—The peculiar feeling in your throat which has caused you to cough so much and has almost brought on real illness and nervous trouble may be due to falling palate which has that effect. Have a doctor examine your throat and see if that is the cause. Other COMFORT readers who have coughs which they cannot cure and cannot account for might learn of something to their advantage by seeing a physician. A slight operation removes the cause and the trouble follows it in a very short time.

M. H., Cando, N. Dak.—The darkness under the eyes does not come from the eyes and it usually means no more than congestion of the blood at that point, the general health being good. You may improve the circulation and dissipate much of the discoloration by gentle and frequent massaging under the eyes, rubbing outward. Be careful not to rub too hard for the skin will redder then very quickly.

Callstones (No Oil). Internal remedy. Avoid an operation. No more aches or pains, sick stomach, colic, gas, biliousness, headaches, nervousness, catarrh, constipation, yellow or sallow skin, chronic appendicitis. Write for copy-righted 56-page book on Gall Troubles. FREE. GALLSTONE REMEDY CO., Dept. 476, 219 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel. COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents in silver or stamps, for a 15-month subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for fifteen months.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail. Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. F. M. H., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man, leaving no will and leaving no child or children, and no descendant, and no parent but leaving a surviving widow, and brothers and sisters and the surviving widow, a deceased brother, his widow would receive some small allowance from his personal property and one half of the balance, the other half of the balance going in equal shares to the brothers and sisters, the descendants of the deceased brother taking the parent's share; the real estate subject to the widow's homestead rights, if any, would go one half to the surviving widow, and one half divided among the brothers and sisters in equal shares, the descendants of the deceased brother taking their parent's share.

M. C., Virginia.—There is at all times either an ambassador, or someone in charge of affairs, from this country to England, and any communication addressed to the United States Embassy at London, England, would reach the proper authority.

J. F. M., Missouri.—We think that a surveyor, who maliciously with intent to defraud made a wrong survey of property, would be liable to his employer for such damages as his employer sustained by reason of such fraud. In the absence of fraud or carelessness we think it would be difficult to hold such surveyor liable to damages for a mistake.

W. C., Indiana.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion, that abandonment for two years is a ground for divorce; as you will observe by reading the heading of this column you should not submit to us, questions relating to divorce matters.

E. Z. S., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of either Wisconsin or Colorado, we do not think that the remarriage of a widow would be a ground for the forfeiture by her of such property as came to her by an absolute deed of her former husband, of course, if such a deed contained a provision to the contrary, we think such provision would be legal and binding upon her.

Mrs. A. K., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state we think the time has expired to set aside a will which was probated nineteen years ago.

Perplexed, Texas.—We do not think that the marriage of a young woman under the name she has always been known, but which name is not her actual legal name, would in any way affect the validity of her marriage.

Mrs. D. O., North Carolina.—Under the laws of California, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a man leaving no will, and leaving no widow, child or parent, his estate would go to his brothers and sisters and to the children or grandchildren of any deceased brother or sister, by right of representation. We think the proper place to obtain information as to whether decedent left a will would be from the clerk of the Probate Court of the county in which decedent was a resident at the time of his death.

Mrs. G. F. S., Ohio.—We think it proper, upon the birth of a child, for the parents to furnish to the attending physician, the name of the child, the date and place of their marriage and the mother's maiden name.

Mrs. J. H. R., New York.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that real estate can be sold for unpaid taxes, and that after the period of redemption has passed, the purchaser of such tax title would be entitled to the property. We think every purchaser of real estate should have his title examined before taking title and paying for same.

G. C. M., New York.—As stated at the head of this column, we can give you no information in regard to the divorce question you submit.

E. E. A., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that as against issue of the body of the testator, or an adopted child, or their legitimate representatives, all bequests to any benevolent, religious, educational or charitable purposes, etc., are void, unless the will be executed at least one year prior to the death of the testator, subject to this we think children or adopted children may be disinherited. Both husband and wife can make wills at the same time, and have the same lawyer prepare them, without affecting the validity of the wills in any way.

M. S. A. K., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man leaving no will, and leaving a widow and one child by a former marriage, the widow would receive one third of the estate, the balance going to the child; these same rules would hold if the child was also the child of the widow, and not by a former marriage and regardless of whether the child is over or under age, if the child is a minor he would have to have a guardian until he comes of age; we think the widow's share can be increased, but not diminished by will; we think such property as was held by the husband and wife as tenants by the entirety would not become part of the estate, but would upon the death of either husband or wife all go to the survivor.

Mrs. B. E., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that the widow of a deceased man, if such man predeceased the parent, has no interest in such parent's estate, unless some provision was made for her by such parent's will.

Mrs. E. F., Florida.—We think the best way, for a purchaser of a part of a tract of land, is to apply to the tax officials and have the plot so purchased appor-

Lungs Weak?

Accept This Generous Offer To Sufferers With Tuberculosis (Consumption) and other Stubborn Forms of Lung Trouble.

To get the wonderful German treatment, Sartolin, quickly to Consumptives and sufferers with serious lung trouble, whose lives can be saved, or, cordially invite all who wish to get well in the remarkable manner reported by users of this treatment to write us at once, so we may arrange to send them a full Sartolin treatment to try at our risk.

Sufferers with so-called "incurable" Asthma, Bronchitis, "heavy" colds, lung catarrh, Pleurisy, Whooping Cough, Influenza, etc., should also take advantage of this generous offer, to prove their curability.

Sartolin is not an injection or internal treatment, but gets results by absorption. It is perfectly safe and agreeable to all. It is a home treatment, and besides its curative effects absolutely protects the consumptive's associates from infection. Reports show that even in serious cases Sartolin Treatment does its work rapidly. Improvement is noted sometimes within three days, and its power over pain is almost instantaneous. In even ten days, it has often not only restored restful sleep, and strength and a fine appetite, but also stopped the fever, chills, weak evening night sweats and racking cough and spitting that pull the consumptive down.

If you have any form of lung trouble, causing weakness, blood spitting, fever and loss of flesh, don't delay, but write us to day, so we can arrange immediately for you to test the proven power of Sartolin in your own home at our risk. Address SARTOLIN (Inc.) Dept. A. S. 208 N. 6th Ave., Chicago.

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in what Mr. Ewald, of Illinois, made with our Diamond Post Card Gun
You can do as well. It takes 3 1/2 min Photo Post Cards on Paper DIRECT WITHOUT PLATES OR FILMS. Also Button Photos finished on the SPOT in 10 min. No canvassing. Experience unnecessary. Be prompt on every detail. Circulars of this new invention mailed FREE.

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THIS GOLD FILLED WEDDING RING FREE
To introduce our Bargain Sheets of Fine Gold Filled Rings, we will send this ring, any size, upon receipt of 10c to help to pay advertising. THE AUCTION CO., Dept. 500, Allabro, Mass.

Money \$ \$ FOR WISE MEN \$ \$ KEY FREE.
J. Warren Smith, Ottawa, Ill.

tioned and assessed for taxes separately in the name of the owner, this may, in some cases cost the owner a little more in taxes, but we think it the best way.



Surprise Handbag

COMFORT'S new Premium for only five Subscribers
We are the first to offer this special new Surprise Handbag. Combined in this are three separate and distinct features. A long, narrow, stylish purse, a beautiful dainty medium-sized handbag, and a fine extra-large carrying satchel.

The Bag is made of a finely ribbed, long wearing, black finished chamois or art leather on the outside. It is well lined with black material, has pocket inside for handkerchief, keys, letters or memorandum. Splendid frame of bright gilt finish with safety catch, also double black well-made carrying handle.

The special feature of this new bag is the three styles in one. First, a stylish purse of the very latest design, being 10 inches long and only about 5 inches deep and is a perfect usable purse in this way if no other use is desired of it. But in going or coming from home you may wish you had a little larger purse to carry something. Just snap the two buttons on your purse, let it drop down and you have a handbag 16 inches long and almost 5 inches deep. This will hold your extra purchase, also books, papers, small packages, etc., or suppose you thought of something you wanted either to take along to town or to get at the druggist's or grocer's or dry goods store, or made a purchase of a large bundle and wanted room for just this one more. Simply slip out your two buttons AND LO AND BEHOLD, a satchel 18 inches long and 16 inches deep. In go all your large packages safely and without any inconvenience or noticeable bulging of this artistic bag. It is guaranteed to hold all weight any ordinary woman ought to carry.

Just right for the children's school books, also luncheons and a splendid usable container for picnics, camp-meetings, or brief town or week-end visits, yet when folded up in the purse shape it would be the height of style in the most fashionable centers.

If you are a woman whose eyes fall upon this notice, you will know exactly how badly you need this new surprise handbag. If, however, yours are masculine eyes reading this description, make all haste possible to have this new Surprise Bag please the heart of perhaps a wife, sister or best girl, yet it is all right for men's use in the large form.

Remember this new premium, No. 238, will be sent by Parcel Post free of charge for a club of only five 15 months' subscribers to COMFORT at 25c each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

WORK THIS PUZZLE!

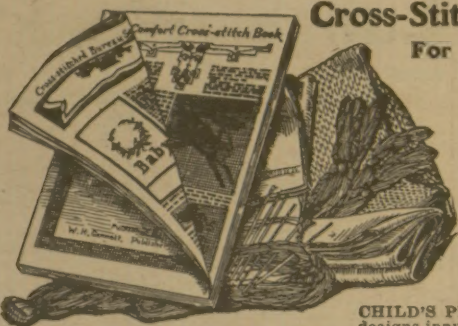
SEND NO MONEY!!



\$50 CASH PRIZE

ALSO A PRIZE OF \$10 for NEATEST SOLUTION. Somebody who sends for particulars of this Puzzle Contest telling us WHAT TWO CITIES ARE REPRESENTED BY the above Two Sketches, will receive a \$50 GOLD WATCH or \$50 in GOLD MONEY! Try it at once. It may be you. In a letter or postcard, giving your Name and Address plainly.

DEPT. 1 DOMINION WATCH CO., MONTREAL, CANADA



Cross-Stitch Instruction Book and Outfit.

For Working Cross-Stitch Designs on Canvas, Linen, Huck and Scrim with Embroidery Cotton and Needles.

We have just compiled a most comprehensive and valuable book on CROSS-STITCH embodying the best of the oldest and newest CROSS-STITCH ideas. Profusion of illustrations give practical help to pages of authentic instruction. These with a color key, for many designs, show at a glance just what colors are to be used to produce the harmonious result intended. This descriptive idea is so simple everyone succeeds at CROSS-STITCH work, with our booklet. Everyone is doing something in CROSS-STITCH nowadays. In this booklet you are shown and taught how to make a CROSS-STITCH BABY TOWEL, SHIRT-WAIST FRONT, PINCUSHION, HUREAU SCARF, COLLAR and CUFF SET, TIDY, CHILD'S PLAY DRESS, ALPHABETS, ANIMALS and miscellaneous designs innumerable. To interest you in CROSS-STITCH we now offer you free for but one new 25c subscription to COMFORT for 15 months, one CROSS-STITCH BOOK, with ONE-HALF YARD CROSS-STITCH CANVAS, one Skein Embroidery Cotton, and one Needle. In the Book we fully describe FOUR BIG CROSS-STITCH OUTFITS. Out above illustrates outfit No. 4 of CROSS-STITCH SCRIM, HUCK, LINEN, CANVAS, ETC., which is given free for club of five. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Hair and Neck Decorations

We take this method to show three very new and pretty styles for woman's adornment, and are sorry that no picture can half show off the brilliant effects of these different articles.

THE SILVERED BEAD BANDEAU is made up of innumerable small glass beads woven around this ornament in chain-like fashion, and then there are fifty half inch long silver lined beads giving that attractive Jacob's ladder effect as shown in cut, while the two figure eights in center and circles at either end are decorated by six larger pearl beads distributed one in each center. It is a foot long and about one and a half inches wide, and designed largely for evening wear, fitting over the hair in graceful form. These bandeaus are very becoming to the wearer and coming more and more in style each month.

THE BLACK VELVET NECK BAND which has such an attractive silver pendant with its seven small and one large brilliant stone encircling and tipping off its unique shaped drop, also has a good strong silvered clasp to securely fasten it in to the back. It is just a good size and can be adjusted to fit a large or small neck, and is suitable for either day or evening wear.

SPUN GLASS AIGRETTE This decoration is made up of beautiful white spun glass set in a German Silver Hairpin which is topped by three rows of brilliant, and its entire length is seven inches. There is nothing quite so graceful or no hair ornament made that lends itself with such grace and refinement as fine Spun Glass and if you do not have occasion to wear it more than a few times during the season, it makes a great addition to your collection just to have this wonderful sample of what can be done by the glass workers. No matter in what style you do your hair, these aigrettes will give you that additional charm that cannot be obtained by any other feature of adornment. Every woman and girl ought to have all three of the above articles, which she can secure by getting a few subscribers to COMFORT as per following.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only two 25 cent subscribers to COMFORT for 15 months, we will send any one of above ornaments as described, or for a club of four we will send any two articles, and for a club of five 15 month subscribers at 25 cents each we will send all three articles. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



FREE



This Fountain Pen Cabinet is a Convenient, Useful, Economical Necessity

Fountain Pen, Adjustable Penholder and Pencil, Knife, Scissors, Pen, with additional Leads, Rubber Eraser, assortment of Pens, all neatly arranged and placed in an ingeniously contrived compartment cabinet, providing for each its proper place. As a table or desk ornament the Decorated Half Round Cabinet is superior to a tray or other device; for the children to carry to and from school it is a convenience that will aid them in preserving their outfit from day to day, as there is no ink bottle to upset. Children seldom own an elaborate pen and pencil outfit complete with all equipment for every school purpose, and now we offer them a most excellent assortment free, with everything handy for quick work.

The Fountain Pen is of regulation size, with a 14-kt. gold pen, universal writing point, and with each there is a glass filler to keep it supplied with ink enough to last a long time. The combination Pen Pencil and Eraser is a metal cylinder, the Pen and Eraser in one end, the Pencil in the other, inverting the ends and inserting them in the metal cylinder safeguards the points, thus prolonging the use of both. The screw point Pencil is a neat, conical and inserting them in the metal cylinder safeguards the points, thus prolonging the use of both. The screw point Pencil is a neat, conical and inserting them in the metal cylinder safeguards the points, thus prolonging the use of both. The screw point Pencil is a neat, conical and inserting them in the metal cylinder safeguards the points, thus prolonging the use of both.

Eight Articles

trivance. A Pencil always of same length and the lead may be of additional leads accompanies each outfit, making this an almost perpetual Pencil. The Knife has a disappearing blade operated by a push button in end opposite the blade. A generous rubber eraser and nickeled cylinder with an assorted dozen fine quality writing pens, completes the outfit of eight articles. Send only four 25-cent subscribers to COMFORT for 15 months and we will forward this Complete Writing Outfit Free by Parcel Post. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ready-Made Towels



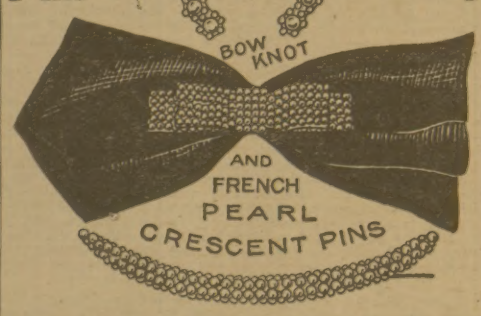
YARD LONG

These Four Complete Ready-to-Use TOWELS

Each a yard long, are given for a club of only two subscribers, and is one of the most sensible and satisfactory and thus most popular premium we offer. They are of excellent quality crash, each towel one yard long and ready to use. For kitchen, office, factory and shop use this is a durable, rough-and-ready towel; will wipe well, wear well and wash well. For dishes and hands this is the best; for many purposes about the house good crash toweling finds its use and the good housekeeper always has a supply. The men and boys will enjoy such towels as these. The natural linen color and blue line border make them very attractive. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Club Offer: A club of only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months secures four of these ready-made Towels. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Pretty Pearl Pins

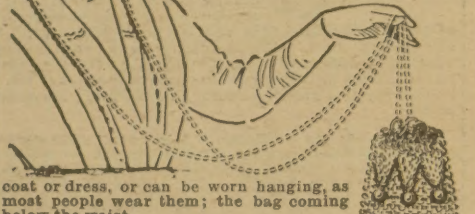


Each PIN comes stuck into a White Satin Ribbon Tie about three and a half inches wide. The pure white seed-like Pearls called FRENCH PEARLS fashioned in this form make the prettiest of neck decoration, and can be worn with any color waist or dress and are pretty for the hair. This little touch of Pearl purity on a White Satin background gives a dressup appearance and livens up your costume immensely. The Pins are very strongly made, and by a new process, having the silver backing, makes them almost indestructible. They wear a long time as they are nearly solid. The subtle variations in color, luster, shape and texture of Pearls, are all reproduced, and they look so much like the real Pearls that come from the Oyster Shell that only experts can distinguish the difference. We show three styles in actual size, only we cannot illustrate the 3 1/2 inch White Satin bow which we send with every pin. Notice the GOOD LUCK or HORSESHOE pattern, the CRESCENT and the BOW KNOT, then we have one in plain circle style which we could not show in cut. After you get one we know you will send for more. They are so dainty and pretty and you can now get them for such little work.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only two 15 months' subscribers at 25c each we will send you one PEARL PIN and RIBBON BOW or for a club of three subscribers we will send any two pins you may select. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

YOU CAN'T LOSE IT German Silver Coin Purse With Long Chain

This cute little bag is over two and a half inches square. A 54-inch long chain attached enables you to wear this purse hung from the neck, providing a certain degree of safety, also the freedom of your hands. This chain is long enough to go around the neck and have the bag in the pocket of a



coat or dress, or can be worn hanging, as most people wear them; the bag coming below the waist.

The bag is unlined, and made of very strong links, and has a fringed top fashioned into little points with silver-plated balls on the ends. It is a handy coin purse to wear to church, when calling, car riding or shopping as you do not have to carry it in your hand, and you know it is safe on the chain around your neck, so you can't lose your money. Nice for young girls going to school.

The bags are very attractive and useful at all seasons with all costumes. They have no lining so can easily be kept bright and clean by washing in soap and water.

We would like to have every woman and girl reader of COMFORT own one. If you could realize how attractive and useful they are, no matter how many bags and purses you have you would get up your club and send at once.

Club Offer: Send only three subscribers to COMFORT at 25c, each for 15 months for one of these beautiful Coin Purse. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

KIMONO APRONS

Completely cover the dress, thoroughly protecting the garment of the wearer. With low, round neck, short sleeves, and a pocket, they are both very attractive and very useful.

A full length apron is a sensible apron; a ready-to-wear apron is desirable, and it is a fact, you could not buy such pretty and fine quality percale, trimmings, and buttons, and make an apron, as reasonable as you could purchase this one—but you don't have to buy of us, you get it free for a slight service.

A fine quality Percale in variety of serviceable colors and patterns, enables us to assure you entire satisfaction.

You may be familiar with work aprons, kitchen aprons, or bungalow aprons, or any similar name, they are all the same and for the same purpose. Let us send you one of these, with money back guarantee.

Club Offer: Send only three subscribers to COMFORT, at 25c, each for 15 months, for one apron. Give bust measure. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



THE RIGHT ROSES FOR EVERYONE.

Hardy Everblooms, the finest kind for all sections. The great popularity of our previous rose offers combined with the immense lot of pleasure our subscribers derived from growing them has induced us to make a special effort this season to obtain the finest collection of hardy everblooming roses ever produced. They are all strong rapid growers, hardy everywhere and produce great quantities of beautiful fragrant bloom every month of the growing season.

To make your success absolutely sure in the growing of these plants we have made arrangements to have them delivered at the proper time for planting in your locality. Our producer is perfectly familiar with the planting conditions in every section and will know exactly when to ship roses at the most favorable time to set them out. If immediate delivery is desired you must so state when ordering otherwise plants will be sent as per date schedule given below:

DATES TO PLANT ROSES.

Latitude of	Florida, Calif. Tex., Ariz., Okla., So. Car., Wash., Tenn., Va., Nev., Kans., Mo., Iowa, Ohio, W. Va., Mont., Mich., N. Y., and all New England States	after
May 1		

Extreme early or late spring would vary dates five to ten days, so in case roses are not received just on date specified, do not be alarmed as they will arrive within a few days. Order today so you may get first choice.

RHEA REID. A most beautiful and thoroughly distinct rose, possessing every quality to stamp it with the hallmark of perfection. Everyone raves about its extraordinary beauty and after seeing it in bloom, we can appreciate their enthusiasm. It is a strong, healthy grower, throwing forth long graceful branches, which are densely covered with heavy deep green foliage and handsome double flowers, which are produced in the greatest profusion all through the growing season. It has the vitality necessary to withstand all attacks of disease and insects which so frequently destroy our best roses. The color is a vivid scarlet crimson which intensifies as the bloom expands and the flowers are large, full and of perfect form with eight centers. An invaluable decorative rose; deliciously fragrant, superb in every respect, and especially adapted for garden planting.

SOUV. PRESIDENT DE CARNOT. This wonderfully handsome new rose is one which excites the admiration of everyone beholding it, and it has so many good qualities that we are certain it will find a welcome place in the garden of every flower lover. It is a remarkably strong growing variety forming a shapely bush in the garden and has proved itself thoroughly hardy from numerous tests. The flowers are exquisitely perfumed large full, double and well shaped with heavy, thick shell-like petals; buds are very long and pointed—perfection in every line. The delicate rosy blush color, shaded a trifle deeper at the center of the flower, has not been approached by any later introduction.

SUNBURST. No pen picture can do justice to this wonderful new everblooming rose. It is one of the most beautiful varieties ever introduced and we know full well that all who plant it will share with us in our genuine enthusiasm over it. We want every lover of beautiful roses to plant a Sunburst, for there is no other like it either in color, growth or beauty and wherever seen, it has created a veritable sensation. Sunburst is the ideal garden rose, strong and vigorous in growth, healthy in every condition, thriving in practically any soil under the most adverse conditions to a perfection seen in no other rose. The splendid flowers borne on strong, upright stems are produced in amazing profusion; in fact, there are few varieties in any class to compare with it in freedom of bloom. They are immense in size, and the color is an intense orange-copper and golden yellow, extremely brilliant in effect and exquisitely beautiful, but most difficult to describe. Sunburst is the premier garden rose of today and its numerous charms cannot fail to delight you.

MY MARYLAND. A rare combination of a poetic name and exquisite beauty has made this new variety a dangerous rival of all the most famous pink beauties. A great outdoor rose of extreme hardiness, rapidly producing a sturdy, shapely plant, which in itself is a distinct ornament to any garden. The rich green foliage is not the least of its charms, clothing the long erect stems with cool verdant beauty. All summer through the large magnificent flowers are produced; flowers of indescribable charm, perfectly double, of thick, heavy petals unsurpassed in elegance of form. As they expand, their beauty seems to be enhanced, the brilliant lively shade of pink deepening until it fairly glows with its warm rich color and delightful fragrance.

WHITE AMERICAN BEAUTY. This brilliant rose is renowned for the very highest type of its class—the best snow-white rose ever produced. It has won more prizes in Europe than any variety ever produced and well deserves the name that distinguishes it as the white companion of our national red beauty. This rose is an extraordinarily strong grower, branching

If you send your order NOW, EARLY, you are assured first choice of best stock, to be shipped direct to you from the nursery, carefully packed with instructions all ready for planting with assurance of positive results or we replace free.

TO THOSE WHO SEND NOW we make this liberal offer for early acceptance: Send us one new subscriber to COMFORT (the same must be for some person whose name is not now on our list) and we will immediately send you the assortment of Six Choice Roses. If you wish to extend your own subscription and obtain Six Roses, send 35 cents for COMFORT for 12 months and receive Roses Free. A club of two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months secures One Dozen Roses, two of each. Remember we guarantee success and urge the importance of ordering early.



freely and having the vigor and hardiness of an oak. The foliage is heavy and of rich texture; but the glory of this plant is its magnificent flowers, huge in size and produced with the greatest freedom on long stiff stems. A single plant will produce hundreds of bloom, which are full, very deep and double, composed of broad, long, charmingly veined petals of splendid substance. The color is marvelously white, positively without a suggestion of tint or shade of color. The fragrance is nothing short of exquisite; in short this glorious rose seems to have been endowed with all the charm and grace of the entire rose family.

RED DOROTHY PERKINS. Truly a perpetual source of wonder and the most valuable addition to the popular class of rambler roses that has been produced for some time. It is perfectly hardy, having great vigor and sturdiness combined with grace. Special attention should be called to the magnificent foliage produced by this variety; it is fine dark and glossy remaining intact to unseasonable weather and withstanding all diseases which causes the foliage to rust and look shabby. This quality alone assures an ornamental climber which is nearly evergreen and its graceful pendulous habit will place it first among pillar roses. The marvelous production of bloom is really sensational; the remarkable beauty and striking effect of a plant in full bloom must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. The bloom is produced in great clusters, each individual rose being perfect in form and very double, the color being deep intense scarlet crimson which retains its vivid brilliancy as long as the flower lasts.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Flexible Silvered Chain Bandeau

These silvered chain bandeaus are made to wear both on the hair or around the neck. They are very attractive looking for between the two cooped chains are large brilliant stones which are cut in such a manner that sparkling colors radiate from the different stones. They are especially attractive when worn in the evening, and will make a great addition to your toilet. The bandeau is almost a foot long and three quarters of an inch wide in the center, tapering down to the two strands of silvered twisted flexible wire with end rings as shown in illustration. When worn on the hair it can easily be adjusted with hairpins, and under the glare of the lights or sun the brilliant throw colors and rays which are perfectly beautiful. There is nothing to tarnish or rust, and

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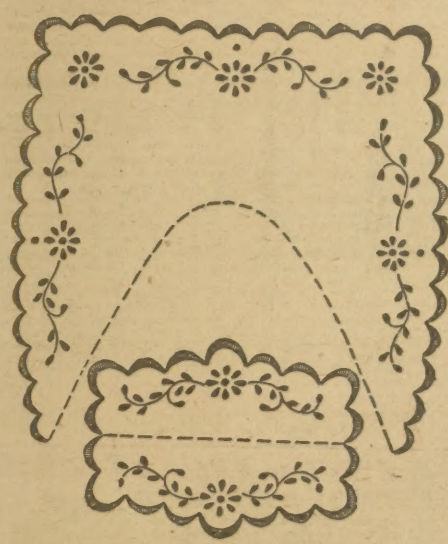
CLUB OFFER: For a club of only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send you one of these handsome and becoming bandeaus free by Parcel Post. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Do You Want a 14K Gold Pen in this Large Holder?

HERE IS A COMBINATION FOUNTAIN PEN that is of such generous size and lasting qualities it is LIKE HAVING A BOTTLE OF INK ALWAYS ON TAP READY FOR INSTANT SERVICE. The article as illustrated is shown in its exact size and when open measures seven inches in length. It closes up to carry in the pocket or bag to five and one-half inches long. Heretofore first-class fountain pens have SOLD FOR SEVERAL DOLLARS EACH, but this pen is made by a very large manufacturing concern who are anxious to introduce their new working principle to COMFORT readers, and have made up a quantity at a remarkably low rate, so we can offer them to our subscribers FREE FOR A SMALL CLUB OF THREE. THE INK BOTTLES ARE FAST BEING DISCARDED. It is so much more handy to USE A FOUNTAIN PEN than the old-fashioned penholder and bottle of ink which is either being constantly tipped over and spilled or frozen. Now all women in their homes, teachers and children at school, lawyers, doctors, clerks and persons in all walks of life PREFER TO HAVE A BOTTLE OF INK ALWAYS ON TAP IN THE SHAPE OF A GOOD, RELIABLE FOUNTAIN PEN. These Pens will always be found in unbreakable, workable condition. THE 14K GOLD PEN HAS AN IRIUM POINT which IS GUARANTEED to last more than a year. The holder is made of finest blown rubber, beautifully embossed and engraved. If you have been disappointed in previous fountain pens you may have owned or have been thinking of trying this handy way of using pen and ink, don't fail to get up your club of only three 25-cent subscribers to COMFORT for 15 months, and we will send this Premium Pen No. 233, including Glass Filler, with rubber fountain, and full directions for inking, all in a nice slide box FREE BY PARCEL POST.

CHILD'S COAT SET. C518X



The clever mother spends a good deal of time and thought in planning how she can make her little folks look attractive and stylish, at little expense and we know that she will gladly welcome any ideas along that line. So we are offering this child's collar and cuff set stamped on fine ribbed plique with dress to work which may be used either on the coat or to complete the little dress. The design is simple and is most effective being worked entirely in satin stitch and the scalloped edges give the dainty finish, which is so necessary on children's clothes. We are sure that this collar and cuff set will be received most favorably.

Club Offer: Send only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25c each for 15 months and we will send you free by Parcel Post one of these Child's Coat Set. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



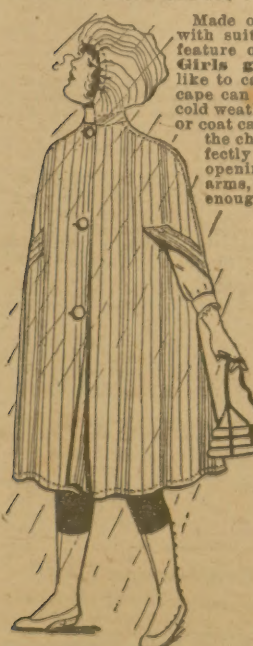
WHITE CAMBRIC UNDERSHIRTS

These petticoats are made of extra heavy cambric and have an extra long flounce with hemstitched tucks and lace insertion in the real dainty effect, also comes in full deep Hamburg Embroidered Flounce with dust ruffle of same material. We have several patterns and each one is just as attractive as the other. White undershirts are something you cannot have too many of. These can easily be laundered, and always look fresh and nice. The skirts are really very beautiful and you will be very pleased to own one if not more. They come in full lengths, 38 to 44. Be sure to state length when ordering.

Club Offer: For a club of only five subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send you free by Parcel Post one of these White Cambric Undershirts. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Girl's Waterproof Cape

A Great PROTECTOR From WIND and RAIN



Made of striped rubberized cloth with suitable lining, and the best feature of this cape is the hood. Girls going to school do not like to carry an umbrella, and this cape can be worn either in hot or cold weather. If in winter a sweater or coat can be worn underneath, and the child is not only dry but perfectly warm. There are two openings in the cape for the arms, but the garment fits so snugly that the books or packages can be carried underneath, which makes it much better than a Rain Coat. The shoulders are shaped so as to give it a very attractive look. This cape comes in a very dark drab color with lighter drab stripes. They are so pretty any girl will be proud to wear one. Sizes 8 to 14 years. When ordering better order it larger than necessary so to have it of sufficient size to go over a heavy coat or other garments. Boys can easily get up clubs and thus get one of these Rain Capes for their sisters. Girls who subscribe to COMFORT where they can so easily earn such a sensible premium so as to keep warm and dry during the rainy season. We are prepared to fill all orders promptly.

Special Club Offer:

For a club of only seven subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you by Parcel Post one of these serviceable Rain Capes. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Girls' Dress No. 114



The material for this dress is stamped on Brown Holland Cloth which has the appearance of pure brown linen and has great wearing qualities. The cloth is almost a yard wide and three yards are sent in each piece. The design is already stamped for embroidering, and the illustration will give you an idea of how simple the pattern is. After the design is embroidered the little dress may be made up and trimmed in any desired style. If one wished more than one piece two outfits may be sent for as the stamped design is very easily washed out, and two pieces would make a dress for an adult, and the design would be most suitable for a waist front. Send your order early so as to be the first in your town to have a serviceable dress like this.

Club Offer: For a club of only 3 subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months we will send you one of these stamped dress pieces free by parcel post, or two patterns sent for a club of 5. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

WHITE WAIST WITH TIE



Made of finest Lawn with the stylish set-in three-quarter length sleeves. The front is beautifully trimmed with revers made of rich embroidery with rare lace sewn on the edge, which extends to the back in a sailor collar effect. The closing is in the front under the tucks and is hardly noticeable. The round neck effect is becoming to all as it is neither too high nor too low. The front has four attractive buttons and a pretty velvet bow. Also has lace insertion down each side. The sleeves have dainty groups of tucks with insertion and lace and a most becoming length. The back has dainty groups of tucks. The intermediate length sleeve is most popular this year. All the large stores are showing medium sleeved waists this season. The illustration gives you a good idea of the style of the waist, but the fineness of the material and the beautiful embroidery can only be ascertained by sending in your club order. A white waist is always good to wear with any color skirt or a tailored suit, and during the summer they are very attractive with white skirts. This style waist is the prettiest we have seen for some time. A few years ago the prettiest waists all buttoned up the back, and many people had to forego wearing them because they could not button them up themselves and had no one becoming with insertion and lace and a most becoming length. This model is perfectly stunning and is very easily put on. No pinning of the neck or collar or necktie to bother with.

We trust you will send in your order early, as we are anxious to have you see what fine waists these are. They come in sizes 32 to 42 bust measure. Be sure to state size when ordering.

Club Offer: For a club of only six subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send free by Parcel Post one of these ready-to-wear Lawn Waists with Necktie complete. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine Weatherproof Garment

Utility Coat for Ladies, Misses and Men



Fashioned after the model of a "Great Coat," it covers the entire person from "Head to Foot," affording complete protection from the weather, be it wind or rain. Made of waterproof rubber sheeting, in two colors, Olive Drab or Tan and Gray with Plaid Lining, every seam is both sewed and cemented, has standing Military Collar, two side pockets and five large buttons.

Of late the so-called "rain coat" has been all the rage, they have proven more desirable than so-called canvased materials, being lighter in weight. Every person, especially schoolgirls, should be amply protected from the weather, and this coat provides a garment that covers all the outer clothes, providing warmth and keeping everything dry. Such coats usually sell for \$5.00 but we can give them away free for small subscription clubs as we have bought a quantity at great advantage. Read the offer carefully.

Club Offer: Send only 12 COMFORT at 25c each for 15 months for one Coat; same will be sent at our expense. You may select Tan or Gray, and please give size, bust measure, required. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

COMFORT
Augusta, Maine

COLLAR AND CUFF SET

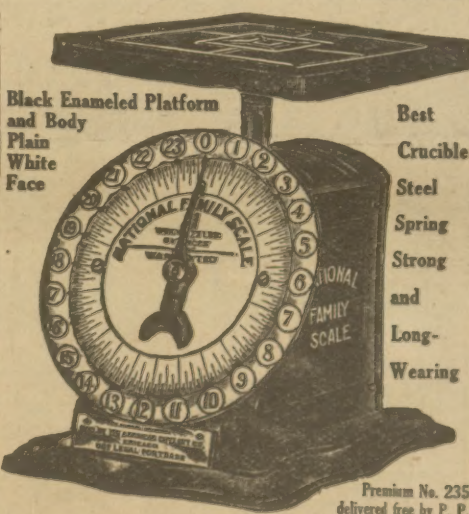


What can give a daintier finish to the tub dresses than the embroidered linen collar and cuffs? With very little trouble they can be removed, laundered and the dress is fresh again, making them very necessary and desirable to the busy woman of today. This is one of our very latest styles and can be made up very quickly during one's spare moments. It is stamped on the best quality of linen to be embroidered in eyelet and solid work. A narrow linen lace may be added.

Club Offer: Send only two subscribers to COMFORT at 25c each for 15 months and we will send you free by Parcel Post one stamped Collar and Cuff set. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

24-Pound Family Scale

Will Weigh Butter or Babies



These Scales are almost a family necessity, for weighing Butter, Fruit, Vegetables, or anything you have to sell, and also to keep down the high cost of living. You may know to the ounce, when you get home, just what your groceries weigh and find out just how much the storekeeper has really charged. No guesswork with these scales at home when cooking, making jellies, preserves, and putting up fruit and berries. And then the new Parcel Post privilege almost demands that every family have a good scale to know when a package weighs four ounces or up in the pound rates. Even letters may be weighed, so nicely marked are these splendid, necessary Scales. More accurate than old-fashioned spring hook affairs or the butcher's long steelyards, and more convenient and easily read than any other true scales that weigh anything from butter to babies. Made of good quality steel with clean, shining, black enamel finish of both scales and platform; and the face being white with plain black figures, arranged in a slanting position, makes a clear reading of whatever is weighed, no matter in what position.

Club Offer: We send these scales, safely packed, by parcel post to your door for a club of only eight 15-month subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Complete Embroidery Outfits

Cap, Apron, Centerpiece, Pillow Top

THESE four articles all stamped ready for making, together with needles, 10 skeins of silk, lessons in embroidery, given for a club of only three subscribers, or you may have your choice of either of the above outfits for only one subscriber.

The CAP No. 101 is stamped on fine white lawn, and has a very dainty edge which is easily buttonholed. The top of the cap has a simple design. The ribbon is run in through embroidered eyelets, and when laundering only the ribbon has to be taken out.

The APRON No. 102 is stamped on the same kind of fine white lawn as the Cap, and has a neat edge with a dainty design all ready to work.

The CENTERPIECE No. 103 is 18 inches in diameter, and is stamped on a pure white piece of Linens. The illustration will give you a good idea of how neat and simple this pattern is.

The SOFA PILLOW TOP No. 104 as shown behind the figure is stamped on brown Holland Linens, and when embroidered will make a most attractive addition to any couch or chair.

SPECIAL With each piece of stamped goods we give free three skeins of silk for working, also one package of embroidery needles, and a course in embroidery and fancy work, illustrated with all the principal stitches with a description of each stitch, making embroidery so simple that any child can do it.

CLUB OFFER: For one 15 months' subscription to COMFORT at 25c we will send any one of the outfits described above, or if you will send three subscribers at 25c for 15 months we will send the four combinations with ten skeins of silk, package of needles and instructions in embroidery as per above description.

Address
COMFORT
Augusta, Maine.

Baby's Dress No. 113



Stamped on three yards of 41-inch wide fine white Lawn. The design is neat and pretty yet so simple it will not take hardly any time at all to embroider it, and if you have not had any experience at all in this line you can very easily master this pattern.

The Lawn comes all stamped in the same pattern as shown in the illustration.

Every baby needs one fine Lawn dress, and the simpler the dress the more attractive. All mothers like to have their babies look neat and attractive and a little touch of hand embroidery is desired by every woman. Some years ago wide machine embroidery was used on all the dresses but now the plain dresses with a little touch of hand embroidery down the front, and a little lace sewn on the neck are the most desirable.

Let us have your order at once for the material all stamped for one of these dresses.

Club Offer: Send us three COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months and we will send you free by Parcel Post one of these dresses. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Ever Sharp American Wonder Bread and Cake Knife

14 Inches Long

This Special Premium No 237 sent Free by Parcel Post for only ONE COMFORT SUBSCRIBER.

WE have planned to have twenty-five thousand new Subscribers to COMFORT on this one article, it is such a winner. We are making a present of the American Wonder Knife to every Club worker who will send a brand new, 15 months' subscriber to COMFORT at 25 cents. We will mail the COMFORT each month to the subscriber and send by Parcel Post all free of cost this Grand Premium to the Agent who sends in the subscription. The New Wonder Knife is over a foot long, made on the Serated tapered blade idea, of good material with black enameled handle, and it keeps sharp so to CUT HOT CAKE and (the bane of all housekeepers) WARM OR HOT BREAD WITHOUT bunching up terrible looking slices or having them crumbling to pieces. The wavy construction of the SHARP BLADE WITH ITS TAPERING FORM is the secret and the inventor patented his wonderful idea some years ago and sold these Knives for \$1.50 each, now this style has supplanted the old fashioned smooth edge knives. Each one is safely packed in a Parcel Post mailing package and will make a fine present for your own home or a gift to some friend. We can get only a THOUSAND WONDER KNIVES A DAY and would advise an early order for your ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER TO COMFORT AT 25 CENTS, or send 35c for your own renewal for a year and get the knife.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Wrist Pocketbook

They Are All the Rage



This is one of the most attractive as well as practical premiums we have ever offered. Made of handsome soft russet leather with nickel silver buckle and celluloid fastener. Will hold coin, bills, car tickets, etc. Where it is worn on the wrist it is the handiest change holder made. It is used extensively by women and girls, is the latest and greatest and most useful novelty of the season. When going to town to shop, or car riding to parties, and attending church, it will be found very handy. Many times when women and girls are going to fairs or among crowds, they will be found indispensable as when worn on the wrist under the sleeve it cannot be seen, and pickpockets will not notice it. Can also be worn with short sleeves as they are so attractive looking. Do not delay in accepting.

Our Offer: Send us one new subscription to COMFORT at 25 cents for 15 months or send 35 cents for your own renewal for one year, and we will send you one Wrist Pocketbook free by Parcel Post. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



This Cap is the latest fad to wear during breakfast, at night, or if one is sick and has to remain in bed. Don't fail to get this particular outfit, sent for one subscriber.

Note the neat and very appropriate design on both centerpiece and apron.

At the Call of the Bugle

Holiday Story Cyclus—No. 5—By Joseph F. Novak

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"Enough of merit has each honored name
To shine untarnished on the rolls of fame
And add new luster to the historic page."
David Humphreys: Revolutionary Soldiers.

BOOM! Sullenly came the low roar, a faint murmur of cheering, then the low murmur of the national anthem being sung to the breeze by patriotic voices. The murmur of the song was so low, that it seemed as if it might be only the tender little leaves upon the freshly garbed trees and shrubs, asking each other the meaning of the low roar, so at variance with the brilliant, peaceful day.



AS THE OLD COLONEL'S EYES ESPIED HER SHE WAVED A GREETING TO HIM.

The report penetrated the confines of a little cottage set far beyond the outskirts of the village, and awakened its lone occupant, a veteran of the old G. A. R.

With a start, he awoke. It was May 30, 1903, the Memorial day next following the close of the Philippine war. The sun was streaming into the little home through the south and east windows, and glinted on the brightly polished buttons of a faded uniform, and brightly polished sword.

The old soldier gazed with eyes full of love upon the intimate objects, then slowly he rose and clad himself in the old uniform.

"Growing old," he commented cheerfully, as he laboriously dressed, "and I guess that I'll not make any more Memorial day speeches, and perhaps next Decoration day the school children will have a new grave on which to scatter flowers. That's a mighty comforting thought, to think you'll be honored after you're gone."

He stopped suddenly, and checked an involuntary groan that came to his lips. "Whew! That was a bad sting," he continued, talking to himself. "I'm afraid it isn't for this splendid sunshine and lovely weather which suggests June, I'd not be able to rise."

Staunch old Colonel. Even in his seventieth year, he showed the same fortitude that he did when a young man, that fortitude which brought him from a mere private to the post of Colonel.

He lived alone, supported by his pension and the kindness of the neighbors. In the eyes of those children he was a hero. He had settled in the small town shortly after the close of the War of the Rebellion, lived there, and now was finishing out his life alone, for his wife was long dead, and his son, who had joined a regiment of rough-riders in the Spanish-American War, had never been heard of since.

The old Colonel performed his ablutions, and after a light breakfast which he prepared himself, he threw open the door and stepped slowly out into the warm sunshine, and sat down, rubbing his joints thereby trying to infuse some vigor into them.

"No use," he said thoughtfully. "I guess I can't go to the celebration today. It's a long walk and I'd never get there in time." He glanced at his huge silver watch. It showed the time at 9.15, and the celebration was set for ten.

With the decision, which was accompanied with a little sigh, he resigned himself to the necessity of staying home, and then with his characteristic cheerfulness, tried to forget his aching bones in inhaling the ozone of the fresh morning breeze.

As he sat thus, he saw the graceful figure of a girl coming through the trees on the opposite side of the lane. She might have been the Spirit of Spring, as she danced gaily along, the wind blowing her soft white dress about her neat figure, and playing havoc with her tawny hair. In her arms she carried a mass of beautiful flowers, and as the old Colonel's eyes espied her, she merrily waved a greeting to him, and quickened her steps.

"Good morning, Colonel Burnstreet," she called gaily. "I'm so glad to see you. All our dear veterans are in town and ready for the parade. As you didn't come, they thought perhaps your rheumatism was very bad today, and that you might not be able to leave your bed. So



THE GREAT FLAG WAS SLOWLY MOUNTING THE ROPE.

I told them I would come and see how you were, and if you weren't well, I'd stay with you all day, and if you were, we'd make a short cut to the cemetery. They've fired the cannon, which

was the signal for starting the parade. Did you hear it?"

"Yes, it woke me, Miss Leslie. I must say that it is very sweet of you to come and offer to stay with me all day, but really my girl, I cannot expect you to give up the pleasure of being with all the boys and girls and missing the speeches."

"Now, don't say that, dear Colonel. While I'd like to hear the speeches, I think I enjoy bringing flowers to my living hero, more than I'd enjoy scattering them over the graves of the dead."

"That surely is a nice compliment, Miss Leslie," the old Colonel answered. "It is very beautiful of you. I was wondering if I'd be forgotten entirely. But I see I wasn't. It used to be my dream, Miss Leslie, to go to these exercises with William, and fancy how we'd look, the old veteran and the young veteran. But William hasn't returned. Well, I expect he'll come back sometime. Seems strange that he disappeared so suddenly, but maybe he'll turn up with a fortune and ease what little of my life remains."

"I do so hope he will, Colonel Burnstreet," Leslie Carrington replied. "I should like to see him again, for William always was such a fine young man."

"Do you think so? Don't you know, when he was a young boy, the other fellows used to say that he was a coward and scared of his shadow, but he, my son, could be a coward? The son of a man who fought in as many battles as I did? I'm not boasting of my war record, Miss Leslie, but just saying this to show how impossible it is. I think the boys were just jealous of him because he always made such a hit with the girls. I remember the day he went off to join his regiment, looking so splendid and straight in his rough-riding uniform. Don't you know how all the girls admired him, and made such a fuss about him? I felt sure then, that he'd make a fine record. My son a coward? Hump! Just jealousy, that's what it was, don't you think so, Miss Leslie?"

"Yes, I do," she answered heartily, her thought to humor him. "I know he often told me that the boys used to say mean things about him because he could make himself agreeable to us girls in a way that the other boys could not. That was five years ago. My, how time does fly! I'm almost an old maid, Colonel Burnstreet," she laughed.

"Well, isn't that your fault, Miss Leslie?" "Colonel Burnstreet," she chided in a way that pleased him immensely, "you should not ask such personal questions," and they both laughed gaily.

"Now," she continued, "I must put these flowers in water, and place them in the window where you can see them from your chair, and then we must hoist your flag. This is the first Memorial day morning I can remember that I didn't see it floating gloriously from its mast. That's why, when I preached the house this morning, before I saw you, I thought you might be indisposed. Where is the flag, dear Colonel?"

"It's in the bureau drawer, Miss Leslie," he informed her, and the girl went to get it. She easily found the beautiful flag, decidedly old, but beautiful in its soft, silken folds. It had waved on all patriotic occasions for many years, witness the fact that some of its stars



SHE STOPPED AS SHE BECAME AWARE OF A SHADOW WHICH CAME THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR.

were brighter, having been added as new states had been admitted to the Union.

The girl shook out the silken folds, threw the flag over her shoulder, then stood, like the Goddess of Liberty, while Colonel Burnstreet fussed with the ropes of the staff. In a few moments, the great flag was slowly mounting the rope, and as soon as it reached the top, the wind caught it in its breath and set the blessed Emblem of the Free to waving in the caressing breeze proudly, as if it knew of the wondrous country o'er which it floated and glided in it.

The old soldier and pretty young woman stood slightly below, seeming to know the security of which the waving cloth was emblematic.

Leslie, then, involuntarily commenced to sing a stanza from the "Star Spangled Banner" but the song suddenly ceased, for the old Colonel with a sudden start, reeled, and caught the girl by the shoulder.

"O, Miss Leslie, Miss Leslie!" he cried, throwing a hand to his eyes.

"Dear Colonel, what is it?" she implored, in terror.

"An attack of some sort," he said faintly. "The ground seems to be dancing, everything is blurred, my head is swirling and I can't see anything. Dear girl, help me into the house."

Staunchly the frail girl supported the giant figure, and they slowly entered the house, where the girl led him to the cot. She unbuttoned his coat, unhooked the belt with the heavy sword, and put them to one side. Then she unlaced his shoes, he protesting weakly at the lowly labor, but which she disregarded, then tenderly she helped him to lie comfortably on the cot. His heavy breathing, interspersed with stifled groans, gradually subsided, he grew more quiet. The girl fancied that it was a mere dizzy spell, and did what little she could to dispel it.

"Are you feeling better now, dear Colonel?" she asked after sometime of kindly ministrations. "Much better, Miss Leslie," he returned. "Only I can't see. Perhaps I've been stricken blind. I'm not in pain, little girl, but I feel that I am dying."

"O, dear Colonel! Don't say that," she cried. "You just had a little fainting spell, that was all. You'll soon be better. You mustn't talk of dying."

"Don't be afraid, little girl," he replied, with effort. "I am dying and I know it, for when one is old, they seem able to tell. Just stay with me, so that I don't die alone. Will you?" His hands groped, then rested on her fair, tawny hair, with the kindness of a patriarch of old, bestowing a blessing.

"O, yes, yes, yes, dear Colonel," she cried, dropping to her knees beside the cot. "Can't I do something to make you more comfortable? And please, please, don't talk of dying—" she stopped, as she became aware of a shadow falling in the bright splash of sunlight which came through the open door. She turned about. In a half second her mind photographed what she saw. A tall young fellow clad in a rough-riding's

khaki suit, complete in every detail to the spurs of his boots. Upon his shoulders he wore the emblems of honor straps.

Leslie did not see his face plainly, for he stood against the brilliant light of the sun.

"William!" she involuntarily murmured. "Colonel Burnstreet heard. 'Leslie, Leslie, did you say it was William? Has William returned? Tell me, tell me, dear girl, for I am blind, blind. Tell me, has William returned?' he implored more and more piteously.

The girl stared at the young soldier in terror. He was certainly not William Burnstreet! "O, what have I done?" she groaned in terror, as she looked appealingly at the visitor.

He placed a finger on his lips, and stepped into the room. In spite of his tall, well-proportioned figure, which showed his years to be twenty-eight, his face was unusually handsome and boyish, and the mop of curly black hair made him an attractive picture.

Colonel Burnstreet had clasped the girl's hand. She felt the weak, spasmodic appeals.

"He thinks you are his son who enlisted and never returned," she explained lowly.

"I know," the stranger returned. Then he stepped to the cot and dropped to his knee before the old veteran.

"Dad, dear old Dad," he said, in a quiet, low voice. "I've come back to you at last. Can you forgive me for having left you alone these years, never writing, never letting you hear from me? I played the prodigal in the hope that I might come back and kill my father back late. But O, how good it is to look upon your face again," and he caught the hands that groped for his.

"My lad, my lad, how often I prayed for this to happen. And it has. O, if I could but see you, but my sight is gone. I'm dying boy, and dying I bless you. I've forgiven you, lad, for I knew you'd come back some day. Your voice is a little different, but I suppose it changed some. O, this is happiness, indeed. Nothing more can I want in this life. Let me now die."

"No, no, you will live, and I'll take care of you."

"I couldn't burden you, boy, with my sight gone."

"I'll be eyes to you, father," he said.

"How good to hear you call me 'father'!" the old Colonel exclaimed, so delighted, and his hands strayed lovingly over the broad young shoulders.

"Straps!" he cried triumphantly. "I knew it, lad, I knew it. What are they for? Tell me how you won them," and he sought to raise himself up.

The young soldier seated him on the low cot, then raised and rested the old form against his broad chest, and with his hands clasped in both of Colonel Burnstreet's, he commenced:

"I won them at the charge of San Juan Hill, father. I don't know why I should have been rewarded them, for there were others equally and far braver than I, who did not. But the General seemed to think that I had been unusually brave in doing a little act of bravery, which, after all, was only a duty. In the thick of shot and shell I charged with my company. Now, dad, are you satisfied?"

"Yes, for now, but latterly you must tell me exactly how it all happened. You always were modest, William, and that is why the boys used to call you a coward."

The soldier's eyes involuntarily dilated, and he looked at Leslie Carrington, who, during it all, had sat nearby, her eyes filled with admiration for the man who so splendidly played the role of the prodigal son.

"William, do you not remember Leslie Carrington?" the old Colonel asked.

"Yes, indeed," he answered, and he smiled, in which Leslie read the man's one desire not to deceive the Colonel.

"She's a dear girl, William, a dear girl. Came to spend the day with me, when she ought to be enjoying the speeches and things in town with the rest of the young people."

The Colonel's face filled with holy delight. "It's so glorious to have you both here," he said, as his hands went again to the strong shoulders whereupon were fixed the badges of honor.

His happiness was complete, and he no longer spoke. It was all he desired to lie in the strong young arms. The room was quiet. Outside a robin cheerily called, the May breezes fanned the little room, and wafted the perfume of the flowers. Outside they heard the flapping of the flag as it floated from its staff.

For some time quiet brooded over the little cottage. Then the young soldier spoke in a low tone to the Colonel.

"Father," he began gently, "will you rest more comfortably if you lie down?"

The old Colonel vouchsafed no answer.

"Father," he continued, then a little expression of anxiety came to his face. His hands made a draw from those of the Colonel to see if he still abided in the breast of the man whose hungry heart so longed for the sweets of sonship which he had endeavored to give.

The spasmodic clasp told that life was still there.

Then suddenly, yet softly, as in the distance, but still clear and sweet, came the call of a bugle, in the Assembly Call!

The old Colonel slowly roused himself. His face lit up with the glory of a departing soul.

"The Call! The Call!" he cried, as the silvery notes, clearer and more clear arose in the Assembly. "The Call of the Bugle is summoning me. I am going, going, to take my place in my regiment which is fast filling up in the Great Beyond!"

For a moment or two longer, he remained with fixed eyes, and body tensed, then he fell back into the young soldier's arms, dead.

Gently the soldier laid him down, straightened the tall form, and folded the hands. Then gravely he saluted.

"A great life has passed into the tomb
And there, awaits the requiem of winter's snows,"

he quoted, as he turned to Leslie Carrington.

"O, is he dead?" she cried, heart-brokenly.

"O Colonel Burnstreet! We loved him so much," and her tears flowed.

"Don't weep, Miss Carrington," the soldier answered, "it is very sad, I know," and his own voice grew a trifle husky.

She restrained her tears at length, and then said:

"I suppose we must tell the town officials, must we not?"

"Yes," the soldier said. Then with the splendid courtesy of a true gentleman, he continued:

"We seem to be the Colonel's closest friends, Miss Carrington. And as such, may we not be mutual friends? My name, if you care to know it, is Dexter Floyd."

She acknowledged the introduction, then said:

"Then you knew William Burnstreet?"

"Yes," Floyd answered. "I knew him very well. He was a good-hearted fellow, but I am afraid I must confirm the apparent opinion of the people hereabout. He was not a brave man. But I liked him, liked him very much, and we messed together. When I first met him, he told me that he was alone in the world. I only understood this deception which was explained when he died. It happened this way. We were in the midst of battle, when cannons' thunder roared and bullets flew like raging hail. I was fighting close to Burnstreet. Panic seized him, he turned about and fled, throwing away his gun and accoutrements. The act, so dastardly, enraged the men, they jeered him, and in horror, he ran blindly. He fled from the scant security the breastworks afforded, a bullet whistled and he fell."

The battle soon ended, and I sought him among the wounded. I found him, almost gone. But remorse was gnawing at his heart, he had fallen, not in glory, but in the humiliation of a deserter. With the old friendship and boyish love for the man, for he was five years my senior, you see, I tried to cheer him up, but he would not listen. He told me then, of his old father, and asked me if I would seek him out and tell him that he had died on the field of battle, but asked that he be not told the circumstances. I told our commander of the matter

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and the ignominy of William Burnstreet's death was suppressed, that his father might not know of the disgraceful record of his son. I looked up the Colonel's record, and find it is one of those brilliant affairs which we delight to read. It has always seemed inconceivable to me that the son of such a brave father should be so devoid of that trait. When William Burnstreet faced the guns he always became panic-stricken. Only by the greatest of self-control could he even make a semblance of governing that fear. I tried to shield him whenever I could for somehow I felt that he wasn't to blame.

"I really wanted to visit the old Colonel sooner, but as soon as the Spanish-American War came to a close, I, with the enthusiasm of a young soldier, enlisted for Philippine service. My short furloughs did not give me sufficient time to even make the trip here, so that it is only in the last few months since I was mustered out that I've had any time to myself. I've called, but you see, too late."

"Ah, not too late—Captain—" she hesitated, while he said:

"Only Lieutenant, Miss Carrington."

"Not too late, Lieutenant Floyd. I think you arrived just in time. Could you have done a greater deed conducive to happiness, than that which you have done? Impersonating the Colonel's son, and thus dispelling what I believe was slowly beginning to take root in the Colonel's brain, disbelief and disappointment in his own son? You have fulfilled his faith, you could do no more."

"Thank you, Miss Carrington. But pardon me, I've been talking very frankly, almost boasting of my deeds, while I showed poor William Burnstreet up in not a very choice manner. Perhaps you are—well, I know, not his sister—but perhaps you—might have been—"

He stopped, colored a trifle.

But Leslie answered: "You mean that I might have been engaged to William Burnstreet? No, I was not. I knew him, and liked him as young girls like young boys, but that was all."

"Ah, thank you."

Leslie turned to the still form on the cot. "Poor Colonel! It will always be a source of comfort to know that he died so peacefully, with all doubts set at rest. It was so beautiful, Lieutenant Floyd for you to do what you did. I cannot but admire you for it."

The utter lack of coquetry in her voice and manner, impressed the young Lieutenant. He knew that her words were impelled by the uttermost sincerity. He extended his hand.

"Thank you," he answered, with a gentleness in his tone, and a look in his eye that made her drop her own. "I am glad that you think so. Now, if you will not be afraid to remain here, I shall see that the proper persons take care of the Colonel and see that his body receives the burial worthy of a soldier and a gentleman."

They walked to the door. Above them, the flag was floating. Lieutenant Floyd stepped to the mast, slowly loosed the cords, and dropped the flag to half-mast.

Then with a soldierly salute, the erect figure walked with soldierly tread from the cottage, and down the road, towardward, while Leslie stood watching him, wondering what new strange emotion it was that stirred her soul to its depths and made it cry out to the soldierly figure.

But latterly, to her great happiness, she knew.

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